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A LADY OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

Now that the good old fashion of domestic life in New England seems to have become, irretrievably, a thing of the past, those to whom its memories are most sacred are beginning sorrowfully to lament the fact that the written records of it are so few. Such records were never profuse, for the men and women of our brisk early day were not much given to introspection; and some of us of the (supposed) vainer gender can well remember how incisively they used to reprove that outward and visible sign of excessive self-preoccupation, — the heinous misdemeanor of “looking in the glass.” There were a few diaries which were not exclusively religious, and there were the long and minute family letters of the blessed days of costly postage. But even these, in the after-time of rapid expansion and frequent removal, were continually made a holocaust; heedlessly, in some cases, no doubt, yet quite as often through inborn delicacy and honorable reserve, — a sense of something all too intimate and holy about these artless revelations of the plain old family life. The selfsame feeling in another form — a natural if not entirely a healthful one — often closes the lips of those who remember, in the presence of the incredulous or super-refined juniors, who can only wonder and smile; and it has had its effect, beyond question, in rendering stiff, colorless, and unsatisfactory many of the formal biographies of our widely known

public characters. But now and then it has happened, after the passing of one of these older men or women, whose natures were surely, as a rule, designed upon a grander scale than ours, that filial piety itself has seemed to demand some written record in the name of the younger generation. If the career were private and the influence purely domestic and social, the obligation to fix the fleeting image of it seemed only the more pressing. For a character is not necessarily falsified when its outlines are drawn in light upon the background of a new sorrow, but, it may be, only then shown in its exact proportions. Homely accessories, the monotony of daily usage, the inveterate apathy of our own listless being, may have combined to dull our perceptions until the shock of life-long division came. But in the great silence which followed that shock how many have repeated, with self-accusing emphasis, the sentiment, if not the words, of the most magnificent of mourners! —

“So, dearest, now thy brows are cold,
I see thee what thou art, and know
Thy likeness to the wise below,
Thy kindred with the great of old.”

Let that spiritual genealogy be once traced out, is the heart's cry, for the sake, at least, of those who are in the line of the succession, and might otherwise never fully appreciate the nobility of their inheritance. If the life were private, let the memorial be private also;

only let it not perish wholly. If the pen be taken while this first loyal impulse lasts, and taken by a competent hand, there is a chance that the result will be something which, to my mind, is more legitimately and intensely interesting than any other form of literature whatsoever. Real, primitive human character, ingenuously and warmly portrayed, — what can equal it in significance and power? I have happened to read a good many of these private or semi-private memorials, and to reproach myself sometimes for others which have never been written, but only conned, with mournful smiles and hidden tears, in the sad isolation of a long survival. Sketches of this kind are always affecting for those who have the key to their full meaning, but one among the number that have come in my way has always remained distinct in my memory, both for the perfect taste of its arrangement, and because the character which it reveals is essentially a typical one, and illustrates in a singularly complete manner a very marked and memorable phase of American civilization.

Mrs. Susan Lesley's *Recollections of my Mother* might stand, in some ways, for the recollections of scores of mothers who never even saw the Old World, and whose lives passed principally in the first half of the present century. But many circumstances combined to give a special social prominence to the lady in question. Born of honorable folk, and early married to a man of distinction, she became the life not only of a large family circle, but of a famous provincial centre of intelligence and refinement; and she had the opportunity to impress her vivid personality on many of the brightest minds of the generation which succeeded her own. I never had the happiness of seeing her, and for that very reason, perhaps, I have been the more impressed by a something historic — I had almost said epic — in her character and career. I ought, at all events,

to feel it an undeserved privilege — and I do — that I should have been permitted to invite the attention of a somewhat wider audience than that for which it was originally told to the noble story of her life.

Anne Jean Robbins, best known and long to be remembered as Mrs. Judge Lyman, was born in Milton, Massachusetts, in July, 1779. As I note the midsummer month, I am reminded of a rather poetic superstition which used to be cherished by some folk when I was young, to the effect that every human being bears traces in his temperament and character of the season of the year at which he may have made his first appearance here below. I have often fancied that I felt the drought and languor of August in my own, and surely there was much of the penetrating heat, rich color, and careless bounty of July in the nature of her whose footsteps we are to retrace. Many strong and picturesque elements, both homely and stately, were blended in her ancestral influences: the spirit of the devoted Anne Hutchinson and that of the dear old New England divine, her grandfather, whose "plain and pathetick" preaching is so aptly lauded by his biographer, along with the warlike blood of the Scotch Murrays. She loved always to dwell on these prenatal associations of hers, — dutifully, not unduly, — and there is a something exquisitely just and true to one of the quaintest yet most positive orders of family pride the world has seen in these words, on the subject, of Mrs. Lyman's biographer: —

"She herself took pleasure in thinking of the homes in the Old World from which her mother's family had sprung; but the interest was purely romantic and historic, and only helped to inspire her imagination. It was as far as possible removed from that family pride that delights to claim connection with titled or wealthy ancestry. In our late war, when all New England suffered

from that lack of sympathy with our cause shown by Old England, it was impossible for the English to understand our sensitiveness. They had no realization of the tenderness of our hearts towards the homes we came from, nor how all descendants of the Puritans look back, as Anne Jean did to that of her ancestors, as if they have still a belonging there, very different from any feeling we can have about any other country. I never heard her speak of a crest or a coat of arms, but the motto of the Hutchinson family, *Non sibi sed toti*, might have stood for the watchword of her own unselfish life. . . . I have heard her say, in later years, that the virtues of one's ancestors were as much a subject for personal humiliation as for family pride."

The ceremonious lowly-mindedness of this last epigram is the more amusing to a New Englander when we reflect that the lady's entire family circle included, or came to include, such names as Forbes, Ware, Howe, Lyman, Barnard, Cabot, and Revere.

The home of Anne Jean's childhood was by no means a wealthy one. Few homes in the New World were wealthy in the fifteen or twenty years immediately following the close of our revolutionary struggle. But none the less — and here, to those born to the manner, there is another characteristic New England trait — were its hospitalities virtually unlimited. They were no such hospitalities as consist in sending word to the *chef* that there will be eight guests at dinner, and ordering fifty dollars' worth of flowers from the neighboring florist. The fair hands of the mistress and daughters of the house compounded the dainties on which the guests were regaled, and set the simple rooms in order for their coming. "I remember," says Mrs. Lesley, "my mother's frequent and warm allusions to her early life: the lovely walks up and down the piazza at Brush Hill with her

beloved father; the shadows of the old elms upon the lawn, in the splendid moonlight evenings; the view of the distant lighthouses in Boston harbor, which they would pause in their loving walks to watch. These evening strolls on the wide piazza were brief but happy rests after days of activity and healthful toil and hours of separation, and they were enjoyed as only hours of rest from toil can be. My aunt Mary, Anne Jean's younger sister, tells me that there was no day in summer when it was not considered the established duty for Sally, Anne, and herself to prepare two large trays, containing plates of bread and butter, cut very thin and doubled, silver baskets of cake which they had made in the morning, and dishes of strawberries which they had gathered and hulled themselves. These trays, covered with white napkins, were placed in a dark, cold closet, ready for their addition of the teapot and pitchers of rich cream, to be brought out at evening, when the friends from Boston would be sure to come out, always a number of uninvited but most welcome guests." I would rather, for my part, sip that tea and taste that cake in imagination, only, than con the most curious *menu* or accept the most artistic dinner-card ever devised. And then Mrs. Lesley goes on to quote the reminiscences of a cousin of the family, who afterwards became the sainted Mary Ware: —

"Oh, if I could give you a picture of the Brush Hill girls, — how they worked, how they read, what a variety of things they accomplished! There was your aunt Howe, — Sally, as they called her then; why, the girls of the present day would think themselves ruined if a tenth part of what she did was expected of them! All summer she rose at four o'clock, that she might weed the strawberry beds, or make her cake, or gather her fruit in the cool of the morning. Yet I have seen her many a time, when things crowded, obliged to gather her

fruit under a burning sun, but never an impatient word fell from her lips."

The next elder sister of Anne Jean, whose name is thus introduced, had great distinction of mind and a singularly lovely character. The two were destined to be near neighbors for a large part of their lives, and always confidential friends; and there is something very touching about the harmony in contrast of their natures and their fates. The strands of their being run parallel to the end, like distinct shades of the same pure color, dark crimson beside jocund rose. The elder was the more sensitive and thoughtful and intellectually accomplished, and hers were the harder lot, the narrower means, the sharper struggle, and the more crushing bereavements. The younger, the subject of the memoir, was ever a handsome, buoyant, brilliant creature; her cup sparkled with healthful prosperity; her vigorous walk was almost always in sunny places until the twilight hour came on.

But now, in the maiden years, after the brief school terms were over, it was Sally who stimulated Anne to the keeping up of her studies, and braced her even to the extent of devouring such solid mental fare as may be found in Dugald Stewart's *Philosophy*, Allison on *Taste*, and Smith's *Theory of the Moral Sentiment*. What a vision is that which Mrs. Lesley evokes of the girls of the family reading aloud to one another, by turns, in the long June days, and stitching away all the while at the delicate embroidery of the one white cambric or muslin gown apiece, which was to serve them at parties during the next winter's visits in Boston or New York!

It is somewhere in the limpid pages devoted to the early period of her mother's life that the biographer speaks, with that occasional felicity of expression for which she seems to me quite unsurpassed, of "the gay girl's mind, without discipline and without pretense." We have to pause and reflect for a mo-

ment before we perceive why it is that this unstudied phrase exercises so potent a charm. "Without mental discipline? Oh, fie!" some prig may be ready to exclaim, but we will not heed him. The image called up is that of a bright young intellect, growing freely like a flower, unhampered by the systems, untainted by the revelations, unvexed by the miscellaneous facts and 'ologies with which it would inevitably be treated in our own day; a something analogous to the pure and simple forms of early Greek architecture, all innocent as yet of the over-rich and complex ornamentation, which is the sure mark of a degenerate period in art.

Those busy years between fifteen and twenty-two seemed long in the passing, no doubt, to the active-minded and impressible girl. To us it appears that her fate was quickly decided, and that she entered quite early enough upon the full responsibilities of a wife and a house-mother. Anne Jean Robbins was married in October, 1811, to Judge Lyman, of Northampton, who was then forty-four years old, and had children, by a previous marriage, very near the age of his youthful second wife. The frank and sympathetic sisterliness of her relation to these elder children, and their loyal devotion to her, are by no means the least interesting feature of this wholesome history. But just at the outset, before the bride's family had become fully acquainted with Judge Lyman, it is no wonder, perhaps, that the elder sisters, and particularly the graver Sally, with her "sad lucidity of soul," should have had their doubts about the wisdom of this matrimonial arrangement.

"As you must have perceived," Sally writes to another sister, Eliza, then away from home, "Anne is very much delighted with it [the engagement] herself. I should like it better if she did not express it so openly; and it is mysterious to *me* how a handsome young woman, who has been caressed by the world as

she has, should be so flattered by the love and admiration of a man old enough to be her father. Sometimes I feel grieved that she should undertake such cares and such responsibility. Sometimes I feel angry that she should allow this prepossession apparently to occupy every feeling of her heart, and so entirely to engross and swallow up every other as never to have named as a privation that she has to remove *a hundred miles* from all she has formerly known and loved." But the fine sense of justice which never deserted Sally compels her to add, in the somewhat grandiloquent language of the time, "This much I have to comfort me: in my disinterested estimate of the character of the man, I do not think that I could desire a better one for the dearest friend I have on earth. Respectable talents, chastened sensibility, and pure benevolence beam from his countenance and enliven his conversation."

This is all very delightful, especially the bitter-sweet touch of prudery in the beginning, and the way in which the uncalculating ardor of the more impassioned and demonstrative nature is thrown into relief by the contrast. Faith and hope were abundantly justified and foreboding put to shame by the whole results of the thirty-seven years' union, then begun. I must quote from Mrs. Lesley's own bright and tender reminiscences of her childhood's home:—

"Northampton was, at that period, one of the most beautiful of New England villages. My father's house stood in the very centre, — a large, old-fashioned, square house, with a wing on each side, back from the main building. Each wing had a covered porch, looking out into the main street. A small yard on one side separated the house from a brick store, whose upper floor was occupied by a printing-office. The other side-yard was much larger and more rural. There was almost a grove of beautiful acacias there, and in the little

front inclosure was a tulip-tree and many flowering shrubs; a row of fine horse-chestnut trees and a large elm shaded and protected the house somewhat from the glare and dust of the main street. . . . As soon as the autumn leaves had fallen, the west end of Mount Tom appeared to us through the interval between Mr. Hunt's house and the little church, a grand and noble peak, that well repaid us for the loss of foliage and summer beauty; and from our front door, winter and summer, we could always see Mount Holyoke, in varying lights and shadows, — sometimes cloud-capped and dark, sometimes resplendent with the sun-tipped mists that were rolling away from it. My mother delighted in natural beauty, and no one ever enjoyed more than she did the sights and sounds that surrounded her. . . . It has been said by such numbers of people that my father and mother, at the time of their marriage, were the handsomest couple that ever came into Northampton that I think it must have been true. Beauty is certainly a passport to all hearts, and when, as in their case, the life is 'in accordance with the make and frame of one's creation' there is an influence about it that cannot well be computed. They now became the centre of a social circle, not easy to describe in these days; for sixty years have changed the physical aspect of the times, and removed so many old landmarks, and created so much hurry and bustle, that events formerly marked and distinguished now chase each other with rapidity, and we can scarcely go back and put ourselves in the rural village where railroads and telegraphs had never been heard of, where one church gathered all the inhabitants, and where the life of each family seemed of vital importance to every other. There were no very rich people in Northampton, but many persons of elegant culture, refined and aristocratic manners, and possessing a moderate competence lived there in much

ease; envying no one, believing themselves highly favored as they were, and practicing a generous hospitality at all times. It was a county town, and so seemed a large place to the people on the outskirts, but it really numbered only four thousand inhabitants. If there were no rich people, there was certainly an almost utter absence of poverty, and none of those sad sights to meet the eye, reminding one of a destiny entirely different from one's own. Little or no business was done there, but Shop Row contained about ten stores, all of them excellent, — dry-goods and hardware stores, and an apothecary's, — which made a little cheerful bustle in the centre of the town, especially on certain days of the week, when the country people would come in, in their old-fashioned wagons, to do their shopping. There were two United States Senators, residing there for life, three judges, many eminent lawyers and scholars, — retired people, who had no connection with the business world, who lived within their modest incomes, and never dreamed of having more. . . . Although there were people who called my mother aristocratic, it was only because they did not know her. A certain grandeur of manner, nobility of figure and outline, a flow of elegant English in conversation, may have given that impression to a casual visitor, but no friend or neighbor in Northampton, during all her life there, but saw and knew that she was essentially a woman of the people; full of sympathy for all classes and degrees, claiming no superiority in any department, and having no higher aim than to light and warm the neighborhood where God had placed her. I have often thought how lost her talents would have been on any other scene of action than just the one where she was placed; how the utter absence of care for externals would have been noted as a fault rather than a virtue in a different state of society; how those little beneficences which

flowed from her as naturally as the air she breathed would never have been desired or appreciated among the denizens of cities or of fashionable life. I count her to have been happy also in the period at which she lived, as well as the home in which her lot was cast. All times are good, but for her peculiar nature and disposition no time could have been better."

Apropos of the "flow of elegant English," which was to some extent the fashion of the day among educated folk, but for which there seems to have been a special gift in the Robbins family, a delightful anecdote is told, later on in the book, of Mrs. Lyman's eldest sister: —

"It is related of my aunt Eliza that once, being on a visit to the poet Bryant, she remained alone in his study, when a cabinet-maker brought home a chair that had been altered. When Mr. Bryant returned, he said, 'Miss Robbins, what did the man say about my chair?' 'That the equilibrium is now admirably adjusted,' said aunt Eliza, scarcely lifting her eyes from the book she was reading. 'What a fine fellow!' said Mr. Bryant, laughing. 'I never heard him talk like that. Now, Miss Robbins, what *did* he say?' 'Well, he said it joggled just right,' said my aunt."

Here, on the other hand, is a beautiful story illustrating the sort of divine democracy of feeling which underlay, in that golden age, all differences of personal taste and culture: —

"An aged woman asked to read this *Life* (as first printed) did so, and, closing it, said to her companion, 'I have reason to remember Mrs. Lyman,' and then told her this story. She had lived on the outskirts of the village, and earned her living by taking in washing. A year after my mother's marriage, her first child, Joseph, was to be christened in the old church, along with seven other infants. Among them was the little child of this good woman. As she had been overworked all through

the week, and Sunday was approaching, she was mourning to herself that she had had no time to prepare a cap for her little baby to wear at his baptism; and in those days a cap was an essential. Soon she heard her gate click, and my father's little daughter Mary came up to her with a little box in her hand, and said, 'My brother is going to be christened to-morrow at church, and mother heard that your little baby is to be christened too, and she thought perhaps you might not have time to make him a cap; so she sends you three, for you to choose the one you like best.'

And observe with how faithful, skillful, and delicate a touch the daughter lays in the light shadows which help, every one, to give roundness and reality to her mother's forceful and intensely *human* character:—

"With all the fine health of my father and mother, we had a great deal of sickness in our house. Our elder brothers and sisters had inherited delicate constitutions from their mother, and three of my mother's children were far from strong. This may have been caused by the disparity of years in our parents. But I think the health of all was materially affected by our mother's entire ignorance of the subject. It was the one great defect of her intelligence that she had no appreciation of the ounce of prevention which is worth more than a pound of cure. With an iron constitution herself, strong nerves and healthy blood, she had no understanding of how the lack of these things may be supplied and built up by patient forethought and care. But when her warm heart was wrung by the sufferings of those for whom she would cheerfully have given her life, we could only regret that she had known so little how to avert the calamities she deplored. She was a very faithful and devoted nurse in the severe illnesses that occurred, not only in her own family, but in those of her neighbors and friends; always ready to

lose her sleep, night after night, as long as any one needed it. But the moment all danger was over, the patient was well, to her mind, and it was high time to set about the real business of life, in which sickness was an untold interruption. Usually, if the illness was a low, nervous fever, not dangerous, but requiring much care, she thought it a good time to improve all our minds by a course of reading aloud, for which there was never any uninterrupted time in our ordinary life. And I remember one such illness, when Ranke's History of the Popes and Carlyle's French Revolution were manfully put through under what would have been serious difficulties to anybody else. She always seemed to consider *nerves* rather as vicious portions of the human character than as constituents of the moral frame; and as they interfered sadly with duty, with benevolence and every other virtue, they must be discharged without delay. She desired to be thankful that she was born before nerves were the fashion. She believed entirely in the power of mind over body. Alas! she forgot that so long as the two are united there must be constant action and reaction of each upon the other; and we who saw her mistakes in this wise knew that some of the heaviest trials of her life came from this one-sided view of the subject. Yet even here her forcible character implanted a grand outlook in the heart of an invalid; and one, at least, of that large family has never known whether most to deplore the ignorance and false view that wrought such sad consequences, or to thank and bless her for the belief so powerfully inculcated, that though the outward man perish, the inward may be renewed day by day."

It is hard to stay the hand in making extracts from the earlier portion of Mrs. Lesley's volume. How, indeed, is it possible that too much should be told the younger readers of to-day concerning the life that used to be lived in

those old wooden country-houses, cubical in form, white, with green blinds and terraced front yards, and ample orchards behind them, — quaintly described somewhere by Dr. Holmes as “boulders deposited by the respectability of a previous generation,” — or concerning the brave doings and pithy talks of those who shaped and swayed that life? The fifteen years which followed Mrs. Lyman’s marriage were exceedingly crowded. They were the years during which her six children were born, and those of her husband’s first marriage, as well as the nieces they had virtually adopted, were established in life. They were the years also during which her own creed and character took their final shape, and in which she gayly assumed, and began graciously to wield, the sceptre of their pleasant provincial society. It was well that she had been early trained in the duties and impressed with the privileges of a self-sacrificing hospitality, for the Northampton house had always its full complement of guests; including not merely the relatives and intimate friends, who naturally found it the pleasantest visiting-place in the world, but the more eminent of the lawyers and judges who periodically visited the town during “court week,” and, in general, any strangers of distinction who had been lured by the beauties of the Connecticut Valley, and who could be persuaded to exchange for one of the “best chambers” of the mansion house their primitive quarters at the village hotel. The arrival of the stagecoach from Boston was always awaited with interest, for railways in the Connecticut Valley were not yet; and, “Don’t you think it would be better to have their trunks brought directly here?” was always a frequent inquiry on the part of the genial master of the house, and in the summer season almost a regular one. Here is an amusing reminiscence of one of the more august of their legal guests. One evening, when Chief Justice Shaw was

with them, an inquisitive juvenile observed that this great dignitary sat with his chin buried in his shirt-front, and did not join in the general conversation. “Father,” whispered the awe-stricken child, “is the Chief Justice asleep?” “My dear,” was Judge Lyman’s grave answer, but one can fancy the twinkle of his eye, “he is thinking the *profoundest thoughts* that ever pass through the mind of man!”

One wonders how the two guest-chambers, described in Mrs. Lesley’s charming geography of the Northampton house, were ever equal to it all. One wonders yet more how time was found, amid the cares of such a household, where the servants were often no more than two, for the writing of uncounted letters and the reading of as many books. Yet it is in Mrs. Lyman’s family and friendly correspondence that the records of this time are chiefly to be found, and her reading comprised the entire *belles-lettres* of her day: Scott’s novels as they came, and Cooper’s and Bulwer’s, and so on down to the era of Jane Eyre; Byron and Southey and Wordsworth and Coleridge in their freshness; the North American Review *always*, and later the Christian Examiner; beside a goodly number of weightier authors, such as Paley, Sismondi, De Wette, Jouffroy, and Channing. I shall have occasion to speak later on of her judgments of books, which were absolutely independent, expressed in the most uncompromising fashion, and curiously characteristic of herself.

A few years after Mrs. Lyman’s marriage, there came to be another household high up among the bleak hills of Berkshire, twenty miles away, which was connected by the closest ties of blood and sympathy with the one in Northampton. The elder sister, Sally, of whom mention has been made, was married, in 1813, to Samuel Howe, a cousin of Judge Lyman, and a member of the same learned profession. What busi-

ness, in the abstract, had an accomplished lawyer to fix his home and place his bride in a little mountain hamlet like Worthington, consisting of "half a dozen houses and a store;" and what business, in the concrete, one is impelled to inquire, can he ever have had there? As a matter of fact, he seems never to have had much. Life at Worthington was necessarily one of privation and toil, monotonous and solitary in the extreme, especially in the long ice-bound winters. There was none of the healthful change and movement, the social coming and going and occasional crowding, which made the homes at Milton and at Northampton so cheery. But if hands and feet were fettered amid the Berkshire snows, thought was free, and the singularly elevated tone of the letters written there shows how genuine and vigorous an intellectual life was lived upon those lonely heights. Friends from the gayer world paid the Howes long visits occasionally, even in the winter; more than one young student of distinction, William Cullen Bryant among them, read law for a while in Judge Howe's office; and when the supply of contemporary literature failed, and the new books and magazines "came slowly up that way," the husband and wife read Tacitus and Sallust and Virgil together. Theirs was another and more austere type of New England home than that which Mrs. Lyman adorned, but it was equally a type. In all the less accessible inland counties there were once scores of such. We picture them as comfortless, and the restricted existence of those who peopled them seems painful and unnatural when regarded from a distance, like that of the cloister. But never, I believe, in any cloister, even under the rarest combination of circumstances, was it possible to live more completely "unspotted from the world" than did they in their involuntary detachment. There is a letter of Mrs. Howe's, written from Worthington when she was

barely thirty, in which she speaks, very simply and pathetically, of the way in which the fear of death had fallen from her, and the path to immortality been made plain by the passing of so many friendly feet along it. It was a formidable type of Calvinistic preaching to which this thoughtful pair had to listen, in the conventicle of their mountain village, but listen they did, while they stayed there, meekly and bravely, and long without a word of audible protest; and the sternness of it did not break, as we have seen, but only sealed their friendship with the "Angel Death."

Nevertheless, the time of the Unitarian movement, call it revolt or call it advance, as the reader will, was now fully ripe; and the Lymans, with their intellectual openness, their cordial charity, and their healthful appreciation of the excellence of this present life, were naturally among its pioneers in the Connecticut Valley. No chapter in Mrs. Lesley's book is more interesting and historically significant than that in which the story is temperately told of the "signing-off" of her parents from the old First Church of Northampton, where the mighty Jonathan Edwards had once "fulminated over" his quivering flock, and the establishment, chiefly through their means, of a religious society vowed to more liberal views. This happened in 1824, and they had the coöperation of Judge and Mrs. Howe, who had now come down from the hills, and were living in their neighborhood, and of a few other families. It is noticeable that the two wives were considerably in advance of their husbands in desiring this decisive departure from the old ways. They had heard Channing and Buckminster preach sometimes, during their girlhood in Milton, and had long rebelled, in private, against the cant of Puritanism, its narrow range and rather grim parade of austerity. The tensely drawn strings of the elder sister's being had vibrated even painfully when her

husband first met with grave reproof the timid confession of her heresies, made on a Sunday evening in winter, in the early part of their life in Worthington. Yet the four minds came soon to be in substantial accord, and a goodlier company of recusants would certainly be far to seek.

"That it cost them something," says the gentle historian, "to part company with old friends and neighbors on a question of such vital importance, who can doubt? Or that the stigma attaching to their views was hard to bear? But my father and uncle Howe knew what they had undertaken, and why, and, having put their hands to the plough, they did not turn back. I do not suppose that women of the ardent temperament of my mother and aunt Howe were always wise and judicious in their course at this time, though I never heard that they were not. But their piety was as strong as their convictions, and no personal bitterness ever mingled with the sorrows of the change. A friend who was at our house during this period recalls the glow of my mother's face on those beautiful Sunday mornings, when, having finished breakfast with the large family, she called to Hiram to take the horses and carriage, and go to the outskirts and gather up a few 'liberals' who had no means of getting into town; then busied herself to collect the children's silver cups and her old tankards, which she gathered in her large apron, and carried into the town hall to prepare the communion table; how she dusted the table, and then tucked her apron under the seat, and looked round thankfully on the little audience gathered to listen to Mr. Hall, and to receive the broken bread of life, — a real upper chamber, where 'two or three were gathered in Christ's name.'"

The more adventurous and ideal minds of the time were unquestionably with them. Ralph Waldo Emerson, John Dwight, and a score of others, destined

powerfully to influence the thought and shape the growth of their generation, preached in the Northampton chapel, and were made welcome in the Lyman home. The glimpses which we get, in these pages, of the youthful Emerson are especially fascinating: "During this autumn my mother heard that Mrs. Hall was expecting one of the preachers to stay at her house for a fortnight. She did not even know the name of the expected guest, but she knew Mrs. Hall was not well; so she sent word that, when the preacher came, she would like to have him transferred to her home. It was Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, then a young man, who took up his abode for a fortnight under her friendly roof. I have no power to convey in words the impression she used to give me of this visit, or its effect, on her appreciative mind. To her sister she mirthfully quoted an expression sometimes used by her Orthodox neighbors about certain students at Amherst, and wrote, 'Oh, Sally, I thought to entertain a *pious indigent*, — and lo! an angel unawares!'"

The occasional subsequent letters of this angelic visitant are very graceful, with a certain quaint formality in their mode of expression which gives them a striking individuality. One, introducing Mr. George Bradford, is a model of its kind. Here is a characteristic passage from near the close of it: "I hope yourself and Judge Lyman are well. I am truly sorry that the distresses of the time should have come so near your friends. God seems to make some of his children for prosperity; they bear it so gracefully and with such good-will of society; and it is always painful when such suffer. But I suppose it is always dangerous, and especially to the very young. In college I used to echo a frequent ejaculation of my wise aunt's, 'Oh, blessed, blessed poverty!' when I saw young men of fine capabilities whose only and fatal disadvantage was wealth. It is sad to see it taken from those who

know how to use it ; but children whose prospects are changed may hereafter rejoice in the event."

Mrs. Lyman continued all her life an enthusiastic admirer of Emerson. "She was wont," her daughter says, "to feel a sort of property in him and his works ; and I have seen her ready to shed tears when she could not see any appreciation of his thought in her listener. To one I have heard her say, 'Well, you call that *transcendental*, and *that's* all you have to say about it! I call it the profoundest common sense.' To another, 'You think it very arrogant of me to pretend to understand Mr. Emerson. Well, I tell you I have the key to him, and I am not going to pretend I have *not*, whatever any one thinks.' " There is always the same emotional thrill in her language when she touches upon this theme, up to her very affecting last mention of Mr. Emerson, made at three-score years and ten, after both mind and body had begun sorrowfully to fail: "Yesterday was Phi Beta day, and who do you think called on me? Why, Mr. Emerson! And he brought his charming good daughter, too. I am glad he has that daughter. I introduced him to C. C. is so very profound I knew Mr. Emerson would think a great deal of him. Perhaps I shall never see Mr. Emerson any more. Well, I 'saw his day, and was glad.' "

Her deep sympathy with the prophet of transcendentalism illustrates the large ideality which constituted one phase of this many-sided character, and her literary preferences reveal the same. The one thing which she felt perfectly sure a book ought always to do was to take its reader out of the workaday world. "I was entertained," she says, "with the *Pioneers*, but it appears to me it is one of those ephemeral productions which cannot outlive the present day. The object of this work is, in itself, very small, and the effect produced seems to be in exact proportion with it. In

reading, nothing is more fatiguing to me than minute details of low people, with which I think this book, like the *Spy*, is very much encumbered."

She had a cordial contempt for Dickens upon the selfsame ground ("it was funnier," says her biographer, "to hear her talk of Dickens than to read him"), and it is amusing to hear her contrast *Pickwick* with the *Letters from Palmyra*, immensely to the disadvantage of the former. "You must tell me," she writes to one of her sons, "if you have read the *Letters*, which, upon a second reading, I think one of the most delightful books I have ever seen. There you see illustrated the dignity and interest of the female character in its true light ; a beautiful representation of agreeable intercourse between young people ; a great deal of well-sustained conversation of the most intellectual character, and well calculated, by the refined moral sentiment contained therein, to improve and raise the standard of morals and religion. I am disgusted with the great commendation given to the *Pickwick Papers*. I think it might have done to publish one volume of such stuff ; but four is oppressive, and promotes a waste of time that is unpardonable ; to say nothing of furnishing an additional quantity of vulgarity to contemplate, of which there is already a superabundance in everybody's experience of every-day life."

The romanticism of De la Motte Fouqué was, however, much too vapory for her taste. "What nonsense!" is her remark upon *Undine*, while all she has to say of another book, which has had quite a revival of late, — being lauded as an extraordinarily early precursor of the most powerful school of modern fiction, — is this: "I have lately been reading such *trash* as *Adam Blair*!" What would she have said to the realistic fiction of to-day, so *morne* and so minute, so affected sometimes, it must be owned, in its obstinate prefer-

ence for homespun? We can no more guess than Mrs. Lesley can imagine what her mother would have thought of the profuse furbelows in which women of all ranks now aspire to be arrayed, whereas the wardrobe of that stately dame consisted invariably of three costumes only: a "good gown" of silk, an "every-day gown" of stuff, and a "working-gown" of cotton, otherwise called her "vessel of dishonor," all made up with the same antique severity.

When Woodstock appeared, she was quick to recognize and welcome the transient recovery of much of the old masterly touch on the part of the great enchanter, and her enjoyment of the *Excursion* was intense. "I do wonder," she says, "that it is not more read and enjoyed by thinking people! There is little in it to gratify the appetite for narrative and adventure; it is sometimes dull, even to tediousness; notwithstanding which, I consider it the most splendid monument of thought, of deep reflection and beautiful sentiment, that has been reared in many generations. It has to do with the mind altogether, its capacities, its pleasures, its abuses, and its diseases; and to understand it, you must read it with all your faculties as much concentrated as to read Locke. It contains the truest philosophy, the soundest views of life, the purest devotion, and the most eloquent poetry; and if these are not more than enough to compensate for its defects, then indeed it deserves the neglect it has met with. To my apprehension, Wordsworth has excelled in the highest order of poetry, — the moral sublime." Making allowance for the changes of fashion in phraseology, is not this precisely Matthew Arnold's judgment?

It was their flagrant deficiency in the "moral sublime" which repelled her in Byron and the youthful Bulwer; and though we have it at second hand, from a young friend who was staying with her when Jane Eyre appeared, that she

sat up reading it, with her feet on the fender, until the toes of a pair of brand-new shoes were quite burned through, yet this is how she felt bound to express herself about the book, in writing to a married daughter: "'I have read Jane Eyre, and, though it is intensely interesting, I advise you not to read it, for I think it has a most immoral tendency.' I believe," adds the biographer, "that the character of Rochester, and what she always designated as his *lie at the altar*, was what had impressed her. Certainly he bore no resemblance, either in his character or circumstances, to any of her living or dead standards."

All this is very curious, as revealing along with her immense idealism the strong Puritanic element which formed the adamant basis of this rich and impressionable nature. She too, who was so sweeping and defiant in her theoretic democracy, who seems positively to have enjoyed seating at her own table, and treating as a distinguished guest, an unsavory old negress, the child of a slave in her husband's father's family, — even she was, for the best of reasons and in the most honorable sense of the term, a stout aristocrat. She, who proclaimed herself so liberal, who fancied herself even revolutionary in her sentiments, was at heart extremely conservative. We see it in her deep distrust of the anti-slavery agitation, and in her attitude with reference to the speculations and the negations of the later transcendentalists. "How can any one," says the daughter, "who did not hear her take in the infinite satire she conveyed, when she spoke of one of her children as fearing she had gone over to '*those loose-enders*' (meaning the transcendentalists), and of another as having 'got beyond ordinances,' because she did not wish to go to church two or three times a Sunday!" Surely that was the perfect moment in the history of New England Puritanism, when the rough rind of it had opened just

sufficiently to reveal the blush and the lustre of the rounded fruit within; when that fruit was wholly ripe at last, and not yet over-mellow. The apples have fallen now, under the universal and unchanging law; and some were gathered into good storehouses, and some left openly to decay; and the garden, for the nonce, is sere: but other springs will bloom after the winter of our discontent, for those who live to see them.

Meanwhile, in the lives also of those whose history we have been following, the season of decline was insidiously stealing on. The shadows were lengthening, the daylight hours narrowing; the great storms of life's autumnal equinox had gathered, and were beginning to break. Mrs. Howe was suddenly left a widow, after fifteen years of married life, and had to leave her bright new home in the Connecticut Valley, and take up a burden of untried care. The beautiful eldest daughter of Mrs. Lyman died, after months of agonizing illness; the others went out, one by one, to homes of their own and posts of responsibility in distant places; the husband and father passed away, full of years; and the ample village dwelling, amid its orchards and gardens, was left unto its brave mistress, desolate. The particulars of these inevitable changes and bereavements are too sacred to be recited here. Let us rather turn, with Mrs. Lesley, in the pensive pause that followed after her mother's active life was done, and look back over the fruitful course of it; gathering up a few more souvenirs of those full mid-years, "which are the most luminous of life," as Sainte-Beuve says, "but which we do not count:"—

"The amount of plain speaking that people will bear from one whose goodwill is perfect is always an amazement to those accustomed to circumlocution. I recall the things I have heard my mother say to others, which at the time astonished me from their directness, and yet I know they rarely gave offense;

for the persons thus addressed refer to them now with an amount of pleasure and gratitude that is unmistakable. 'I came to her one day,' said a friend, 'with a list of troubles and grievances for which I wanted her sympathy. She heard me very patiently, but when I was all through, she only said with intensity, "Oh, Mrs. P., gild your lot with *contentment*!"' I saw that was all she had to say, so I went home, but you may imagine I did not forget it.' 'M., can you tell me what is the reason,' she said one day to a young girl, 'that when your family are in a peck of trouble, *that* always appears to be the signal for you to *abdicate*? Oh, don't do it, child! Pray don't! The next time the family coach gets into a rut, you take right hold, and see if you can't move it, if only an inch.'

"*Abdication* had a peculiar meaning on her lips, and was one of the seven deadly sins, as *nerves* were another. She had little patience with people who backed down in emergencies, and considered it her bounden duty to bear her testimony, and stiffen them up a little. . . . And yet, though she would sometimes give strength where sympathy was wanted, it was only where her clear moral insight told her that this was best; not from any lack of sympathy. No need for her to sing, as she did every Sunday night, 'Oh, give me tears for others' woes!' for her eyes were rivers of tears when the real sorrow of any one was brought to her notice."

"She was called in by a young friend, one day, to look at her elegant wedding trousseau. When all had been shown, she turned to B., and said, 'Well, whatever else you do, don't turn into a clothes-horse, my dear! Don't you know, if it was to purchase your salvation, you could not wear more than *one* of these gowns at a time?'

"To another, she said, 'Oh, I see what you are after! Creature comforts,—these are what engage your attention! Ah, how you do hate to eat "humble

pie"! But it is good for you. You'll tell me so some day."

"C., you think it does not comport with your "dignity" to take such a step! Well, your dignity is n't worth two pins, if you have got to spend your life taking care of it and nursing it up! If it cannot take care of itself, it may as well die a natural death."

"She noted the peculiar traits of her children, rejoiced in their individualities, delighted in their original remarks, but 'she kept all these things and pondered them in her heart.' No one ever heard her call attention to them, or repeat anything they had said in their presence. In fact, she was so fearful that others might be less careful than herself that she did not often speak of them to her friends, and it has been an amazement to us to find so many references to us in her letters. A child's simplicity and unconsciousness were more sacred to her than to any one I have ever known, and she guarded them with a jealous care I have never seen surpassed. . . . She had always great faith in keeping children in a rather humble and subordinate position; but entirely on their own account, and from a strong conviction that it would be a help to them all through the journey of life. So she dressed them in the plainest clothes, taught them always to be ready to give up personal ease and pleasure for the sake of older people, and wished them always to show deference to superiors. I think in the matter of dress she sometimes erred, partly from her own lack of taste. But the principle, with her, was a fine one."

And it would surely be unfair to deny the reader the delicious anecdote which follows:—

"I well remember a certain indigo-blue print, covered with white stars, very much worn by children in orphan asylums and by working-people. It was our detestation, and so my mother dubbed the material '*mortification*.' I had never heard any other name for it, and did not

suppose it had any other. We had our fresh white dresses and blue ribbons for Sundays and for company, but on workingdays 'let all children eat humble pie' was my mother's maxim, and it was in many respects a good one. And so, one day, when I was eight years old, I was sent to the 'store' to buy six yards of the hated fabric, to make an everyday dress. 'Please, sir,' said I sadly to the clerk who made his appearance, 'have you any blue mortification?' 'No! I never heard of it,' was the quick reply. My spirits rose, and I was about to leave the store, when I almost stumbled over a pile of the very goods. Conscience was too strong for me. 'This is it,' I said timidly. I heard a suppressed giggle behind the counter, and as the clerk measured off six yards of 'mortification,' one of the partners said in an audible whisper, 'Of course it ain't the name, but Mrs. Lyman always gives her own names to everything.'"

"I thought her manners then," the daughter reverently resumes, "and I think them now, after a long review, the finest I have ever seen except my father's, which were even finer; having in them the trace of a life filled with the beatitudes. My mother had a noble presence, and what would have been called stately manners, had they not been so gracious, so full of friendliness and sympathy and sincere cordiality. And I cannot remember that either she or my father ever enjoined fine manners on the many young people they educated, or even talked about them. With them it was always the principle to work from *within* outwards, and not the reverse. They believed that if one could make a child perfectly truthful, disinterested, and considerate toward all God's creatures, fine manners would be the inevitable and unconscious result. Both of them despised conventionalities, and often taught us, both by precept and example, that appearances were naught except as types of an interior reality.

. . . I cannot help recalling how possible it was for her to appear like quite a poor, depressed, commonplace woman, when some accident would place her in the society of persons whose life was in externals. The neighbors in our village, who appreciated her so fully, would never have known her for the same person. Silent, abstracted, she was either absorbed in some homely work, or her mind had traveled to some distant space. I remember a young lady of fashion waking her suddenly from one of these dreams by saying, —

“‘Mrs. Lyman, you were at ——’s yesterday. Did you hear any enthusiasm expressed about the carpets and curtains?’

“She looked half dazed, but when the question was fairly understood said slowly, ‘Carpets! curtains! enthusiasm! Well, well! I’ve heard of enthusiasm for fine natural scenery, for grand music, for a noble poem, but I never in all my life heard of it for *those* things.’ And she relapsed into solemn silence.”

I could add to these extracts twice as many more, all equally striking. I must allow myself at least one, which illustrates the finer side of the old-fashioned village *neighborliness*; the way in which the members of that simple and whole-souled community, of which Mrs. Lyman was an ornament, fulfilled the law of Christ in the bearing of one another’s every-day burdens: —

“There were certainly the kindest people in Northampton then that ever lived. It had been one of the hottest of summer days, and a tea-party of distinguished strangers were expected in the evening, but there was such a succession of transient calls on every member of the family that the evening drew on, and our preparations for the supper were most incomplete. The dear woman encouraged us all that we should see how everything would come out right, if we had only ‘faith as a grain

of mustard-seed;’ and she had hardly said the word when one friend after another walked in. ‘Did n’t I tell you, girls!’ called out my mother, triumphantly. ‘Now see: here is Mrs. W. has sent me an elegant basket of fruit and flowers; and Mrs. D. such rusk as nobody can make but she; and as true as you live, there is Mrs. H. with a great basket of seckel pears! Now don’t tell me they ever have any better things at the Boston parties.’ . . . This we considered a pleasing fiction; only another way of expressing her pleasure at our efforts and the kindness of our neighbors. ‘And now, girls,’ she called out, jovially, let us all go to *Bedfordshire*’ (which meant that we were to lie down and rest), ‘for we shall sail before the wind.’”

It was that battered voluptuary and exceedingly mundane old sage, King Solomon, who remarked, in his aphoristic fashion, that it is never wise to “inquire the cause why the former days were better than these.” He does not explain himself. That would have marred the aphorism. We are left to conjecture whether he desired merely to administer a special snub to some low-spirited *laudator temporis acti*, or to reprove, in a general way, all futile and sentimental yearning over the days that are no more; or whether he chose this artificial and inverted manner of saying that, as a matter of fact, the present is always as good as the past, all times being excellent in their order, and none designed to be permanent. In either case, there is a dry wisdom about the precept, which we are all ready passively to acknowledge. But none the less is it true that in every form of life as we know it, whether conscious or unconscious, whether individual or national, there are the infallible stages of infancy, expansion, culmination, and decay; and that there is a bloom, a freshness, a sanctity, about the early time of which the later is necessarily denuded. Most conspicuously

in the realm of ethnology, in the history of every people destined to a great and influential career, there has ever been a cool, clear morning season, of plain fashions and austere moralities; when lawless loves have been the rare exception; when the family bond has been, to all intents and purposes, a sacramental one, and the family hearth an altar. There was such a time, say the poets, when the green branches of the Branstock sustained the roof of King Volsung. There was such a time, we know very well, in the youth of the world-subduing Roman race; and the half-remorseful memory of it throbs through all the greater Latin literature, adding a searching point to the logic of Cicero, a thrill of emotion to the brilliant lines of Livy, an unbidden tear to the lingering look backward of him who was to be Dante's guide:—

“Interea dulces pendent circum oscula nati
Casta pudicitiam servat domus.”

Nay, long after the strong sons of the Italian aborigines had emerged into the garish light of their noontide history, their high priest went out yearly and sacrificed for his people on the mossy altar of the antique Penates, in the already crumbling city of Lavinium, under the Alban Mount. The same tale is repeated in the annals of the two memorable races that have flourished successively upon the soil of the beautiful Tuscan country where I now write; of that primeval people of whom the spacious family tombs, with all their strangely pictured activities, run deep into the volcanic hills on every side; and of those more familiar Tuscans, the stout burghers of the pre-Renaissance era, who laid the foundations of their palaces so deep that the earthquakes and thunderbolts, the “drums and trappings,” of five centuries have hardly availed to shake them. Men built their houses wide enough, in the best days of

this worthy old city of Siena, to hold the families of children and children's children, as they came on; they carved the *stemma* over every lintel, on the stiff chairback of the patriarch, and on the solid old marriage chests which held the outfit of a long series of brides. The palaces are void now; the city herself is so shrunken, in her stately age, that orchards and gardens fill half the space encompassed by her massive walls, but she lives in history by the doings of her prime, when for love and fidelity, for emprise and for vengeance, too, the family bond was all-powerful.

It is partly, perhaps, because I have seen through so long a vista, from under the shadow of a civilization in decrepitude, and with the irresistible proneness of an absentee to idealize the primitive homes of New England's earlier day, that their sober fashions have appeared to me so entirely noble, their ideal of conduct so spotless, their atmosphere so exquisitely bright and pure. As the nation grows older, as interests become more complex, and wealth and luxury increase, the individual home must necessarily stand for less, the metropolis for more. But to the men and women of our race the pieties of the hearth are still the profoundest of all, and have ever been held symbols of the most sacred of those inconceivable things which are unseen and eternal. And the regret of the exile from such a home as that which we have been privileged to visit would indeed be unappeasable but for his ingrain persuasion that it is but a prototype; but for the expectation he instinctively cherishes of a final re-attachment *somewhere* of the mysterious ties of kindred; but for the habit, learned long since at the New England fireside, of brooding with dreamy hopefulness over the soothing words, “In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you.”

Harriet Waters Preston.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

SIXTH PAPER.

XIII.

VARIETY IN THE INDULGENCES OF SENSE
AS A RESULT OF INDIVIDUALITY.

ONE of the commonest artifices of international malevolence is to attribute some vice or defect which is often met with in a foreign country to *all* the inhabitants of that country, as if there were no differences, no exceptions, no variety of character resulting from individuality.

This artifice is constantly successful, because it answers to the common habit of thinking about the inhabitants of a foreign country as if they were all exactly alike. For the untraveled French "*les Anglais*" are so many copies of one type; for the untraveled English "the French" are copies of another type.

The persistence with which an illusion of this kind can maintain itself may be shown by the common French belief that the English are all of one physical constitution, that they have all fair complexions and sandy hair, that they are invariably tall and ungainly. Half an hour in a London street ought to convince any Frenchman that this type is only one amongst several different English types; that brown hair is more common than red, and black not very rare. He might also notice that many Englishmen are of mediocre stature, and not a few are diminutive.

I once happened to meet with a Frenchman who differed from the majority of his countrymen in not being the slave of preconceived ideas. He visited London, made use of his eyes, and told me how surprised he had been to see that the Frenchman's Englishman,

l'Anglais, was so far from being prevalent in the real living population of the capital. He had watched the current of people stream past him at different points, and had corrected his general impression by the only sure and trustworthy method, which is the observation of individuals, one by one.

The observation of moral characteristics is not quite so simple a matter, but if faithfully carried out it leads to the same result,—the conviction that there is a very great variety, and that to ignore this variety willfully can only lead to error and injustice.

Everybody is aware that there is great variety of character amongst his own countrymen. No Englishman ever believes that Englishmen are all alike; it is the Frenchman who fancies that *les Anglais* are all alike. Those who live in a country are compelled to see the variety; they could not, if they would, be blind to it. At a distance, even at a little distance, this kind of voluntary blindness becomes much easier.

When our knowledge of a nation is the knowledge of living individual persons, we do not think of *it* in the abstract, but we remember the persons and think of *them*. The simplicity and decision of our opinions on a foreign country are wonderfully enhanced by not knowing anybody there.

What happens when we *do* know the people may be made clear by a reference to some family amongst our friends. If the reader would please to think of a family in this way, where every individual member, with his peculiarities, is known to him, what would be his opinion of me if I were to affirm, for example, that every member of that family was drunken, or immoral, or had a

scrofulous taint? He would say that I had no right to attribute defects without a knowledge of the persons. And yet this is exactly the way in which the large families that form national communities are judged by the malevolence of foreigners.

What happens usually in a family is that there are strong contrasts. I recall to memory an English family of eight. There was one drinker amongst them; there was one very immoral man; there were two imprudent men; one son distinguished himself by exceptional industry, conduct, and ability. The same contrast was visible in the husbands of the daughters, who were as opposite as their brothers. Now, how is that family to be described by a single epithet? Can we say that it was moral or immoral, foolish or wise? To be just and accurate we are compelled to distinguish between individuals.

We find, too, that the presence of a vice in one member of a family does not imply its prevalence amongst the other members. One brother is vicious and idle, the others conduct themselves irreproachably. Certainly in some cases the example of the good-for-nothing brother would seem to have a deterrent effect. Instead of being a middling family, neither good nor bad, the family with a black sheep in it may be rather above the average.

This is certainly the case in the great English family with regard to intemperance in drinking. The French gladly accuse the English of drunkenness, and we know that it is the national vice. But only the malevolence of a foreigner would seek to imply that all English people drank to excess. The observation of individual cases very soon leads us to the truth, which may be expressed in a short paragraph as follows:—

There is a great deal of drinking in England, but the excesses of some have produced, by way of protest and reaction, the complete abstinence of others;

and they have produced something more remarkable still than total abstinence, namely, an extreme habitual temperance without any rigid rule. Some Englishmen are drunkards, others are water-drinkers, and between the two are to be found the most various degrees of self-control.

It is impossible to be just to the English without taking account of these contrasts. The English are not a nation of drunkards, but a nation where drunkards are to be found.

I was reading lately a French book of travels in England, quite of recent date. The author's name is not worth mentioning, but he gives an account of a visit to a rich gentleman's country house which deserves notice as a specimen of French malevolence. Now, there are certain signs by which an English critic knows at once whether narratives of this kind are genuine or fictitious. A Frenchman who invents anything about England, and pretends that he is recounting a real experience, is sure to invent clumsily. In the present instance, I know by two pieces of evidence that the writer has been drawing upon his imagination. He makes the men in the smoking-room, after dinner, talk about the absent ladies in a style absolutely incompatible with English breeding, and he describes these gentlemen as having all got nearly or completely drunk before they were helped to bed by the domestics. This Frenchman has read that such things happened under the Georges, and as he is not describing a real experience he makes our contemporaries get drunk to gratify the malevolence of his French readers.

Every one who has any acquaintance with modern England knows that in the most civilized classes the habit of excessive drinking has fallen into disuse. If the men remain together after the ladies have left the dinner-table, they consume very little wine. I knew some terrible drinkers in the English middle

classes thirty or forty years ago, but the habits of those days belong to past history, though French ill-nature may affect to believe that they still survive. All the drinking Englishmen whom I have known are dead; all the living Englishmen whom I still know are either temperate or abstemious. Here is an example that may represent a class. My friend drinks nothing but coffee or tea in the morning. At one o'clock he has lunch, and takes a rather large glass of claret, but no more. He drinks nothing between lunch and dinner. At dinner he takes two glasses of claret or sherry and two of port. This is the kind of Englishman who, according to a French witness, would be carried to bed drunk every night. Others, of course, may go beyond this moderate allowance: they may drink a glass of brandy and soda-water, they may appreciate bitter ale, they may take wine more freely at dinner; but where is the harm if they remain sober, as they do, and keep their sanity and their health?

The French accusation against English ladies on the ground of drinking is even less justified by facts. I have known two or three ladies in England who were said to drink, and just as many in France. In great communities there will always be these victims of anxiety or *ennui* who have gone for a solace to the bottle. But, as a rule, English ladies confine their drinking to an allowance that can do them no imaginable harm. A glass of sherry drowned in a tumbler of water, or a glass of claret, and at dessert perhaps a glass of port, or even two if you will, can do no harm whatever to the nerves of a healthy Englishwoman. There is certainly not at English tables that free consumption of wine which is common everywhere in France, and in which both sexes have their share.

With regard to the French accusation that English ladies drink brandy, all that needs to be said is that, as it is not

done in public, the *onus probandi* rests with the accusers. Let them give names and addresses, and produce witnesses. With two or three exceptions, I have never known a valid reason for suspecting any English ladies of intemperance, and in all such cases we ought to hold the person entirely innocent until there is some sort of evidence against her. Why are we to go out of our way to believe that a woman drinks brandy in private, when we have no more reason for supposing it than for convincing ourselves that she smokes opium? It is in the nature of these general accusations against whole classes, and even nationalities, that as they do not fix upon individuals there is no way of bringing the accuser to the test of producing evidence. If he said that my sisters got drunk (supposing me to have sisters), an action might be brought, and he might be compelled to confess that he had no proofs; but he may accuse the larger sisterhood of Englishwomen with impunity. "Vous savez, les Anglaises boivent de l'eau de vie."

England is now, with reference to drinking, a country of very temperate, very intemperate, and completely abstemious people. If a man belongs to the refined classes, the probability is that he will take wine in moderation, perhaps in great moderation; if he belongs to the humbler classes, he may be a besotted drunkard, a sober workman who appreciates a glass of beer, or an apostle of total abstinence with a blue ribbon in his button-hole. The country spends too much in drink, but its expenditure is gradually diminishing, and the burden of it falls very unequally upon the citizens.

If I now proceed to give some account of French drinking habits, it shall not be by way of retaliation. The individual Frenchman has exactly the same right to be taken for what he really is as the individual Englishman. It will be said that this is a commonplace,

but it is very rarely recognized in practice.

Drunkenness, though it has increased in France of late years, cannot be called a national vice. You do not often see a really drunken man in France. The peasants get just tipsy on market-days, but they can usually drive home without accident, though the roads are crowded with their vehicles. A man of the middle or upper classes hardly ever betrays a sign of drinking. Nevertheless, the consumption of wines, spirits, and *liqueurs* is enormous and increasing, especially the consumption of spirits. How are we to reconcile the apparent sobriety with the vast expenditure in drink? The answer is that France is the country of steady moderate drinking, that may become almost excessive without apparently losing its character of moderation. If there are few drunkards, the abstainers are rarer still. The love of wine is almost universal in France, as in most wine-producing countries. The usual allowance in the inns and restaurants is a bottle at each meal. The common people, when they have a drink together, prefer wine to everything else,¹ and order a bottle alternately till they have had enough. Now, with regard to the habit of drinking wine, a physician, who had practiced in a part of France where this habit was carried far, told me that he had never perceived any evil effects from it on the health of active men.² His opinion was that wine-drinking was perfectly innocuous, but he dreaded the effects of spirits, even in comparatively small quantities. He looked upon wine as a kind of safeguard, and on spirits as a terrible danger. The reader may remember a passage in Lewes's *Life of Goethe*, where the biographer says that the illustrious German "was fond of wine, and drank daily his two or three bottles. The amount he drank never did more than

exhilarate him; never made him unfit for work or for society. Over his wine he sat some hours." Lewes appended to this passage a quotation from Liebig, in which he says that amongst the Rhinelanders "a jolly companion drinks his seven bottles every day, and with it grows as old as Methuselah, is seldom drunk, and has at most the Bardolph mark of a red nose."

The common daily allowance of a Frenchman who can afford to live comfortably is two bottles of common wine, with an extra bottle of good wine when he meets a friend. There are, however, many exceptions to this rule. If there are the bottle men (at each meal), there are also the half-bottle men, a division of the human race that is well understood in the Parisian restaurants, where they generally offer a whole bottle of common wine or half the quantity of "superior," if you prefer it. Ladies, for the most part, seem to be of the half-bottle persuasion.

But besides this variety, there is another, dependent on the mixing of wine with water. All physicians seem to be agreed that equal quantities of alcohol are not equal in their effects when taken pure or diluted. Pure whiskey, in the form of drams, is much worse than the same quantity of spirit in whiskey toddy.

I never in my life saw a French peasant mix his wine with water; there may be peasants who do it, but I have never met with one. The peasant will drink water abundantly by itself, but when he gets wine he seems to think that to water it would be a sin against the rites of Bacchus. When there is wine on a peasant's table, the water-bottle is not to be seen.

On the contrary, in the middle and upper classes it is the general custom to mix water with the *vin ordinaire* whilst people are eating, but the finer wines least be one of the causes that predispose to gout.

¹ Except in the cider country.

² In the sedentary it may lead to gout, or at

are never watered. Then you have all degrees of watering. You have the gentleman who puts three drops of water in his wine in deference to custom, though it is a mere form; you have the gentleman who mixes the two liquids conscientiously in equal quantities; and you have the drinker of *eau rouge*, who would probably be a water-drinker, like an English teetotaler, if he had not before his eyes the dread of the French proverb, "*Les buveurs d'eau sont méchants.*"

I remember, however, one of those drinkers of "reddened water," who used to maintain that a few drops of wine almost infinitely diluted gave the taste of the grape-juice far more delicately and exquisitely than the unalloyed grape-juice itself. The reader may try the experiment, if he likes. Let him take a glass of water, and just redden it with claret. If he fails to appreciate the exquisite taste of the beverage, it will, at least, inflict no injury upon his constitution. Unless, indeed, as the old bacchanalians affirmed, water brings on the dropsy; for what saith the good Maistre Jean Le Houx, the gentle singer who immortalized the Vau de Vire?

*On m'a défendu l'eau, au moins en beuverie,
De peur que je ne tombe en une hydropisie ;*

Je me perds si j'en boy.

*En l'eau n'y a saueur. Prendray je pour
breuvage*

*Ce qui n'a point de goust ? Mon voisin qui
est sage*

Ne le fait, que je croy.

Enough has been said about wine, except that some Frenchmen have the habit of drinking white Burgundy or Bordeaux early in the morning, and eating a crust of bread along with it. This habit is so pleasant that one might easily fall into it, but the nervous excitement produced by the white wine when taken into an empty stomach is found to be deleterious to the nervous system in the long run, and all prudent people avoid it. The working classes have a habit that is probably quite as bad.

They take a dram of pure brandy every morning before starting work, often a large dram. If the brandy were fine old Cognac the harm would be less, but it is cheap and half poisonous. I have not seen this morning dram in use amongst the peasants. It is customary in the towns, and amongst the river and canal population.

There is a general belief in England that all Frenchmen go to the *café*; that a Frenchman cannot be happy unless he has a *café* to frequent. Many go to the *café* every day, others occasionally, and others never enter the door of such an establishment. Amongst the daily visitors there is an immense difference in drinking habits. I remember a middle-aged gentleman who confined himself to one tiny glass of pure Cognac per day, an allowance that he never exceeded. Another visits the *café* every day regularly at six in the afternoon, and takes his absinthe. A third drinks only ale. A fourth confines himself to coffee. In short, there is often some self-imposed restriction. There are also the unlimited drinkers, who take all kinds of liqueurs, one after another. They do not get drunk, but they damage their constitutions, and are blamed for their imprudence by their friends.

A Parisian physician told me (what I had observed already) that in France the commonest kind of excess is what is called "*l'alcoolisme des gens du monde.*" This is not drunkenness, nor anything like it, but a steadily maintained, mild alcoholic excitement, which does great injury to health in course of time. The art of gentlemanly drinking has been reduced, in France, to a learned programme for every day, in which there is a scientifically ordered succession of wines, spirits, beer, and liqueurs, each at its most seasonable hour. The observer of these rites lives in a state of alcoholic pleasure without ever in any way disgracing himself. At night he has a *verre d'eau* in his bedroom, to

quench thirst if he awakes. What is called a "verre d'eau" is usually a very pretty glass tray, with a decanter for water, a little sugar basin, and a goblet. This description is, however, incomplete. I ought not to forget a smaller decanter, carefully filled with Cognac.

The men who go to cafés occasionally make use of them merely as a convenience, either to meet somebody on business, or else to rest when in a strange town. In these cases there is no *habît* whatever. I was traveling with a French officer last year, who would go to a café with a friend, but never alone. In a month's travel he went to a café three times.

The total abstainers from the café are more numerous than would be easily believed. They have a set phrase by which they are known, their shibboleth. This phrase is, "Je ne bois jamais rien entre mes repas." They are not teetotalers, as they drink at *déjeuner* and dinner, but between these periods they observe a strict abstinence, like the Mahometans in the Ramadan fast, between the rising and the setting of the sun. They pretend that they are never thirsty, but I do not believe them; it is merely the pride of their sect. Since we are talking about individual tastes, I may add that I know a Frenchman who confesses to the weakness of thirst, but boasts that he quenches it effectually with a little *warm* water!

The French are not usually accused by other nations of being a drinking people, — indeed, I think their prowess in that respect is rather undervalued, — but they are often accused of being a nation of gourmands. Here, again, there are great individual differences. The basis of the accusation is the quantity of different dishes that are served in the hotels, but here lurks a misunderstanding. The variety of dishes at a *table d'hôte* is merely intended to give every guest a chance of selecting what he likes, and a man who limits himself to two dishes

may choose them out of a dozen. The hotel-keeper is but a sort of shopman, who displays a variety of goods. In private houses the number of dishes is very limited, except on state occasions. The usual meal in ordinary private houses is scarcely more varied *in that one repast* than it would be in England, but there is more variety in the feeding in a week than there is in an English week. The English have the advantage in the different character of their meals. The *déjeuner* and *dîner* resemble each other too much. In the French middle classes, however, the dinner is often the lighter meal of the two, rather like an English lunch, and the heavy meal is in the middle of the day, according to the practice of our English forefathers.

There are two broad varieties in French lovers of eating, the *gourmets* and the *gourmands*. The difference between them is so great that they may be considered as complete opposites. The *gourmand* is a mere glutton, who eats as much as he can, devouring one dish after another. He is simply an animal with a great appetite, feeding very much as a dog feeds, with the difference that he is far more omnivorous than the dog. The *gourmand* is the man who omits not one of the dishes at a *table d'hôte*, and then complains that he cannot dine properly in that hotel. At his own home he indulges in his greediness at the expense of others, and often growls over his meat, like the tigers in a menagerie. In a word, the animal nature of the *gourmand* is so predominant that in the matter of feeding he has not yet become a civilized being. The *gourmet*, on the contrary, is a product of high civilization. He enjoys with discrimination, and he is quite on the side of temperance; he even values the commonest things, if they are excellent of their own kind. A French gourmet once said to me, "I am excessively fond of oysters, but I never exceed one dozen, being convinced that after the first dozen the pal-

ate has become incapable of fully appreciating the flavor." A real gourmet preserves his palate in the healthiest and most natural condition. He would not cover an oyster with pepper, nor even squeeze a lemon over it. Plain things are often preferred by a true gourmet to richer things. The uninitiated drink wine and eat cakes at the same time. A gourmet would not do that unless the wine were unworthy of his attention; with a wine of any quality he would eat a crust of bread. A gourmet prefers the simplest meal, such as a fried mutton chop, if it is really well cooked, to an elaborate banquet where the cookery is less than excellent. In Thackeray's imitation of Horace (*Persicos Odi*), he expresses contempt for "Frenchified fuss" in the first stanza, but in the second he exactly hits the taste of a French gourmet in praising the good qualities of a simple dish: —

" But a plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,
I pr'ythee get ready at three :
Have it smoking, and tender, and juicy,
And what better meat can there be ? "

I knew a Parisian who was a gourmet in Thackeray's manner, and his way of living was to order one dish of meat, one of vegetables, and a little dessert, at an excellent and expensive *restaurant à la carte*. He did not desire the more abundant feeding at the *restaurants à prix fixe* and the *tables d'hôte*. He drank very moderately, also; in a word, he lived as a gentleman ought to live, without excess, yet with perfect appreciation.

The influence of the French gourmet on the prices of eatables is very remarkable. The dealers know that extravagant prices will be readily given for anything that is very good of its kind. The result is that the Parisian connoisseur in good living feeds very expensively. But in this, as in everything, individual

peculiarities tell. A wealthy Frenchman, who gave to the state a collection worth several millions of francs, used to dine, when by himself, in a little restaurant, for half a dollar. I have known another collector, who gave exquisite dinners to his friends, but lived in private with patriarchal simplicity.

The accusation against the French that they are a nation of gourmands, who make gods of their bellies, may, then, after a careful analysis, be answered briefly as follows. France is the country where the preparation of food for luxury has become a fine art. It is also the country where the economical preparation of food for mere existence has been most studied and is best understood. It is a country where both the gourmet and the gourmand flourish, but in small proportion to the population. The great masses of the French people are peasants, soldiers, priests, members of religious houses, young people in educational establishments, and work-people. All these live simply. I used to suppose that the commercial travelers must be great eaters, but the hotel-keepers assure me that these men eat less, on the average, than their other guests.¹ As for the richer classes, the smaller squires live quite as simply as the *bourgeoisie*. The very richest people are, I am told, as extravagant in their tables as in every other luxury.

I have given more space to this question of eating and drinking than the subject may seem to deserve, but, besides its real importance, it is the common subject of international recrimination. The French constantly accuse the English of being drunkards and gluttons, whilst the English, on their side, at one time blame the French for being enormous eaters, and at another despise them for living on frogs, small birds, and other "kickshaws" unworthy of a

¹ They are probably sickened by the sight of so many dishes a day. I remember seeing a commercial traveler who complained that

everything was bad, and ordered two boiled eggs. This was but a natural desire to return to a simpler diet.

manly appetite. An English lady once told me that the French lived on air, and another complained that after the appetite had been satisfied by a heavy repast a roast fowl was invariably placed upon the table.¹

I had occasion, in a preceding article, to make some reference to Mr. Matthew Arnold's statement that wealth excites the most savage enmity in France, and I showed that the evidence of such enmity is not to be found in the behavior of the French people towards the rich. In the same paragraph (Nineteenth Century, February, 1885, page 225) Mr. Arnold used these words: "This is one of the many evils which the French have to suffer from that worship of the great goddess Lubricity to which they are at present vowed."

In reference to an accusation of this kind, it is more than ever necessary to bear in mind that a nation is composed, not of a mingled mass, like the water in the Lake of Geneva or in the Dead Sea, of which you may truly say that it has this or that quality, all of it, but of separate creatures, belonging, indeed, to the same political body, yet differing from each other as much in their habits as they notoriously do in their opinions. If the object is merely to gratify international malevolence, any general accusation is good enough for that purpose. You may say that foreigners are given over to fleshly lusts as easily as that they are liars and thieves, but if justice is your object you will consider individual cases. The method I would venture to recommend with regard to a foreign country is that which everybody practices in his own. In our own country we suppose a man to be innocent until

there is some evidence of his guilt. Wordsworth is supposed to have been moral because there is no evidence to prove the contrary. Byron is believed to have been immoral because we have evidence of his adulteries. Shelley is supposed to have lived according to a sort of morality of his own, leaving him liable to great errors. George Eliot believed herself to be strictly moral, yet she lived in an irregular *liaison*. George Sand was full of the most exalted sentiments, but in her case the liaisons were more numerous. In all these cases we have a chance of being just, because we have some materials for judging, and especially because we take the people individually. But if you put Wordsworth, Byron, and Shelley together as immoral men, you are positively unjust to Wordsworth, and relatively so to Shelley. If you class George Eliot and George Sand together as immoral women, you are unjust to George Eliot. The difficulty of justice increases with the extension of the group. Imagine a room where Byron, Wordsworth, and twenty of their contemporaries were present: you could not decide about them with any certainty unless you knew the twenty as you know the two. In the absence of evidence to the contrary, you would have charity enough to suppose that the twenty were more like Wordsworth than like Byron; or rather, if perfectly wise, you would not trouble your head with useless conjectures about their morality or immorality at all. I know France more intimately than Mr. Arnold knows it, and when I hear him talk of the French being "vowed to the worship of the great goddess Lubricity" I wonder what evidence could be adduced against

¹ I have often tried to determine, for my own satisfaction, which of the two nations is the more extravagant in food and drink. The difficulty is that the extravagance is of different kinds. The French are excessively economical in losing nothing, in making the most of everything, in providing a sufficient meal out of scant or poor materials, often out of small

remnants, but they are extravagant in the abundant use of costly things. The English show less luxury, but their extravagance consists in waste caused by the display of abundance and by the desire to exhibit food in untouched masses. The combination of simplicity with costliness is carried to perfection in England.

a number of private persons whose names I could easily write down. This is the proper test. If it were not a breach of delicacy to mention private individuals in print, I would write down a hundred names, and ask for evidence against them. Miss Betham-Edwards has rather an extensive acquaintance with French people, she has many friends in France, and I asked her what she thought of Mr. Arnold's accusation. It produced exactly the same effect on her mind that it had produced on mine; she could only say that in her experience there had been no evidence to support it. I afterwards spoke of it to a French barrister, the mayor of an important place, and he said, "There is a good reason for supposing that cases of scandal cannot be very frequent in this part of France, which is that they make such a noise and are so well remembered when they do occur; they are remembered for forty years." This is literally true. There was a case of adultery forty years ago, which is still talked about, and which has done permanent social injury to the innocent members of the family in which it occurred. I may add that French public opinion respects good conduct, and blames its opposite; for example, the ladies of the House of Orleans have always been warmly respected in France by people of all opinions, whilst those of another dynasty have been little respected, it being generally believed that they were either light in their manners, or worse.

The great evidence on which the accusation of general French immorality is founded is that afforded by the playwrights and the novelists. Such evidence ought to be taken exactly for what it is worth, and no more. Works of fiction are not made to paint the world as it is, but only to sell, and it is found that the most exciting incidents sell best. Morality is meritorious, but dull. Our own historians pass wearily over the moral monotony of George III.

and Queen Charlotte; they prefer to describe the court of Charles II. The French novelist does not write for France alone, but for all Europe, England included. His fictions sell by thousands in England, both in the original and in translations; and a new play by Dumas or Sardou is announced in long telegrams in the great English newspapers, as if it were a political event. No English writer ever gets such effective advertisements. The most extreme "naturalism" is loudly condemned, but it is largely bought; and the author has no objection to have stones cast at him, when he finds they are nuggets of gold. Besides, all these describers of immoral situations profess to be great moralists in their way. They expose vice by showing how it disturbs the peace of families; they encourage to virtue by occasional, though transient, glimpses of its blessedness.

The plain truth is that people whose lives are rather monotonous like to read about anything that gives new sensations; and as vice is at least *different* from virtue, and in itself more changeful, it seems to supply the want. In France, this is done by cleverly narrated fiction turning upon adultery; in England, those who do not read French novels get the same material in the long reports of the divorce cases. The French method excels in art, but the English is far superior in that incomparable force, reality. The fictitious adulteress is but a phantom in comparison with the living beauty who is seen and heard in the court of justice; and what fall of an imaginary hero ever impressed us like that of the gifted and ambitious politician who barred his own path to the premiership of England? The reports of divorce cases are valuable, too, for the glimpses of high life that they afford to the middle and lower classes. One lady witness, much accustomed to the world, said that the only difference between a certain immoral

duke and other gentlemen lay in the superior frankness and honesty of His Grace. In a novel this would have signified very little, but when it comes from a competent witness in real life its significance can hardly be overrated. Nor ought we to overlook the educational value of divorce reports for the young of both sexes. The French novel is kept as much as possible out of their way, — I mean in France, — and at least in the case of the *jeune fille* the precaution is usually successful, because she herself observes a rule of abstinence. But the English newspaper is not classed as immoral reading: it is on the drawing-room table, it lies on the sofa, it is everywhere; consequently, if the young people are not theoretically well acquainted with sexual matters, it is entirely their own fault.

It does not follow, in either country, that because people like to read about adultery they are ready to commit it. Old ladies are sometimes fond of reading about murders; their faculties are dulled, and the murder in the shape of a paragraph is only an agreeable little excitement. But they would not even like to witness the shedding of blood. We have all read Hamlet, and it is considered perfectly moral, because it is a classical English play; however, there are both murder and adultery in it, and the adultery is very crudely described. Well, the readers of Hamlet are not more inclined to imitate the adultery than the murder. A celebrated Englishwoman became successively the mistress of several men of very high rank on the Continent, and at the close of her career she wrote her memoirs. In form, the narrative was not more indecent than an account of successive marriages, and it found many readers in both sexes, who were impelled by mere curiosity. They wanted to know what the aspect of life might be to a woman who had such varied and exceptional opportuni-

ties for observation. Unfortunately for these readers, she had not made good use of her opportunities, and the book was stupid.

Much of the blame on the score of morality that is inflicted by the English on the French may be ascribed to a few comic newspapers that the Englishman compares to Punch. The French papers of this class are usually as inferior to Punch in wit as they are in morality, but I may observe that Mr. Punch occupies a much higher position in the state, and also a very different position in society, and therefore has certain responsibilities from which his French contemporaries are exempt. I have never yet met with one of the coarse and shallow French comic papers in a private house. I have only met with them in cafés or hotels, where they are glanced at for a moment by the men. There is one of those little publications (I forget its name) which regularly illustrates vice in so dull a fashion that the effect of it must be almost moral. The Grelot is a very coarse sheet, with large colored caricatures, perfectly merciless, and in the style that pleased our grandfathers.

But there are clever and amusing sketchers in France. Mars, for example, is refined and charming as well as humorous. Soldiers and sailors have found their own illustrators in Randon and Lepic. As for the wit of Cham, it was inexhaustible, but more in the invention of sentences than in the art of the designer. Paul Renouard, the intentionally indiscreet revealer of all commonplace ugliness, is now as much appreciated in England as in France. Here, as everywhere else, there is a great difference between one man and another, a truth that I once ventured to insist upon to an old lady who was always calling one person by another person's name, and considered the error of no consequence.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

THE LANDSCAPE CHAMBER.

I.

I WAS tired of ordinary journeys, which involved either the loneliness and discomfort of fashionable hotels, or the responsibilities of a guest in busy houses. One is always doing the same things over and over ; I now promised myself that I would go in search of new people and new scenes, until I was again ready to turn with delight to my familiar occupations. So I mounted my horse one morning, without any definite plan of my journey, and rode eastward, with a business-like haversack strapped behind the saddle. I only wished that the first day's well-known length of road had been already put behind me. One drawback to a woman's enjoyment of an excursion of this sort is the fact that when she is out of the saddle she is uncomfortably dressed. But I compromised matters as nearly as possible by wearing a short corduroy habit, light both in color and weight, and putting a linen blouse and belt into my pack, to replace the stiff habit-waist. The wallet on the saddle held a flat drinking-cup, a bit of chocolate, and a few hard biscuit, for provision against improbable famine. Autumn would be the best time for such a journey, if the evenings need not be so often spent in stuffy rooms, with kerosene lamps for company. This was early summer, and I had long days in which to amuse myself. For a book I took a much-beloved small copy of *The Sentimental Journey*.

After I left my own neighborhood I was looked at with curious eyes. I was now and then recognized with surprise, but oftener viewed with suspicion, as if I were a criminal escaping from justice. The keepers of the two country taverns at which I rested questioned me outright, until I gave a reassuring account

of myself. Through the middle of the day I let the horse stand unsaddled in the shade, by the roadside, while I sat near, leaning against the broad trunk of a tree, and ate a bit of luncheon, or slept, or read my book, or strolled away up the shore of a brook or to the top of a hill. On the third or fourth day I left my faithful companion so long that he grew restless, and at last fearful, as petted horses will. The silence and strangeness of the place and my disappearance frightened him. When I returned, I found that the poor creature had twisted a forward shoe so badly that I could neither pull it off altogether, nor mount again. There was nothing to do but to lead him slowly to some farmhouse, where I could get assistance ; so on went the saddle, and away we plodded together sadly along the dusty road. The horse looked at me with anxious eyes, and was made fretful by the difficulty of the projecting shoe. I should have provided myself with some pincers, he seemed to tell me ; the foot was aching from the blows I had given it with a rough-edged stone in trying to draw the tenacious nails. It was all my fault, having left him in such a desolate place, fastened to a tree that grew against a creviced ledge of rock. We were both a little sulky at this mischance so early in the careless expedition.

The sea was near, and the salt-marshes penetrated deep into the country, like abandoned beds of rivers winding inland among the pine woods and upland pastures. The higher land separated these marshes, like a succession of low promontories trending seaward, and the road climbed and crossed over from one low valley to another. There had been no houses for some distance behind us. I knew that there was a village with a good tavern a few miles ahead ; so far,

indeed, that I had planned to reach it at sundown. I began to feel very tired, and the horse tossed his head more and more impatiently, resenting my anxious, dragging hold upon the rein close at his mouth. There was nobody to be seen; the hills became steeper, the unshaded strips of marshland seemed hotter, and I determined at last to wait until some traveler appeared who could give us assistance. Perhaps the blacksmith himself might be out adventuring that afternoon.

We halted by some pasture bars in the shade of an old cider-apple tree, and I threw the bridle over a leaning post in the unsteady fence; and there the horse and I waited, and looked at each other reproachfully. It was some time before I discovered a large rusty nail lying in the short grass, within reach of my hand. My pocket-knife was already broken, because I had tried to use it for a lever, and this was just what I needed. I quickly caught up the disabled hoof again, and with careful prying the tough nails loosed their hold at last, and the bent shoe dropped with a clink. The horse gave a whinny of evident relief, and seemed to respect me again, and I was ready to mount at once; in an instant life lost its depressing aspect. "Keep your feet out of clefts now!" I said joyfully, with a friendly stroke of the good creature's neck and tangled mane, and a moment afterward we were back in the stony road. Alas, the foot had been strained, and our long halt had only stiffened it. I was mounted on three feet, not four. Nothing was to be done but to go forward, step by step, to the far-away village, or to any friendly shelter this side of it.

The afternoon was waning: sometimes I rode, sometimes I walked; those three miles of marsh and hill seemed interminable. At last I saw the chimneys of a house; the horse raised his head high, and whinnied loud and long.

These chimneys were most reassur-

ing; being high and square, they evidently belonged to a comfortable house of the last century, and my spirits rose again. The country was still abandoned by human beings. I had seen no one since noon, but the road was little used, and was undoubtedly no longer the main highway of that region. I wondered what impression I should make in such a migratory guise. The saddle and its well-stuffed haversack and my own dustiness amused me unexpectedly, and I understood for the first time that the rest and change of this solitary excursion had done me much good. I was no longer listless and uninterested, but ready for adventure of any sort. It had been a most sensible thing to go wandering alone through the country. But now the horse's ankle was swollen. I grew anxious again, and looked at the chimneys with relief. Presently I came in sight of the house.

It was disappointing, for the first view gave an impression of dreariness and neglect. The barn and straggling row of out-buildings were leaning this way and that, mossy and warped; the blinds of the once handsome house were broken; and everything gave evidence of unhindered decline from thrift and competence to poverty and ruin. A good colonial mansion, I thought, abandoned by its former owners, and tenanted now by some shiftless outcasts of society, who ask but meagre comfort, and are indifferent to the decencies of life. Full of uncertainty, I went along the approach to the barn, noticing, however, with surprise that the front yard had been carefully tended; there were some dark crimson roses in bloom, and broken lines of box which had been carefully clipped at no remote period. Nobody was in sight. I went to the side door, and gave a knock with my whip at arm's length, for the horse was eager to reach the uninviting, hungry-looking stable. Some time elapsed before my repeated summons were answered; then

the door slowly opened, and a woman just this side of middle age stood before me, waiting to hear my errand. She had a pathetic look, as if she were forced by circumstances to deny all requests, however her own impulses might lead her toward generosity. I was instantly drawn toward her, in warm sympathy: the blooming garden was hers; she was very poor. I would plead my real fatigue, and ask for a night's lodging, and perhaps my holiday might also give her pleasure. But a curious hardness drew her face into forbidding angles, even as her sweet and womanly eyes watched me with surprised curiosity.

• “I should be very sorry to take the horse any further to-day,” said I, after stating my appealing case. “I will give you as little trouble as possible.” At this moment the haggard face of an elderly man peered at me over her shoulder.

“We don't keep tavern, young lady,” he announced in an unexpectedly musical, low voice, “but since your horse is” —

“I am ready to pay any price you ask,” I interrupted impatiently; and he gave me an eager look, and then came to the outer step, ignoring both his daughter and me, as he touched the horse with real kindness. “'Tis a pretty creature!” he said admiringly, and at once stooped stiffly down to examine the lifted foot. I explained the accident in detail, grateful for such intelligent sympathy, while he stroked the lamed ankle.

“There's no damage done,” he assured me presently, looking up with transient self-forgetfulness. “A common liniment will do; there's a bottle in the house, but 't will cost you something,” and his face clouded again.

I turned to the daughter, who gave me a strange, appealing look. Her eyes begged me entreatingly, “Give him his own way;” her firm-set mouth signified her assent to the idea that I had no right to demand favors.

“Do what you think best,” I said, “at your own price. I shall be very grateful to you;” and having come to this understanding, the father and I unbuckled the saddle-girths, while the daughter stood watching us. The old man led the limping horse across the green dooryard to a weather-beaten stable, talking to him in a low tone. The creature responded by unusual docility. I even saw him, though usually so suspicious and fretful with strangers, put his head close to his leader's shoulder with most affectionate impulse. I gathered up my belongings, — my needments, as somebody had called them, after Spenser's fashion, in the morning, — and entered the door.

II.

Along the by-ways and in the elder villages of New England stand many houses like this, from which life and vigor have long been ebbing, until all instincts of self-preservation seem to have departed. The commonplace, thrifty fears of increasing damage from cracks, or leaks, or falling plaster no longer give alarm; as age creeps through the human frame, pilfering the pleasures of enthusiasm and activity one by one, so it is with a decaying house. The old man's shrewd eyes alone seemed unrelated to his surroundings. What sorrow or misfortune had made him accept them? I wondered, as I stared about the once elegant room. Nothing new had been brought to it for years; the leather-bound books in the carved secretary might have belonged to his grandfather. The floor was carpetless and deeply worn; the faded paper on the walls and the very paint looked as old as he. The pinch of poverty could nowhere be much sharper than here, but the exquisite cleanliness and order of the place made one ignore the thought of poverty in its common aspect, for all its offensive and

repulsive qualities were absent. I sat down in a straight-backed mahogany chair, feeling much relieved, and not without gratitude for this unexpected episode. The hostess left me alone. I was glad enough to have the long day shortened a little, and to find myself in this lonely, mysterious house. I was pleased by the thought that the price of my food and lodging would be very welcome, and I grew more and more eager to know the history of my new friends. I have never been conscious of a more intense desire to make myself harmonious, or to win some degree of confidence. And when the silence of the old sitting-room grew tiresome I went out to the stable, whence my host had not returned, and was quite reconciled at finding that I was looked upon by him, at least, merely as an appendage to my four-footed companion.

The old man regarded me with indifference, and went on patiently rubbing the horse's foot. I was silent after having offered to take his place and being contemptuously refused. His clothes were curiously old and worn, patched bravely, and an embroidery of careful darns. The color of them was not unlike the dusty gray of long-neglected cobwebs. There was unusual delicacy and refinement in his hands and feet, and I was sure, from the first glance at my new friends and the first sound of their voices, that they had inherited gentle blood, though such an inheritance had evidently come through more than one generation to whom had been sternly denied any approach to luxury or social advantage. I have often noticed in country villages the descendants of those clergymen who once ruled New England sternly and well, and while they may be men and women of undeveloped minds, without authority and even of humble circumstances, they yet bear the mark of authority and dignified behavior, like silver and copper coins with a guinea stamp.

I was more and more oppressed by the haunting sense of poverty, for I saw proofs everywhere that the inhabitants of the old house made no practical protest against its slow decay. The woman's share of work was performed best, as one might see by their mended clothes; but the master's domain was hopelessly untended, not only as to the rickety buildings, but in the land itself, which was growing wild bushes at its own sweet will, except for a rough patch near the house, which had been dug and planted that year. Was this brooding, sad old man discouraged by life? Did he say to himself, "Let things be; they will last my time"? I found myself watching his face with intense interest, but I did not dare to ask questions, and only stood and watched him. The sad mouth of the man might have been a den from which stinging wild words could assail a curious stranger. I was afraid of what he might say to me, yet I longed to hear him speak.

The summer day was at its close. I moved a step forward, to get away from the level sunbeams which dazzled my eyes, and ventured to give some news about myself and the lonely journey that had hitherto brought me such pleasure. The listener looked up with sincere attention, which made me grow enthusiastic at once, and I described my various experiences, and especially the amusing comments which I had heard upon my mode of traveling about the country. It amazed me to think that I was within sixty miles of home and yet a foreigner. At last I asked a trivial question about some portion of the scenery, which was pleasantly answered. The old man's voice was singularly sweet and varied in tone, the exact reverse of a New Englander's voice of the usual rural quality. I was half startled at seeing my horse quickly turn his head to look at the speaker, as if with human curiosity equal to my own. I felt a thrill of vague apprehension. I was unwise

enough for a moment to dread taking up my residence in this dilapidated mansion ; a creeping horror, such as one feels at hearing footsteps behind one in a dark, strange place, made me foolishly uneasy, as I stood looking off across the level country through the golden light of closing day, beyond the marshes and beyond the sand dunes to the sea. What had happened to this uncanny father and daughter, that they were contented to let the chances of life slip by untouched, while their ancestral dwelling gradually made itself ready to tumble about their ears ?

I could see that the horse's foot was much better already, and I watched with great sympathy the way that the compassionate, patient fingers touched and soothed the bruised joint. But I saw no sign of any other horse in the stable, save a few stiffened, dusty bits of harness hung on a high peg in the wall ; and as I looked at these, and renewed my wonder that such a person should have no horse of his own, especially at such a distance from any town, the old man spoke again.

"Look up at that bit of dry skin over the harnesses," said he. "That was the pretty ear of the best mare that ever trod these roads. She leaped the stable-yard gate one day, caught her foot in a rope, and broke her neck. She was like those swallows one minute, and the next she was a heap of worthless flesh, a heavy thing to be dragged away and hidden in the earth." His voice failed him suddenly, poor old fellow ; it told me that he had suffered cruel sorrows that made this loss of a pleasure almost unbearable. So far life had often brought me successes, and I had gained a habit of expecting my own enterprises to be lucky. I stood appalled before this glimpse of a defeated life and its long procession of griefs.

Presently the master of the place went into the house, and returned with a worn wooden trencher of bits of hard

bread and some meal. The hungry creature in the stall whinnied eagerly, and nestled about, while our host ascended the broken stairway to the stable loft ; and after waiting for some time, I heard the rustle of an armful of hay which came down into the crib. I looked that way, and was not surprised, when I noticed the faded, dusty dryness of it, to see my dainty beast sniff at it with disappointment, and look round at me inquiringly. The old man joined me, and I protested hastily against such treatment of my favorite.

"Cannot we get somebody to bring some better hay, and oats enough for a day or two, if you are unprovided ?" I asked.

"The creature must not be overfed," he said grudgingly, with a new harsh tone. "You will heat the foot, and we must keep the beast quiet. Anything will serve to-night ; to-morrow he can graze all day, and keep the foot moving gently ; next day, he can be shod."

"But there is danger in giving him green grass," I suggested. "This is too rich pasturage about the house ; surely you know enough of horses to have learned that. He will not be fit to ride, either. If I meant to give him a month of pasture, it would be another thing. No ; send somebody for at least an armful of decent hay. I will go myself. Are there houses near ?"

The old man had gone into the stall, and was feeding the hungry horse from the trencher. I was startled to see him snatch back two or three bits of the bread and put them into his pocket, as if, with all his fondness for the horse and a sincere desire to make him comfortable, he nevertheless grudged the food. I became convinced that the poor soul was a miser. He certainly played the character exactly, and yet there was an appealing look in his eyes, which, joined with the tones of his voice, made me sure that he fought against his tyrannous inclinations. I wondered irrever-

ently if I should be killed that night, after the fashion of traditional tavern robberies, for the sake of what might be found in my pocket, and sauntered toward the house. It remained to be proved whether the daughter was the victim or the upholder of her father's traits.

I had the satisfaction of finding that the daughter was just arranging a table for supper. As I passed the wide-open door of a closet, I was tempted to look in by the faint ancient odor of plum cakes and Madeira wine which escaped; but I never saw a barer closet than that, or one that looked hungrier in spite of the lingering fragrance of hospitality. It gave me a strange feeling as if there were a still subtler link with the past, and some invisible presence would have me contrast the house's former opulence with its present meagreness. When we sat at table I was not surprised to find, on a cloth that was half covered with darns and patches, some pieces of superb old English silver and delicate china. The fare was less than frugal, but was nobly eked out with a dish of field strawberries, as if kind Nature had come to the rescue. Cream there was none, nor sugar, nor even tea or butter. I had an aching sense of the poverty of the family, and curiously questioned in my own mind how far they found it possible to live without money. There was some thin, crisp corn bread, which had been baked in the morning, or whenever there had last been a fire. It was very good. Perhaps my entertainers even gathered their own salt from the tide-pools, to flavor the native corn. Look where I would, I could see nothing for which money had been lately spent; here was a thing to be wondered at in this lavish America, and I pushed back my chair at last, while I was still half hungry, from a dread that there would be nothing for breakfast unless I saved it then.

The father and daughter were very

agreeable, I must confess: they talked with me about my journey now, and my plans, as if they were my personal friends, and the strange meal was full of pleasure, after all. What had brought a lady and gentleman to such a pass?

After supper the daughter disappeared for a time, busy with her household cares; a little later the father went out of the stable and across the fields, before I could call to him or offer my company. He walked with a light, quick step, like an Indian, as if he were used to taking journeys on foot. I found myself uncommonly tired; the half illness which had fettered me seemed to have returned, after the unusual anxiety and weariness of the afternoon, and I longed to go to bed and to sleep. I had been interested in much that my entertainers had said of the early history of that part of the country, and while we sat at the table I had begun to look forward to a later evening talk, but almost before daylight faded I was forced to go to bed.

My hostess led me through a handsome empty hall, of the wide and stately colonial type, to a comfortable upper room, furnished with a gloomy-looking curtained bedstead and heavy mahogany furniture of the best old fashion. It seemed as if the room had been long unused, and also as if the lower part of the house were in a much worse state of disrepair and threadbareness than this. But the two large windows stood open to the fading sky and sweet country air, and I bade my hostess good-night cheerfully. She lingered to see if I were comfortable; it was the first time I had been alone with her. "You can see that we are not used to entertaining company," she whispered, reddening with sensitiveness, and smiling apologetically. "Father has kept everybody away for so many years that I rarely have any one to speak to, or anything to do but to keep the poor old house clean. Father means to be kind, but he" — and she turned away, much embarrassed by

my questioning look — “he has a monomania; he inherits it from my grandfather. He fears want, yet seems to have no power to provide against it. We are poor, God knows, yet we have resources; or had them once,” she added, sorrowfully. “It was the horse that made him willing to let you in. He loves horses, yet he has long denied himself even that useful pleasure.”

“But surely he ought to be controlled,” I urged. “You must have suffered.”

“I know all that you are eager to say,” she replied; “but I promised my dear mother to be patient with him. It will not be long now; he is very feeble. I have a horror that this habit of parsimony has rooted itself too deeply in my own life to be shaken off. You will hear mockery enough of us among the farmers.”

“You surely have friends?”

“Only at a distance,” said she, sadly. “I fear that they are no longer friends. I have *you*,” she added, turning to me quickly, in a pathetic way that made me wish to put my arms about her. “I have been longing for a friendly face. Yes, it is very hard,” and she drearily went out of the door, and left me alone with the dim light of the sky outside, the gloomy shadows of the room within. I tried to fancy some clue to the weird misery of this poverty-stricken household, as I lay down; but I fell asleep very soon, and slept all night, without even a dream.

III.

Daylight brought a new eagerness and a less anxious curiosity about my strange entertainers. I opened my eyes in broad sunlight. I was puzzled by the unfamiliar India-cotton hangings of the great bedstead; then I caught sight of my dusty habit and my riding-cap and whip, near by. I instantly resolved that even if I found my horse in the restored

condition there was every reason to expect, I would make this house my headquarters for as long time as its owners would keep me, or I could content myself. I would try to show some sisterly affection to the fast-aging woman who was so enslaved by her father’s delusions. I had come out in search of adventure; it would be a difficult task to match my present surroundings.

I listened for the sound of footsteps or voices from below, but it was still very early, and I looked about the long-untenanted room with deliberate interest and scrutiny. As I changed my position a little, I caught sight of a curious old painting on the large oval panel above the empty fireplace. The colors were dull, the drawing was quaintly conventional, and I recognized the subject, though not immediately. The artist had pleased himself by making a study of the old house itself, and later, as I dressed, I examined it in detail.

From the costume of the figures I saw that it must have been painted more than a hundred years before. In astonishing contrast to the present condition, it appeared like a satirical show of the house’s possibilities. Servants held capering steeds for gay gentlemen to mount, and ladies walked together in fine attire down the garden alleys of the picture. Once a hospitable family had kept open house behind the row of elms, and once the follies of the world and the fashions of brilliant, luxurious life had belonged to this decayed and withering household. I wondered if the miserly old man, to whose strangely sweet and compelling voice I had listened the evening before, could bear to look at this picture, and acknowledge his unlikeness to his prosperous ancestors.

It was well for me that the keeping of hens is comparatively inexpensive, for I breakfasted comfortably, and was never so heartily rejoiced at the vicinity of a chicken-coop. My proposal to stay with

my new friends for a few days met with no opposition from either host or hostess; and again, as I looked in their pinched and hopeless faces, I planned some secret excuses for making a feast of my own, or a happy holiday. The fields and hills of the old picture were still unchanged, but what ebb and flow of purpose, of comfort, of social condition, had enriched and impoverished the household!

"Where did she sleep?" asked the master of the house, suddenly, with a strange, suspicious glance at his daughter.

"In the landscape chamber," the pale woman said, without lifting her eyes to his, though she grew whiter and thinner as she spoke.

I looked at him instinctively to see his eyes blaze with anger, and expected a torrent of abuse, because he was manifestly so much displeased. Nothing was said, but with a feeling of uneasiness we left the table, and I went out to the kitchen with my new friend.

"There is no reason why I should not have put you into the landscape chamber," she told me instantly. "It is a fancy of my father's. I had aired that room thoroughly in the morning, but the front guest-chambers have been closed for some time."

"Who painted the strange old picture?" I asked. "Some member of the family?" But I was answered that it was the work of a Frenchman, who was captured in war-time, and paroled under the care of her great-grandfather.

"He must have had a gay visit," I suggested, "if he has left a faithful picture of the house as he saw it."

"The house used to be like that always," was the faint response, and the speaker hesitated, as if she considered whether we did right in discussing her family history; then she turned quickly away. "I believe we are under some miserable doom. Father will be sure to tell you so, at any rate," she added, with an effort at gayety. "He thinks that he fights against it, but I always say

that he was cowardly, and accepted it," and she sighed wearily.

I looked at her with fresh surprise and conjecture. I forgot for the time this great, busy, prosaic world of which we were both a part, and I felt as if I had lost a score of years for each day's journey, and had gone backward into the past. New England holds many strange households within its borders, but there could not be another which approached this. The very air of the house oppressed me, and I strayed out into the beautiful wide fields, and found my spirits rising again at once. I turned at last to look back at the group of gray buildings in the great level landscape. They were such a small excrescence upon the fruitful earth, those roofs which covered awful stagnation and hindrance of the processes of spiritual life and growth. What power could burst the bonds, and liberate the man and woman I had left, from a mysterious tyranny?

I was bareheaded, and the morning grew very hot. I went toward a group of oaks, to shelter myself in the shade, and found the ancient burying-place of the family. There were numerous graves, but none were marked except the oldest. There was a group of rude but stately stones, with fine inscriptions, yet curiously enough the latest of them bore a date soon after the beginning of the century; all the more recent graves were low and unmarked in any way. The family fortunes had waned long ago, perhaps; I might be wronging the present master of the house, though I remembered what had been said to me of some mysterious doom. I could not help thinking of my new acquaintances most intently, and was startled at the sound of footsteps. I saw the old man, muttering and bending his head until he could see nothing but the ground at his feet. He only picked up some dead branches that had fallen from the oaks, and went away toward the house again; always looking at the ground, as if he expected to find

something. It came to my mind with greater distinctness that he was a miser, poor only by his own choice; and I indignantly resolved to urge the daughter to break her allegiance to him for a time, to claim her own and set herself free. But the miser had no cheerful sense of his hoards, no certainty of a munificence which was more to him than any use of it; there was a look upon his face as of a preying conscience within, a gnawing reptile of shame and guilt and evil memory. Had he sacrificed all sweet family life and natural ties to his craving for wealth? I watched the bent and hungry figure out of sight.

When I reached the house again, I went through the open door of the wide hall, and gained my landscape chamber without being seen by any one. I was tired and dizzy with the unusual heat, and, quickly drawing the close shutters, I threw myself on the bed to rest. All the light in the room came from the shaded hall; there was absolute silence, except some far-off country sounds of birds high in air or lowing cattle. The house itself was still as a tomb.

I went to sleep, but it was not sound sleep. I grew heavy and tired with my own weight. I heard soft footsteps coming up the stairs; some one stopped as if to listen outside the wide-open door; then the gray, shadowy figure of the old man stood just within, and his eyes peered about the room. I was behind the curtains; one had been unfastened, and hid me from his sight at first, but as he took one step forward he saw me, lying asleep. He bent over me, until I felt my hair stir with his breath, but I did not move. His presence was not frightful, strange to say; I felt as if I were only dreaming. I opened my eyes a little as he went away, apparently satisfied, to the closet door, and unlocked it, starting and looking at me anxiously as the key turned in the lock. Then he disappeared. I had a childish desire to shut him in and keep him prisoner, for

reasons that were not clear to myself. Whether he only wished to satisfy himself that a concealed treasure was untouched I do not know, but presently he came out, and carefully locked the door again, and went away on tiptoe. I fancied that he lingered before the picture above the chimney-place, and wondered if his conscience pricked him as he acknowledged the contrast between past and present. Then he groaned softly, and went out. My heart began to beat very fast. I sprang up and tried to lock the door into the hall. My enthusiasm about spending a few days in this dismal place suddenly faded out, for I could not bear the thought that the weird old man was free to prowls about at his own sad will. But as I stood undecided in my doorway, a song sparrow perched on the sill of the wide hall window, and sang his heart away in a most cheerful strain. There was something so touching and appealing in the contrast that I felt a wistful clutch at my throat, while I smiled, as one does when tears are coming like April showers to one's eyes. Without thinking what I did, I went back into the room, threw open the shutters again, and stood before the dingy landscape. How the horses pranced up to the door, and how fine the ladies were in their hoop-petticoats and high feathers! I imagined that the picture had been a constant rebuke to the dwellers in the house through their wasting lives and failing fortunes. In every human heart, said I, there is such a picture of the ideal life, — the high possibilities and successes, the semblance of duties done and of spiritual achievements. It forever measures our incompleteness by its exact likeness to that completeness which we would not fight hard enough to win. But as I looked up at the panel, the old landscape became dim, and I knew that it was only because a cloud was hiding the sun; yet I was glad to leave the shadows of the room, and to hurry down the wide stairway.

I saw nothing of the daughter, though I searched for her, and even called her, through the house. When I reached the side door I found her father crossing the yard, and wondered if he would show any consciousness of our having so lately met. He stood still and waited for me, and my first impulse made me ask, "What did you want just now? I was not asleep when you were in my room; you frightened me."

"Do not be afraid," he answered, with unexpected patience. "You must take us as you find us. It is a sad old house, but you need not be afraid; we are much more afraid of you!" and we both smiled amiably.

"But your daughter," said I; "I have been asking her to come away for a time, to visit me or take a journey. It would be much better for you both; and she needs a change and a little pleasuring. God does not mean that we shall make our lives utterly dismal." I was afraid, and did not dare to meet the old man's eyes after I had spoken so plainly.

He laughed coldly, and glanced at his mended coat-sleeve.

"What do you know about happiness? You are too young," said he. "At your age I thought I knew the world. What difference would it make if the old place here were like the gay ghost of it in our landscape chamber? The farmers would be jealous of our luxury; reverence and respect would be turned into idle curiosity. This quiet countryside would be disgraced by such a flaunting folly. No, we are very comfortable, my child and I; you must not try to disturb us," and he looked at me with a kind of piteous suspicion.

There was a large block of stone under one of the old elms, which had been placed there long ago for a mounting-block, and here we seated ourselves. As I looked at my companion, he seemed like a man unused to the broad light of day. I fancied that a prisoner, who

had just ended many years of dungeon life, would wear exactly such a face. And yet it was such a lovely summer day of a joyful world, if he would only take or make it so. Alas, he matched the winter weather better. I could not bear to think of the old house in winter!

"Who is to blame?" said the old man suddenly, in a strange, eager tone which startled me, and made me shrink away from him. "We are in bondage. I am a generous-hearted man, yet I can never follow my own impulses. I longed to give what I had with a lavish hand, when I was younger, but some power restrained me. I have grown old while I tried to fight it down. We are all in prison while we are left in this world, — that is the truth; in prison for another man's sin." For the first time I understood that he was not altogether sane. "If there were an ancestor of mine, as I have been taught, who sold his soul for wealth, the awful price was this, that he lost the power of using it. He was greedy for gain, and now we cannot part with what we have, even for common comfort. His children and his children's children have suffered for his fault. He has lived in the hell of watching us from generation to generation; seeing our happiness spoiled, our power of usefulness wither away. Wherever he is, he knows that we are all misers because he was miserly, and stamped us with the mark of his own base spirit. He has watched his descendants shrivel up and disappear one by one, poor and ungenerous in God's world. We fight against the doom of it, but it wins at last. Thank God, there are only two of us left."

I had sprung to my feet, frightened by the old man's vehemence. I could not help saying that God meant us to be free and unconquered by any evil power; the gray, strange face looked blindly at me, and I could not speak again. This was the secret of the doom,

then. I left the old man crying, while I hurried away to find the mistress of the desolate house, and appealed to her to let me send a companion for her father, who could properly care for him here, or persuade him to go away to some place where he would forget his misery among new interests and scenes. She herself must not be worn out by his malady of unreason.

But I only dashed my sympathy against the rock of her hopelessness. "I think we shall all disappear some night in a winter storm, and the world will be rid of us, — father and the house and I, all three," she said, with bitter dreariness, and turned to her work again.

Early that evening, I said good-by to my new friends, for the horse was sound, and not to be satisfied by such meagre stabling. Our host seemed sorry to let the creature go, and stood stroking him affectionately after I had mounted. "How the famous old breed holds its own!" he said wistfully. "I should like

to have seen the ancestor who has stamped his likeness so unmistakably on all his descendants."

"But among human beings," I could not resist saying, "there is freedom, thank God! We can climb to our best possibilities, and outgrow our worst inheritance."

"No, no!" cried the old man bitterly. "You are young and fortunate. Forget us, if you can; we are of those who have no hope in a world of fate."

I looked back again and again, as I rode away. It was a house of shadows and strange moods, and I was glad when I had fairly left it behind me; yet I look forward to seeing it again. I well remember the old man's clutch at the money I offered him, and the kiss and the bunch of roses that the daughter gave to me. But late that evening I was not sorry to shut myself into my prosaic room at a village hotel, rather than try to sleep again behind the faded figured curtains of the landscape chamber.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

IN MORTE IMMUTABILITAS.

(A REMINISCENCE OF ODYSSEY XI.)

OVER the westward seas, on the misty Kimmerian shore-land,
Where in the asphodel meadow Persephone's myriads wander,
Many a fleeting form of belovèd Achaian companions,
Many a statelier shade of the dim traditional foretime,
Greeted the exile Odysseus, — and Heracles' eidolon with them,
Less than a ghost; for the hero himself at banquet forever
Sits with his bride, young Hebe, among the Olympic immortals!

Memory, gray old warder, throw open thy portal in welcome
Wide to the dead, our dead! They loved us well in the sunshine;
Death can but make us securer from change, and loss, and oblivion.
Not the departed we dread, but only the wraith of the living!
Bright is the sparkle of love in their eyes, that shine upon others!
Nectar is theirs, and ambrosia; they heed not the loss of our kisses.
See thou admit not a ghost that casts on the threshold a shadow!

William Cranston Lawton.

THE SOUL OF THE FAR EAST.

III.

ART.

WE have seen how impersonal is the form which Far Eastern thought assumes when it crystallizes into words. Let us turn now to a consideration of the thoughts themselves before they are thus stereotyped for transmission to others, and scan them as they find expression unconsciously in the man's doings, or seek it consciously in his deeds.

To the Far Oriental there is one subject whose influence so permeates and pervades all others that it not only constitutes the supreme object of his thought, but forms the very mainspring of his mental activity. That subject is art. The Far Oriental is an artist to the tips of his fingers. With science he has not so much as a speaking acquaintance, but with art he is on terms of the most affectionate intimacy. He cares not a straw to investigate causes; his one aim is to invent results.

To the whole Far Eastern world science is a stranger. Although the Chinese civilization, even in the so-called modern inventions, was already old while ours lay still in the cradle, it was to no scientific spirit that its discoveries were due. Notwithstanding the fact that Cathay was the happy possessor of gunpowder, movable type, and the compass before such things were dreamt of in Europe, she owed them to no knowledge of physics, chemistry, or mechanics. It was as arts, not as sciences, they were invented. And it speaks volumes for her civilization that she burnt her powder for fireworks, not for firearms. To the West alone belongs the credit of manufacturing it for the sake of killing people instead of merely killing time.

The scientific is not the Far Oriental

point of view. To seek to know the reasons of things, that irrepressible yearning of the Western spirit, is no characteristic of the Chinaman's mind, nor is it a Tartar trait. Metaphysics, a species of speculation that has usually proved peculiarly attractive to mankind, probably from its not requiring any scientific capital whatever, would seem the most likely place to look for it. But in such matters he has never dabbled; what he now professes he has quietly taken on trust from India. Science proper has reached at his hands only the catalogue stage; that is, it has a certain outward semblance of science, with all the spirit of the thing left out. Pseudo-scientific collections of facts that never rise to be classifications of phenomena are to him the height of erudition. His mathematics, for instance, consist of a set of empirical rules, of which no explanation is ever vouchsafed the taught, for the simple reason that it is quite unknown to the teacher. Of physics, chemistry, geology, and the like, he has no conception. Even in studies more immediately connected with man, such as language, customs, and so forth, it is really remarkable how little he possesses the power of generalization and inference. His long lists of specimens are superficially imposing, but not even formally important; while as for any bond between them, it either does not exist, or vanishes on inspection.

But with the arts it is quite another matter. While you will search in vain, in this civilization, for explanations of even the most simple of nature's laws, you will meet at every turn with devices for the beautifying of life, which may stand not unworthily beside the products of nature's own skill. Whatever these people fashion, from the toy of an hour to the triumphs of all time,

is touched by a taste unknown elsewhere. To stroll down the principal street of Tokio, of an evening, is a species of liberal education. Long lines of gayly lighted shops, crammed with wares to captivate alike the novice and the connoisseur, look out upon an equally endless succession of torchlit booths, that display a happy medley of old curios and new conceits. Here the very latest thing in inventions, a gutta-percha rat, that for some reason best known to the vender scampers about squeaking with a mimicry to shame the original, holds an admiring crowd spellbound with mingled trepidation and delight. There a native zoetrope, ingenious round of pleasure, whose top, fashioned after the type of a turbine wheel, enables a candle in the centre to supply both illumination and motive power at the same time, affords to as many as can find room on its circumference a peep at the composite antics of a consecutively pictured monkey in the act of jumping a box. Then again it is some flower-stand, in the growth of whose shrubs art has dared even to interfere with nature, and begotten forms which the parent plant would fail to recognize; while opposite this show is a booth that, among its other curiosities, has for sale little microscopes with legs. Thus from one attraction to another you wander on for miles, carried along with the tide of pleasure-seekers in a sort of realized dream.

Or, instead of the street by night, suppose the time day, and the place a temple. Between priests and pilgrims you enter in. The richness of its outer ornament, so impressive at first, is, you discover, but prelude to the lavish luxury of its interior. Lacquer, bronze, pigments, deck its ceiling and its sides in such profusion that it seems to you as if art had expanded, in the congenial atmosphere, into a tropical luxuriance of decoration, and grew here as naturally on temples as in the jungle creepers do on trees. Yet all is but setting to what

the place contains; objects of bigotry and virtue that appeal to the artistic as much as to the religious instincts of the devout. More sacred still are the things treasured in the sanctum of the priests. There you will find gems of art, for whose sake only the most abnormal impersonality can prevent you from breaking the tenth commandment. Of the value set upon them you can form some distant approximation from the exceeding richness and the amazing number of the silk cloths and lacquered boxes in which they are so religiously kept. As you gaze thus, amid the soul-satisfying repose of the spot, at some masterpiece from the brush of Motonobu, you find yourself wondering, in a fanciful sort of way, whether Buddhist contemplation is not indeed but another name for the contemplation of the beautiful, since devotees to the one are *ex officio* such votaries of the other.

Dissimilar as are these two glimpses of Japanese existence, in one point the hushed temple and the bustling street are alike, — in the nameless grace that beautifies, and so beatifies, both.

More important even than the height to which these people have carried their art is the extent of its influence. Both objectively and subjectively its catholicity is remarkable. It imbues everything, and affects everybody. So universally is it applied to the daily affairs of life that in Japan there may be said to be no mechanical arts, simply because all such have been raised to the position of fine arts. The lowest artisan is essentially an artist. Modern French nomenclature on the subject, in spite of the satire to which the more prosaic Anglo-Saxon has subjected it, is peculiarly applicable to Japan. To call a Japanese cook, for instance, an artist would be but the barest acknowledgment of fact, for Japanese food is far more beautiful to look at than agreeable to eat; while Tokio tailors are certainly masters of drapery, if they are sublimely oblivious to the nat-

ural modelings of the male or female form.

On the other hand, art is sown, like the use of tobacco, broadcast among the people. It is the birthright of the Far East, the talent it never hides. Throughout the length and breadth of the land, from the highest prince to the humblest peasant, art reigns supreme.

Now such a prevalence of art implies of itself impersonality in the people. At first sight it might seem as if science did the same, and that in this respect the one resembled the other, and that consequently both hemispheres should be equally impersonal. But in the first place, our masses are not imbued with the scientific spirit, as theirs are with artistic sensibility. In the second place, there is an essential difference in the states of mind produced by the two subjects. Emotionally, science appeals to nobody, art to everybody. Now the emotions constitute the larger part of that complex bundle of ideas which we know as self. A thought which is not tinged to some extent with feeling is not only not personal; properly speaking, it is not even distinctively human, but cosmical. In its lofty superiority to man, science is unpersonal rather than impersonal. Art, on the contrary, is a familiar spirit. Through the windows of the senses she enters into the very soul of man, and makes, as it were, a home there. But it is to humanity, not to the individual as such, that she whispers, and for this reason she becomes a universal tongue that all can understand.

We find examples in practice of what we should expect from theory. It is no mere coincidence that the two most impersonal nations of Europe and Asia respectively, the French and the Japanese, are at the same time the most artistic. Even politeness, which, as we saw in the last paper, distinguishes both, is itself but a form of art, — the social art of living agreeably with one's fellows.

The object of Far Eastern art witnesses to the same mental characteristic of its devotees.

The Far Oriental lives in a long day-dream of beauty. He muses rather than reasons, and all musing, so the word itself confesses, springs from the inspiration of a Muse. But this Muse appears not to him, as to the Greeks, after the fashion of a woman, nor even more prosaically after the likeness of a man. Unnatural though it seem to us, his inspiration seeks no human symbol. His Muse is not kin to mankind. She is too impersonal for any personification, for she is Nature.

That poet whose name carries with it a certain presumption of infallibility has told us that "the proper study of mankind is man;" and if material advancement in consequence be any criterion of the fitness of a particular mental pursuit, events have assuredly justified the saying. Indeed, the Levant has helped antithetically to preach the same lesson, in showing us by its own fatal example that the improper study of mankind is woman, and that they who but follow the fair will inevitably degenerate.

The Far Oriental knows nothing of either study, and cares less. The delight of self-exploration, or the possibly even greater delight of losing one's self in trying to fathom femininity, is a sensation equally foreign to his temperament. Neither the remarkable persistence of one's own characteristics, not infrequently matter of deep regret to their possessor, nor the charmingly unaccountable variability of the fairer sex, at times quite as annoying, is a phenomenon sufficient to stir his curiosity. Accepting, as he does, the existing state of things more as a material fact than as a phase in a gradual process of development, he regards humanity as but a small part of the great natural world, instead of considering it the crowning glory of the whole. He recognizes man merely as a fraction of the universe, — one

might almost say as a vulgar fraction of it, considering the low regard in which he is held, — and accords him his proportionate share of attention, and no more.

In his thought nature is not accessory to man. Worthy M. Périhon, of prosaic, not to say philistine fame, had, as we remember, his travels immortalized in a painting where a colossal Périhon in front almost completely eclipsed a tiny Mont Blanc behind. A Far Oriental thinks poetry, which may possibly account for the fact that in his mind-pictures the relative importance of man and mountain stands reversed. "The matchless Fuji," first of *motifs* in his art, admits no pilgrim as its peer.

Nor is it to woman that turn his thoughts. Mother Earth is fairer, in his eyes, than are any of her daughters. To her is given the heart that should be theirs. The Far Eastern love of Nature amounts almost to a passion. To the study of her ever-varying moods her Japanese admirer brings an impersonal adoration that combines oddly the æstheticism of a poet with the asceticism of a recluse. Not that he worships in secret, however. His passion is too genuine either to find disguise or seek display. With us, unfortunately, the love of Nature is apt to be considered a mental extravagance peculiar to poets, excusable in exact ratio to the ability to give it expression. For an ordinary mortal to feel a fondness for Mother Earth is a kind of folly, to be carefully concealed from his fellows. A sort of shamefacedness prevents him from avowing it, as a boy at boarding-school hides his homesickness, or a lad his love. He shrinks from appearing less pachydermatous than the rest. Or else he flies to the other extreme, and affects the odd; pretends, poses, parades, and at last succeeds half in duping himself, half in deceiving other people. But with Far Orientals it is very different. Their love has all the unostentatious assurance of what has received the sanction of public opinion. Nor is

it still at that doubtful, hesitating stage when, by the instrumentality of a third, its soul-harmony can suddenly be changed from the jubilant major key into the despairing minor. No trace of sadness tinges his delight. He has long since passed this melancholy phase of erotic misery, if so be that the course of his true love did not always run smooth, and is now well on in matrimonial bliss. The very look of the land is enough to betray the fact. In Japan the landscape has an air of domesticity about it, patent even to the most casual observer. Wherever the Japanese has come in contact with the country he has made her unmistakably his own. He has touched her to caress, not injure, and it seems as if Nature accepted his fondness as a matter of course, and yielded him a wifely submission in return. His garden is more human, even, than his house. Not only is everything exquisitely in keeping with man, but natural features are actually changed, plastic to the imprint of their lord and master's mind. Bushes, shrubs, trees, forget to follow their original intent, and grow as he wills them to; now expanding in wanton luxuriance, now contracting into dwarf designs of their former selves, all to obey his caprice and please his eye. Even stubborn rocks lose their wildness, and come to seem a part of the almost sentient life around them. If the description of such dutifulness seems fanciful, the thing itself looks incredible. Hedges and ornamental shrubbery, clipped into the most fantastic shapes, accept the suggestions of the pruning-knife as if man's wishes were their own whims. Lili-putian maples, Tom Thumb trees, a foot high and thirty years old, with all the gnarls and knots and knuckles of their fellows of the forest, grow there in his parterres, their native vitality not a whit diminished. To enter a Japanese garden is like wandering of a sudden into one of those strange worlds we see reflected in the polished surface of a con-

cave mirror, where all but the observer himself is transformed into a fantastic miniature of the reality. In that quaint fairyland diminutive rivers flow gracefully under tiny trees, past mole-hill mountains, till they fall at last into little artificial lakes, almost smothered for the flowers that grow upon their banks; while in the extreme distance of a couple of rods the cone of a *fuji* ten feet high looks approvingly down upon a scene which would be nationally incomplete without it.

But besides the delights of domesticity the Japanese enjoys daily in Nature's company, he has his *accès de tendresse*, too. When he feels thus specially stirred, he invites a chosen few of his friends, equally infatuated, and together they repair to some spot noted for its scenery. It may be a waterfall, or a shaded pond, or the distant glimpse of a mountain peak framed in picture-wise between the nearer hills; or, at their appropriate seasons, the blossoming of the many tree flowers, which in eastern Asia are beautiful beyond description. For he appreciates not only places, but times. One spot is to be seen at sunrise, another by moonlight; one to be visited in the spring-time, another in the fall. But wherever or whenever it be, a tea-house, placed to command the best view of the sight, stands ready to receive him. For nature's beauties are too well recognized to remain the exclusive property of the first chance lover. People flock to view nature as we do to see a play, and privacy is as impossible as it is unsought. Indeed, the aversion to publicity is simply a result of the sense of personality, and therefore necessarily not a feature of so impersonal a civilization. In front of the tea-house proper are rows of summer pavilions, in one of which the party make themselves at home, while gentle little tea-house girls toddle forth to serve them the invariable preliminary tea and confections. Each man then produces from up his sleeve,

or from out his girdle, paper, ink, and brush, and proceeds to compose a poem on the spot and the occasion, which he subsequently reads to his admiring companions. There they sit sipping *sake*, which is to them what beer is to a German or absinthe to a *blouse*, and pass their thought as they do their cups, in honor to one another. At last, after drinking in an hour or two of scenery and *sake* combined, the symposium of poets breaks up.

Sometimes, instead of a company of friends, a man will take his family, wife, babies, and all, on such an outing, but the details of his holiday are much the same as before. For the scenery is still the centre of attraction, and in the attendant creature comforts Far Eastern etiquette permits an equal enjoyment to man, woman, and child.

This love of nature is quite irrespective of social condition. All classes feel its force, and freely indulge the feeling. Poor as well as rich, low as well as high, contrive to gratify their poetic instincts for natural scenery. As for flowers, especially tree flowers, or those of the larger plants, like the lotus or the iris, the Japanese appreciation of their beauty is in keeping with its cause; one could not say more in praise either of the fact or of the feeling. Those who can afford the luxury possess the shrubs in private; those who cannot feast their eyes on the public specimens. From a sprig in a vase to a park planted on purpose, there is no part of them too small or too great to be excluded from Far Oriental affection. And of the two "drawing-rooms" of the Mikado held every year, in April and November, both are garden-parties: the one given at the time and with the title of "the cherry blossoms," and the other of "the chrysanthemum."

That nature, not man, is their *beau idéal*, the source to them of inspiration, is evident again on looking at their art. The same spirit that makes of them such

wonderful landscape gardeners and such wonder-full landscape gazers shows itself unmistakably in their paintings.

The current impression that Japanese pictorial ambition, and consequent skill, is confined to the representation of birds and flowers, though entirely erroneous as it stands, has a grain of truth behind it. This view arose from the attitude of the foreign observers, and was in fact a tribute to Japanese technique rather than an appreciation of Far Eastern artistic feeling. The truth is, the foreigners brought to the subject their own Western criteria of merit, and judged everything by these standards. Such works naturally commended themselves most as had least occasion to deviate from their canons. The simplest pictures, therefore, were pronounced the best. Paintings of birds and flowers were thus admitted to be fine, because their realism spoke for itself. Of the exquisite poetic feeling of their landscape paintings the foreign critics were not at first conscious, because it was not expressed in terms with which they were familiar.

But first impressions, here as elsewhere, are valuable. One is very apt to turn to them again from the reasoning of his second thoughts. Flora and fauna are a conspicuous feature of Far Asiatic art, because they enter as details of the subject-matter of the artist's thoughts and of his day-dreams. These birds and flowers are his *sujets de genre*. Where we should select a phase of human life for effective isolation, they choose instead a bit of natural beauty. A spray of grass or a twig of cherry-blossoms is even commoner as a motif than is an animal. For to the Far Oriental all nature is sympathetically sentient. His admiration, instead of being centred on man, embraces the universe. His art reflects it.

Leaving out of consideration, for the moment, minor though still important distinctions in tone, treatment, and technique, the great fundamental difference

between Western and Far Eastern art lies in its attitude toward humanity.

With us, from the time of the Greeks to the present day, man has been the cynosure of artistic eyes; with them he has never been vouchsafed more than a casual, not to say a cursory glance, even woman failing to rivet his attention. One of our own writers has said that, without passing the bounds of due respect, a man is permitted two looks at any woman he may meet, one to recognize, one to admire. A Japanese ordinarily never dreams of taking but one, — if indeed he goes so far as that, — the first. It is the omitting to take that second look that has made him what he is. Not that Fortune has been unpropitious; only blind. Fate has offered him opportunity enough; too much, perhaps. For in Japan the exposure of the female form is without a parallel in latitude. Never naked, it is frequently nude. The result is much the same, though the cause be different. For, according to their own standards, the Japanese are exceedingly modest. No respectable woman there would, for instance, ever for a moment turn out her toes in walking. It is considered immodest to do so. Modesty of intent is with them the criterion of propriety. In their eyes a state of nature is not a state of indecency. Whatever exposure is required for convenience is right, whatever unnecessary wrong. From this it would seem to be the very spot for a something like the modern French school of art to have developed in. And yet it is just that study of the nude which has from immemorial antiquity been entirely neglected in the Far East. An ancient Greek, to say nothing of a modern Parisian, would have shocked a Japanese. Yet we are shocked by them. We are astounded at the sights we see in their country villages, while they in their turn marvel at the exhibitions they witness in our city theatres. At their watering-places the two sexes bathe promiscuously together, in all the simpli-

city of nature ; but for a Japanese woman to appear on the stage in any character, however proper, would be deemed indecent. The difference between the two hemispheres consists in an artless liberty on the one hand, and artistic license on the other. Their unwritten code of propriety on the subject seems to be, "You must see, but you may not observe."

These people live more in accordance with their code of propriety than we do with ours. All classes alike conform to it. The adjective "respectable," used above as a distinction in speaking of woman, was in reality superfluous, for all women there, as far as appearance goes, are respectable. Even the most abandoned creature does not betray her status by her behavior. The reason of this uniformity and its psychological importance I shall discuss later.

This form of modesty, a sort of want of modesty of form, has no connection whatever with sex. It applies with equal force to the male figure, which is even more exposed than the female, and offers anatomical suggestions invaluable alike to the artistic and medical professions, — suggestions that are equally ignored by both. The coolies are frequently possessed of physiques which would have delighted Michael Angelo ; and as for the phenomenal corpulency of the wrestlers, it would have made of the place a very paradise for Rubens. In regard to the doctors, — for to call them surgeons would be to give a name to what does not exist, — a lack of scientific zeal has been the cause of their not investigating what tempts too seductively, we should imagine, to be ignored. Acupuncture, or the practice of sticking long pins into any part of the patient's body that may happen to be paining him, pretty much irrespective of anatomical position, is the nearest approach to surgery of which they are guilty, and proclaims of itself the *in corpore vili* character of the thing operated upon.

Nor does the sculptor owe anything to science. He represents man simply as he sees him, blindly, so to speak ; and it betokens the very highest powers of generalized observation that he produces the results he does. As for pictorial delineations, man is shown, not as he might look in the primitive, or rather primitive, simplicity of his ancestral Garden of Eden, but as he does look in the ordinary wear and tear of his garments of to-day. Civilization has furnished him with clothes, and he prefers, when he has his picture taken, to keep them on.

In dealing with man, the Far Oriental artist is emphatically a realist ; it is when he turns to nature that he becomes ideal. But by ideal is not meant here conventional. That term of reproach is simply a misnomer, founded on a mistake. By ideal I mean that poetry of the imagination which transmutes without transforming. The Far Oriental has plenty of it, but it is peculiarly impersonal. His color-blindness to the warm, blood-red end of the spectrum of life in no wise affects his perception of the colder beauty of the great blues and greens of nature. To their poetry he is ever sensitive. His appreciation of them is something phenomenal, and his power of presentation worthy his appreciation.

A Japanese painting is a poem rather than a picture. It portrays an emotion called up by a scene, and not the elaborate complexity of the scene itself. It undertakes to give only so much of it as is vital to that particular feeling, and intentionally omits all irrelevant details. It is the expression caught from a glimpse of the soul of nature by the soul of man ; the mirror of a mood, passing, perhaps, in fact, but perpetuated thus to fancy. Being an emotion, its intensity is directly proportional to the singleness with which it possesses the thoughts. Hence the Far Oriental's peculiar appreciation of the power of simplicity. This principle is his fundamental canon of pictorial art. To understand his paint-

ings, it is from this standpoint they must be regarded; not as soulless photographs of scenery, but as poetic presentations of the spirit of the scenes. The very charter of painting depends upon its not giving us charts. And if with us a long poem be a contradiction in terms, a full picture is with them as self-condemnatory a production. From the contemplation of such works of art as we call finished, one is apt, after he has once appreciated Far Eastern taste, to carry away an unpleasant sensation of satiety, as from the partaking of too elaborate a feast.

Their paintings, by comparison, we call sketches. Is not our would-be condemnation unwittingly the reverse? Is not a sketch, after all, fuller of meaning, to one who knows how to read it, than a finished affair, which is very apt to end with itself, barren of fruit? Does not one's own imagination distance one's power to portray it? For in suggestion lies the soul of art, and nothing is half so suggestive as the half expressed, not even a *double entente*. To hint a great deal by displaying a little is more vital to effect than the representation of the whole. The art of partially concealing is more telling, even, than the *ars celare artem*. Who has not suspected through a veil a fairer face than veil ever hid? Who has not been delightedly duped by the semi-revelations of a dress? The principle is just as true in a single branch of art as it is of the attempted developments by one art of the suggestions of another. Who has not felt a shock of day-dream desecration at the subsequent illustrations of some book he had laid to heart? And I venture to believe that to more than one of us the exquisite pathos of the Bride of Lammermoor is gone when Lucia warbles her woes, be it never so entrancingly, to an admiring house. It almost seems as if the garish publicity of using her name for operatic title were a special intervention of the Muse, that we might the less

connect song with story, — two sensations that, like two lights, destroy one another by mutual interference.

Against this preference given the sketch it may be urged that to appreciate such suggestions presupposes as much art in the public as in the painter. But the ability to appreciate a thing when expressed is but half that necessary to express it. Some understanding must exist in the observer for any work to be intelligible. It is only a question of degree. The greater the imagination of the person addressed, the more had better be left to it. Now in Japan the public is singularly artistic. In fact, the artistic appreciation of the masses there is something astonishing to us, accustomed to our immense intellectual differences between man and man. Sketches are thus peculiarly fitting to such a land.

Besides, there is a quiet modesty about the sketch which is itself taking. To attempt the complete even in a fractional bit of the cosmos, like a picture, has in it a difficulty akin to the proving of a universal negative. The possibilities of failure are enormously increased, and failure is less forgiven for the assumption. Art might perhaps not unwisely follow the example of science in such matters where an exhaustive work, which takes the better part of a lifetime to produce, is invariably entitled by its erudite author an *Elementary Treatise* on whatever it may happen to be.

To aid the effect due to simplicity of conception steps in the Far Oriental's wonderful technique. His brush strokes are very few in number, but each one tells. They are laid on with a touch which is little short of marvelous, and requires heredity to explain its skill. For in his method there is no emending, no superposition, no change possible. What he does is done once and for all. The force of it grows on you as you gaze. Each stroke expresses surprisingly much, and suggests more. Even omissions are made significant. In his painting it is

visibly true that objects can be rendered conspicuous by their very absence. You are quite sure you see what on scrutiny you discover to be only the illusion of inevitable inference. The Far Oriental artist understands the power of suggestion well; for imagination always fills in the picture better than the brush, however perfect be its skill.

Even the neglect of certain general principles, such as the absence of shadows and the lack of perspective, which we consider vital to effect, is seen not to be of the importance we imagine. We discover in these paintings how immaterial, artistically, was Peter Schlimmel's sad loss, and how perfectly possible it is to make bits of discontinuous distance take the place effectively of continuous space.

Do we not follow the same course as regards time in the case of our comedies, those acted pictures of life? Should we not refuse to tolerate a play that insisted on furnishing us with a full perspective of its characters' past? And yet of the two, it is far preferable, artistically, to be given too much in sequence than too much at once. The Chinese, who put much less into a painting than what we deem indispensable, delight in dramas that last six weeks.

To give a concluding touch of life to my necessarily skeleton-like generalities, I will instance a certain painting of Okio's which I happen to possess. It is a sunrise on the coast of Japan. A long line of surf is seen tumbling in to you from out a bank of mist, just piercing which shows the blood-red disk of the rising sun, while over the narrow strip of breaking rollers three cranes are slowly sailing north. And that is all you see. You do not see the shore; you do not see the main; you are looking but at the border-land of that great unknown, the heaving ocean still slumbering beneath its chilly coverlid of mist, out of which come the breakers, and the sun, and the cranes.

So much for the more serious side of Japanese fancy; a look at the lighter leads to the same conclusion.

Hand in hand with his keen poetic sensibility goes a vivid sense of humor, — two traits that commonly, indeed, are found Maying together over the meadows of imagination. For, as it might be put, —

“The heart that is soonest awake to the
flowers

Is also the first to be touched by the fun.”

The Far Oriental well exemplifies this fact. His art, wherever fun is possible, fairly bubbles over with laughter. From the oldest masters down to Hokusai, it is constantly welling up in countless *sujets de genre*. It is of all descriptions, too. Now it lurks in merry ambush, like the faint suggestion of a smile on an otherwise serious face, so subtle that the observer is left wondering whether the artist could have meant what seems more like one's own ingenious discovery; now it breaks out into the broadest of grins, absurd juxtapositions of singularly happy incongruities. For Hokusai's caricatures and Hendschel's sketches might be twins. If there is a difference, it is simply in the greater generality of its appreciation. Humor flits easily there at the sea-level of the multitude. For the Japanese temperament is ever on the verge of a smile, which breaks out with catching *naïveté* at the first provocation. The language abounds in puns which are not suffered to lie idle, and even poetry often hinges on certain consecrated *jeux de mots*. Nor is there anything selfish in the national enjoyment. A man is quite as ready to laugh at his own expense as at his neighbor's, a courtesy which his neighbor cordially returns.

Now humor is essentially human in its application. The principle of the synthesis of contradictories, popularly known by that name, is necessarily limited in its field to man. For whether it have to do wholly with actions, or partly

with the words that express them, whether it be presented in the shape of a pun or a pleasantry, it is in incongruous contrasts that its virtue lies. It is the unexpected that provokes the smile. Now no such incongruity exists in nature; man enjoys a monopoly of the power of making himself ridiculous. So pleasant is pleasantry that we do indeed cultivate it beyond its proper pale. But it is only by personifying Nature, and gratuitously attributing to her errors of which she is incapable, that we can make fun of her. We sometimes go so far as to hold the weather up to ridicule by way of impotent revenge; but satires upon the circus-clown-like character of our climate, which, after the lamest sort of a spring, somehow manages a capital fall, would in the Far East be as out of keeping with fancy as with fact. To a Japanese, who never personifies anything, such innocent irony is unmeaning. Besides, it would be also untrue. For his May carries no suggestion of unfulfillment in its name.

Those Far Eastern *sujets de genre* which have to do with man fall for the most part under one of two heads, the facetious and the historical. The latter implies no particularly intimate concern for man in himself, for the past has very little personality for the present. As for the former, its attention is, if anything, derogatory to him, for we are always shy of making fun of what we feel to be too closely a part of ourselves. Impersonality has prevented the Far Oriental from having much *amour propre*. He has no particular aversion to caricaturing himself. Few Europeans, perhaps, would have cared to perpetrate a self-portrait like one painted by Kinsei. It is a composite picture of a thoroughly Japanese kind, a new variety. The great potter, who was also, apparently, no mean painter, has combined three aspects of himself in a single representation. At first sight the picture appears to be simply a full-face portrait;

but as you continue to gaze it suddenly dawns on you that each side is a profile portrait of the same individual, the contour lines being ingeniously made to do double duty; and when this has once struck you, you cannot look at the picture without seeing all three faces simultaneously. The result is more effective than flattering.

Far Eastern sculpture, by its secondary importance among Far Eastern arts, witnesses again the secondary importance assigned to man at our mental antipodes. In this art, owing to its necessary limitations, the representation of nature in its broader sense is impossible. For in the first place, whatever the subject, it must be such as it is possible to present in one continuous piece; disconnected adjuncts, as, for instance, a flock of birds flying, which might be introduced with great effect in painting, being here practically beyond the artist's reach. Secondly, the material being of uniform appearance, as a rule, color, or even shading, vital points in landscape portrayal, is out of the question, unless the piece be subsequently painted, as in Grecian art, a custom which is not practiced in China or Japan. Lastly, another fact fatal to the representation of landscape is the size. The reduced scale of the reproduction suggests falsity at once, — a falsity whose belittlement the mind can neither forget nor forgive. Plain sculpture is therefore practically limited to statuary, either of men or animals. The result is that in their art, where landscape counts for so much, sculpture plays a very minor part. In what little there is Nature's place is taken by Buddha. For there are two classes of statues, divided the one from the other by that step which separates the sublime from the ridiculous, namely, the colossal and the diminutive. There is no happy human mean. Of the first kind are the beautiful bronze figures of the Buddha, like the Kamakura Buddha, fifty feet high and ninety-seven feet

round, in whose face all that is grand and noble lies sleeping, the living representation of Nirvana; and of the second, those odd little ornaments known as *netsuke*, comical carvings for the most part, grotesque figures of men and monkeys, saints and sinners, gods and devils. Appealing bits of ivory, bone, or wood they are, in which the dumb animals are as speaking likenesses as their human fellows.

The other arts show the same motif in their decorations. Pottery and lacquer alike witness the respective positions assigned to the serious and the comic in Far Eastern feeling.

The Far Oriental makes fun of man and makes love to Nature; and it al-

most seems as if Nature heard his silent prayer, and smiled upon him in acceptance; as if the love-light lent her face the added beauty that it lends the maid's. For nowhere in this world, probably, is she lovelier than in Japan: a climate of long, happy means and short extremes, months of spring and months of autumn, with but a few weeks of winter or of summer in between; a land of flowers, where the lotus and the cherry, the plum and the wistaria, grow wantonly side by side; a land where the bamboo embosoms the maple, where the pine at last has found its palm-tree, and the tropic and the temperate zones forget their separate identity in one long self-obliterating kiss.

Percival Lowell.

PAUL PATOFF.

XX.

[Continued.]

PERA, at this time, was indulging itself in its last gayeties before the beginning of the summer season, when every one who is able to leave the town goes up the Bosphorus, or to the islands. The weather was growing warm, but still the dancing continued with undiminished vigor. Among other festivities there was to be a masked ball, a species of amusement which is very rare in Constantinople; but somebody had suggested the idea, one of the great embassies had taken it up, and at last the day was fixed and the invitations were issued. It was to be a great affair, and everybody went secretly about the business of composing costumes and disguises. There was much whispering and plotting and agreeing together in schemes of mystification. The evening came, everybody went, and the ball was a great success.

Hermione had entirely hidden her costume with a black domino, which is certainly the surest disguise which any one can wear. Its wide folds reached to the ground, and completely hid her figure, while even her hands were rendered unrecognizable by loose black gloves. Paul had been told what she was to wear; but he probably knew her by some sign, agreed upon beforehand, from all the other black dominos; for a number of other ladies had chosen the same over-garment to hide the brilliant costumes until the time came for unmasking. He came up to her immediately, and offered his arm, proposing to walk through the rooms before dancing; but Hermione would not hear of it, saying that if she were seen with him at first she would be found out at once.

"Do not be unreasonable," said she, as she saw the disappointed look on his face. "I want to mystify ever so many people first. Then I will dance with you as much as you like."

"Very well," said Paul, rather coldly. "When you want me, come to me."

Hermione nodded, and moved away, mixing with the crowd under the hundreds of lights in the great ball-room. Paul sighed, and stood by the door, caring little for what went on. He was not a man who really took pleasure in society, though he had cultivated his social faculties to the utmost, as being necessary to his career. The fact that all the ladies were masked dispensed him for the time from the duty of making the round of the room and speaking to all his acquaintances, and he was glad of it. But Hermione was bent upon enjoying her first masked ball, and all the freedom of moving about alone. She spoke to many men whom she knew, using a high, squeaking voice which in no way recalled her natural tones. In the course of half an hour she found Alexander Patoff talking earnestly with a lady in a white domino, whom she recognized, to her surprise, as her aunt Chrysophrasia. Alexander evidently had no idea of her identity, for he was speaking in low and passionate tones, while Miss Dabstreak, who seemed to enter into the spirit of the mystification with amazing readiness, replied in the conventional squeak. She had concealed her hands in the loose sleeves of her domino, and as she was of about the same height as Hermione, it was absolutely impossible to prove that she was not Hermione herself.

"Hermione," exclaimed Alexander, just as the real Hermione came up to him, "I cannot bear to hear you talk in that voice! What is the use of keeping up this ridiculous disguise? Do you not see that I am in earnest?"

"Perfectly," squeaked Chrysophrasia. "So am I. But somebody might hear my natural voice, you know."

Hermione started, and drew back a little. It was a strange position, for Alexander was evidently under the impression that he was making love to herself,

and her aunt was amused by drawing him on. She hesitated, not knowing what she ought to do. It was clear that, unless she made herself known to him, he might remain under the impression that she had accepted his love-making. She waited to see what would happen. But Chrysophrasia had probably detected her, for presently the white domino moved quickly away towards the crowd. Alexander sprang forward, and would have followed, but Hermione crossed his path, and laid her hand on his sleeve.

"Will you give me your arm, Alexander?" she said, quietly, in her natural way.

He stopped short, stared at her, and then broke into a short, half-angry laugh. But he gave her his arm, and walked by her side, with an expression of bewilderment and annoyance on his beautiful face. Hermione was too wise to say that she had overheard the conversation, and Alexander was ashamed to own that he had made a mistake, and taken some one else for her. But by making herself known Hermione had effectually annulled whatever false impression Chrysophrasia had made upon him.

"Do you know who that lady in white domino is, with whom I was talking a moment ago? Did you see her?" he asked, rather nervously.

"It is our beloved aunt Chrysophrasia," said Hermione, calmly.

"Good heavens! Aunt Chrysophrasia!" exclaimed Alexander, in some horror.

"Why 'good heavens'?" inquired Hermione. "Have you been doing anything foolish? I am sure you have been making love to her. Tell me all about it."

"There is nothing to tell. But what a wonderful disguise! How many dances will you give me? May I have the cotillon?"

"You may have a quadrille," answered Hermione.

"A quadrille, two waltzes, and the

cotillon. That will do very well. As nobody knows you in that domino, we can dance as often as we please, and you will only be seen with me in the cotillon. What is your costume? I am sure it is something wonderful."

"How you run on!" exclaimed the young girl. "You do not give one the time to refuse one thing before you take another!"

"That is the best way, and you know it," answered Alexander, laughing. "A man should never give a woman time to refuse. It is the greatest mistake that can be imagined."

"Did aunt Chrysophrasia refuse to dance with you?" inquired Hermione.

Alexander bit his lip, and a faint color rose in his transparent skin.

"Aunt Chrysophrasia is a hard-hearted old person," he replied, evasively; but he almost shuddered at the thought that under the white domino there had lurked the green eyes and the faded, sour face of his æsthetic relative.

"To think that even she should have resisted you!" exclaimed Hermione, wickedly.

"Better she than you," said Alexander, lowering his tone as they passed near a group of persons who chattered loudly in feigned voices. "Better she than you, dear cousin," he repeated, gently. "To be refused anything by you" —

"They do things very well here," interrupted Hermione, pretending not to hear. "They have such magnificent rooms, and the floor is so good."

"Hermione, why do you" —

"Because," said Hermione quickly, before he could finish his sentence, "because you say too much, cousin Alexander. I interrupt you because you go too far, and because the only possible way of checking you is to cut you short."

"And why must you check me? Am I rude or rough with you? Do I say anything that you should not hear?

You know that I love you; why may I not tell you so? I know. You will say that Paul has spoken before me. But do you love Paul? Hermione, can you own to yourself that you love him, — not as a brother, but as the man you would choose to marry? He does not love you as I love you."

"Hush!" exclaimed the young girl. "You must not. I will go away and leave you."

"I will follow you."

"Why will you torment me so?" Perhaps her tone of voice did not express all the annoyance she meant to show, for Alexander did not desist. He only changed his manner, growing suddenly as soft and yielding as a girl.

"I did not mean to annoy you," he said. "You know that I never mean to. You must forgive me, you must be kind to me, Hermione. You have the stronger position, and you should be merciful. How can I help saying something of what I feel?"

"You should not feel it, to begin with," answered his cousin.

"Will you teach me how I may not love you?" His voice dropped almost to a whisper, as he bent down to her and asked the question. But Hermione was silent for a moment, not having any very satisfactory plan to propose. Half reluctant, she sat down by him upon a sofa in the corner of an almost empty room. There were tall plants in the windows, and the light was softened by rose-colored shades.

"It must be a hard lesson to learn," said Alexander, speaking again. "But if you will teach me, I will try and learn it; for I will do anything you ask me. You say I must not love you, but I love you already. When I am with you I am carried away, like a boat spinning down the Neva in the springtime. Can the river stop itself, in order that what lives in it may not move any more? Can it say to the skiff, 'Go no further,' when the skiff is already far

from the shore, at the mercy of the water?"

"The boatman must pull hard at his oars," laughed Hermione. "Have you never seen a caique pull through the Devil's Stream on the Bosphorus, at Bala Hissar? It is hard work, but it generally succeeds."

"A man may fight against the devil, but he cannot struggle against what he worships. Or, if he can, you must teach me how to do it, and give me some weapon to fight with."

"You must rely on yourself for that. You must say, 'I will not,' and it will be very easy. Besides," she added, with another laugh, in which there was a rather nervous ring, — "besides, you know all this is only a comedy, or a pastime. You are not in earnest."

"I wish I were not," answered Alexander, softly. "You tell me to rely upon myself. I rely on you. I love you, and that makes you stronger than me."

Hermione believed him, and perhaps she was right. She felt, and he made her feel, that she dominated him, and could turn him whither she would. Her pride was flattered, and though she promised herself that she would make him give up his love for her by the mere exertion of a superior common sense, she was conscious that the task was not wholly distasteful. She enjoyed the sensation of being the stronger, of realizing that Alexander was wholly at her feet and subject to her commands. That he should have gradually grown so intimate as to speak so freely to her is not altogether surprising. They were own cousins, and called each other by their Christian names. They met daily, and were often together for many consecutive hours, and Madame Patoff did her best to promote this state of things. Hermione had become accustomed to his devotion, for he had advanced by imperceptible stages. When he first said that he

loved her, she took it as she might have taken such an expression from her brother, — as the exuberant expression of an affection purely platonic, not to say brotherly. When he had repeated it more earnestly, she had laughed at him, and he had laughed with her in a way which disarmed all her suspicions. But each time that he said it he laughed less, until she realized that he was not jesting. Then she reproached herself a little for having let the intimacy grow, and determined to persuade him by gentle means that he had made a mistake. She felt that she was responsible for his conduct, because she had not been wise enough to stop him at the outset, and she therefore felt also that it would be unjust to make a violent scene, and that it was altogether out of the question to speak to Paul about the matter. To tell the truth, she was not sorry that it was out of the question, and this was the most dangerous element in her intimacy with Alexander. When a young woman who has not a profound experience of the world undertakes to convince a man by sheer argument that he ought not to love her, the result is likely to be unsatisfactory, and she stands less chance of persuading than of being persuaded. A man who persuades a woman that she is able to influence him, and that he is wholly at her mercy, has already succeeded in making himself interesting to her; and she will not readily abandon the exercise of her power, since she is provided with the too plausible excuse that she is doing him good, and consequently is herself doing right.

"I wish you would really listen to me, and take my advice," said Hermione, after a pause. "There is so much that is good in you, — so much that is far better than this foolish love-making."

Alexander Patoff smiled softly, and his brown eyes gazed dreamily at hers, that just showed through the openings in the black domino.

"If there is anything good in me, you have put it there," he answered. "Do not take it away; do not give me the physic of good advice."

"I think you need it more than usual to-night," said his cousin. "You are more than usually foolish, you know."

"You are more than usually wise. But if you tell me to do anything to-night, I will do it."

"Then go away and dance with some one else," laughed Hermione. To her surprise, Alexander rose quietly, and with one gentle glance turned away. Then she repented.

"Alexander!" she exclaimed, almost involuntarily.

"Yes," he answered, coming back, and seating himself again by her side.

"I did not tell you to come back," she said, amused at his docility.

"No — but I came," he replied. "You called me. I thought you had forgotten something. Shall I go away again?"

"No. You may stay, if you will be good," said she, leaning back and looking away from him.

"I promise. Besides, you admitted a moment ago that I was very good. Perhaps I am too good, and that is the reason why you sent me away."

"I did not say you were good. I said there was some good in you. You always take everything for granted."

"I will take all you grant," said he.

"I grant nothing. It is you who fancy that I do. You have altogether too much imagination."

"I never need it with you, even if I have it," answered Alexander. "You are infinitely beyond anything I ever imagined, in my wildest dreams."

"So are you," laughed Hermione. "Only — it is in a different way."

"Why do you think I like you so much?" asked her cousin, suddenly changing his tone.

"Because you ought not to," she answered, without hesitation.

"Then you think that as soon as any one tells me that I should not like a thing, I make up my mind to like it and to have it? No, that is not the reason I love you."

"It was 'liking,' not 'loving,' a moment ago," observed Hermione. "Please always say 'liking.' It is a much better word."

"Perhaps. It leaves more to the imagination, of which you say I have so much. The reason I like you so much, Hermione, is because you are so honest. You always say just what you mean."

"Yes. The difficulty lies in making you understand what I mean."

"As the Frenchman said when a man misunderstood him. You furnish me with an argument; you are not bound to furnish me with an understanding. No, I am afraid that would be asking the impossible. It is easier for a woman to talk than for a man to know what she thinks."

"I thought you said I was honest. Please explain," returned Hermione.

"Honesty does not always carry conviction. I mean that you are evidently most wonderfully honest, from your own point of view. If I could make my opinion yours, everything would be settled very soon."

"In what way?"

"Why should I tell you? I have told you so often, and you will not believe me. If I say it, you will send me away again. I do not say it, — another proof of my goodness to-night."

"I am deeply sensible," answered Hermione, with a laugh. "Come, I will give you one dance, and then you must go."

So they left their seat, and went into the ball-room just as the musicians began to play *Nur für Natur*; and the enchanting strains of the waltz carried them away in the swaying movement, and did them no manner of good. Just such conversations had taken place before, and would take place again so long

as Hermione maintained the possibility of converting Alexander to the platonic view of cousinly affection. But each time some chance expression, some softer tone of voice, some warmer gleam of light in the Russian's brown eyes, betrayed that he was gaining ground rather than losing anything of the advantage he had already obtained.

Half an hour later Hermione laid her hand on Paul's arm, and looked up rather timidly into his eyes through the holes in her domino. His expression was very cold and hard, but it changed as he recognized her.

"At last," he said happily, as he led her away.

"At last," she echoed, with a little sigh. "Do you want to dance?" she asked. "It is so hot; let us go and sit down somewhere."

Almost by accident they came to the place where Hermione had sat with Alexander. There was no one there, and they installed themselves upon the same sofa.

"I thought you were never coming," said Paul. "After all, what does it matter whether people see us together or not? I never can understand what amusement there is, after the first five minutes, in rushing about in a domino and trying to mystify people."

"No," answered Hermione, "it is not very amusing. I would much rather sit quietly and talk with some one I know and who knows me."

"I want to tell you something to-night, dear," said Paul, after a short silence. "Do you mind if I tell you now?"

"No bad news?" asked Hermione, rather nervously.

"No. It is simply this: I have made up my mind that I must speak to your father to-morrow. Do not be startled, darling. This position cannot last. I am not acting an honorable part, and he expects me to ask him the question. I know you have objected to my going

to him for a long time, but I feel that the thing must be done. There can be no good objection to our marriage, — Mr. Carvel made Griggs understand that. Tell me, is there any real reason why I should not speak?"

Hermione turned her head away. Under the long sleeves of her domino her small hands were tightly clasped together.

"Is there any reason, dear?" repeated Paul, very gently. But as her silence continued his lips set themselves firmly, and his face grew slowly pale.

"Will you please speak, darling?" he said, in changed tones. "I am very nervous," he added, with a short, harsh laugh.

"Oh — Paul! Don't!" cried Hermione. Her voice seemed to choke her as she spoke. Then she took courage, and continued more calmly: "Please, please wait a little longer, — it is such a risk!"

Paul laughed again, almost roughly.

"A risk! What risk? Your father has done all but give his formal consent. What possible danger can there be?"

"No. Not from him, — it is not that!"

"Well, what is it? Hermione, what in the name of Heaven is the matter? Speak, darling! Tell me what it is. I cannot bear this much longer." Indeed, the man's suppressed passion was on the very point of breaking out, and the blue light quivered in his eyes, while his face grew unnaturally pale.

"Oh, Paul — I cannot tell you — you frighten me so," murmured Hermione, in broken tones. "Oh, Paul! Forgive me — forgive me!"

At that moment Gregorios Balsamides passed before their corner, a lady in a red hood and a red mask leaning on his arm.

"Hush!" exclaimed Paul, under his breath, as the couple came near them. But Gregorios only nodded familiarly to Paul, stared a moment at his pale

face, glanced at the black domino, and went on with his partner. "I do not want to frighten you, dearest," continued Paul, when no one could hear them. "And what have I to forgive? Do not be afraid, and tell me what all this means."

"I must," answered Hermione, her strength returning suddenly. "I must, or I should despise myself. You must not go to my father, Paul — because I — I am not sure of myself."

She trembled visibly under her domino, as she spoke the last words almost in a whisper, hesitating and yet forcing herself to tell the truth. Paul glanced uneasily at the black drapery which veiled all her head and figure, and with one hand he grasped the carved end of the sofa, so that it cracked under the pressure. For some seconds there was an awful silence, broken only by low sounds which told that Hermione was crying.

"You mean — that you do not love me," said Paul at last, very slowly, steadying his voice on every syllable.

The young girl shook her head, and tried to speak. But the words would not come. Meanwhile the strong man's anger was slowly rising, very slowly but very surely, so that Hermione felt it coming, as a belated traveler on the sands sees the tide creeping nearer to the black cliff.

"Hermione," he said, very sternly, "if you mean that you are no longer willing to marry me, say so plainly. I will forgive you if I can, because I love you. But please do not trifle with me. I can bear the worst, but I cannot bear waiting."

"Do not talk like that, Paul!" cried his cousin, in an agonized voice, but recovering her power of speech before the pent-up anger he seemed to be controlling. "Let us wait, Paul; let us wait and be sure. I cannot marry you unless I am sure that I love you as I ought to love you. I do love you, but

I feel that I could love you so much more — as — as I should like to love my — the man I marry. Have patience, — please have patience for a little while."

Paul's white lips opened and shut mechanically as he answered her.

"I am very patient. I have been patient for long. But it cannot last forever. I believed you loved me and had promised to marry me. If you have made a mistake, it is much to be regretted. But I must really beg you to make up your mind as soon as possible."

"Oh, pray do not talk like that. You are so cold. I am so very unhappy!"

"What would you have me say?" asked Paul, his voice growing clearer and harder with every word. "Will you answer me one question? Will you tell me whether you have learned to care so much for another man that your liking for him makes you doubt?"

"I am afraid" — She stopped, then suddenly exclaimed, "How can you ask me such a question?"

"What are you afraid of?" inquired Paul, in the same hard tone. "You always tell the truth. You will tell it now. Has any other man come between you and me?"

It was of no use for her to hesitate. She could command Alexander and give him any answer she chose, but Paul's strong nature completely dominated her. She bent her head in assent, and the "Yes" she spoke was almost inaudible.

"And you ask time to choose between us?" asked Paul, icily. "Yes, I understand. You shall have the time, — as long as you please to remain in Constantinople. I am much obliged to you for being so frank. May I give you my arm to go into the next room?"

"How unkind you are!" said Hermione, making an effort to rise. But her strength failed her, and she fell back into her seat. "Excuse me," she faltered. "Please wait one moment, — I am not well."

Paul looked at her, and hesitated.

But her weakness touched him, and he spoke more gently as he turned to her.

"May I get you a glass of water, or anything?"

"Thanks, nothing. It will be over in a moment, — only a little dizziness."

For a few seconds they remained seated in silence. Then Hermione turned her head, and looked at her cousin's white face. Her small gloved hand stole out from under her domino, and rested on his arm. He took no notice of the action; he did not even look at her.

"Paul," she said, very gently, "you will thank me some day for having waited."

A contemptuous answer rose to his lips, but he was ashamed of it before it was spoken, and merely raised his eyebrows, as he answered in perfectly monotonous tones.

"I believe you have done what you think best."

"Indeed I have," replied Hermione, rising to her feet.

He offered her his arm, and they went out together. But when supper-time came, and with it the hour for unmasking, Hermione was not to be seen; and Alexander, who had counted upon her half-given assent to dance the cotillon with him, leaned disconsolately against a door, wondering whether it could be worth while to sacrifice himself by engaging any one in her place.

But Paul did not go home. He was too angry to be alone, and above all too deeply wounded. Besides, his position required that he should stay at least until supper was over, and it was almost a relief to move about among the gorgeous costumes of all kinds which now issued from the black, white, and red dominos, as a moth from the chrysalis. He spoke to many people, saying the same thing to each, with the same mechanical smile, as men do when they are obliged day after day to accomplish a certain social task. But the effort was

agreeable, and took off the first keen edge of his wrath.

He had no need to ask the name of the man who had come between him and the woman he loved. For weeks he had watched his brother and Hermione, asking himself if their intimacy meant anything, and then driving away the tormenting question, as though it contained something of disloyalty to her. Now he remembered that for weeks this thing she had spoken must have been in her mind, since she had always entreated him to wait a little longer before speaking with her father. It had appeared such an easy matter to her to wait; it was such a hard matter for him, — harder than death it seemed now. For it was all over. He believed that she had spoken her last word that night, and that in speaking of waiting still longer she had only intended to make it less troublesome to break it off. She had admitted that another man had come between them. Was anything further needed? It followed, of course, that she loved this other man — Alexander — better than himself. For the present he could see only one side of the question, and he repeated to himself that all was over, saying it again and again in his heart, as he went the rounds of the room, asking each acquaintance he met concerning his or her plans for the summer, commenting on the weather, and praising the successful arrangement of the masked ball.

But Paul was ignorant of two things, in his present frame of mind. He did not know that Hermione had been perfectly sincere in what she had said, and he did not calculate upon his own nature. It was a simple matter, in the impulse of the first moment, to say that all was at an end, that he gave her up, even as she had rejected him, with a sort of savage pleasure in the coldness of the words he spoke. He could not imagine, after this interview, that he could ever think of her again as his possible

wife, and if the idea had presented itself he would have cast it behind him as a piece of unpardonable weakness. All his former cynical determination to trust only in what he could do himself, for the satisfaction of his ambition, returned with renewed strength; and as he shook hands with the people he met, he felt that he would never again ask man or woman for anything which he could not take by force. He did not know that in at least one respect his nature had changed, and that the love he had lavished on Hermione was a deep-rooted passion, which had grown and strengthened and spread in his hard character, as the sculptor adapts the heavy iron framework in the body and limbs of a great clay statue. In the first sudden revulsion of his feeling, he thought he could pluck away his love and leave it behind him like an old garment, and the general contempt with which he regarded his surroundings after he left Hermione reminded him almost reassuringly of his old self. If his old self still lived, he could live his old life as before, without Hermione, and, above all, without love. There was a bitter comfort in the thought that once more he was to look at all things, at success in everything, at his career, his aims, both great and small, surrounded by obstacles which could be overcome only by main force, as prizes to be wrested from his fellows by his own unaided exertions.

He had forgotten that Hermione had been the chiefest aim of his existence for several months, and at the same time he did not realize that he loved her in such a way as to make it almost impossible for him to live without her. It was not in accordance with his character to relinquish without a struggle, and a very desperate struggle, that for which he had labored so long, and an outsider would have prophesied that whosoever would take from Paul Patoff the woman he loved would find that he had attempted a dangerous thing. Mere senseless

anger does not often last long, and before an hour had passed Paul began to feel those suspicious little thrusts of pain in the breast and midriff which warn us that we miss some one we love. For a long time he tried to persuade himself that he was deceived, because he did not believe himself capable of such weakness. But the feeling was unmistakable.

The dancing was at its height, for all those who did not mean to stay until the end of the cotillon had gone home, so that the more distant rooms were already deserted. Almost unconsciously Paul strayed to the spot where he had sat with Hermione. He looked towards the sofa where they had been seated, and he saw a strange sight.

Alexander Patoff was there, half sitting, half lying, on the small sofa, unaware of his brother's presence. His face was turned away, and he was passionately kissing the cushions, — the very spot against which Hermione's head had rested. Paul stared stupidly at him for a moment, as though not comprehending the action, which indeed was wild and incomprehensible enough; then he seemed to understand, and strode forward in bitter anger. His brother, he thought, had seen them there together, had been told what had passed, and had chosen this passionate way of expressing his joy and his gratitude to Hermione. Alexander heard his brother's footsteps, and, starting, looked wildly round; then recognizing Paul, he sprang to his feet, and a faint color mounted to his pale cheeks.

"Fool!" cried Paul, bitterly, as he came forward. But Alexander had already recovered himself, and faced him coolly enough.

"What is the matter? What do you mean?" he asked, contemptuously.

"You know very well what I mean," retorted his brother, fiercely. "You know very well why you are making a fool of yourself, — kissing a heap of cushions, like a silly schoolboy in love."

"My dear fellow, you are certainly quite mad. I waltzed too long just now, and was dizzy. I was trying to get over it, that was all. My nerves are not so sound in dancing as they were before I was caught in that trap. Really, you have the most extraordinary ideas."

Paul was confused by the smooth lie. He did not believe his brother, but he could not find a ready answer.

"You do not know who sat there a little while ago?" he asked, sternly.

"Not the remotest idea," replied Alexander. "Was it that adorable red mask, who would not leave Balsamides even for a moment? Bah! You must think me very foolish. Come along and have some supper before we go home. I have no partner, and have had nothing to eat and very little to drink."

Paul was obliged to be content with the answer, but he understood his brother well enough to know that if there had been nothing to conceal Alexander would have been furious at the way in which he was addressed. His conviction remained unchanged that his brother had known what passed, and was so overcome with joy that he had kissed the sofa whereon Hermione had sat. The two men left the room together, but Paul presently slipped away, and went home.

Strange to say, what he had seen did not have the effect of renewing his resentment against Hermione so much as of exciting his anger against his brother. He now felt for the first time that though he might give her up to another, he could not give her up to Alexander. The feeling was perhaps only an excuse suggested by the real love for her which filled him, but it was strongly mixed with pride, and with the old hostility which, during so many years, had divided the two brothers.

To give her up, and to his own brother, — the thing was impossible, not to be thought of for a moment. As he walked quickly home over the rough

stones of the Grande Rue, he realized all that it meant, and stopped short, staring at the dusky houses. He was not a man of dramatic instincts. He did not strike his forehead, nor stamp his foot, nor formulate in words the resolution he made out there in the dark street. He merely thrust his hands deeper into the pockets of his overcoat, and walked on; but he knew from that moment that he would fight for Hermione, and that his mood of an hour ago had been but the passing effect of a sudden anger. He regretted his hard speech and bitter looks, and he wished that he had merely assented to her proposal to wait, and had said no more about it until the next day. Hermione might talk of not marrying him, but he would marry her in spite of all objections, and especially in spite of Alexander.

Had she spoken thoughtlessly? In the light of his stronger emotion it seemed so to him, and it was long before he realized that she had suffered almost as much in making this sacrifice to her honesty as he had suffered himself. But she had indeed been in earnest, and had done courageously a very hard thing. She was conscious that she had made a great mistake, and she wanted to avert the consequences of it, if there were to be any consequences, before it was too late. She had allowed Alexander to become too fond of her, as their interview that evening had shown; and though she knew that she did not love him, she knew also that she felt a growing sympathy for him, which was in some measure a wrong to Paul. This sympathy had increased until it began to frighten her, and she asked herself where it would end, while she yet felt that she had no right to inflict pain on Alexander by suddenly forcing him to change his tone. Her mind was very much confused, and as she could not imagine that a real and undivided love admitted of any confusion, she had simply asked Paul to wait,

in perfect good faith, meaning that she needed time to decide and to settle the matter in her own conscience. He had pressed her with questions, and had finally extorted the confession that another man had come between them. She had not meant to say that, but she was too honest to deny the charge. Paul had instantly taken it for granted that she already loved this other man better than himself, and had treated her as though everything were over between them.

The poor girl was in great trouble, when she went home that night. Although nothing had been openly discussed, she knew that her engagement to Paul was tacitly acknowledged. She asked herself how he would treat her when they met; whether they should meet at all, indeed, for she feared that he would refuse to come to the house altogether. She wondered what questions her father would put to her, and how Madame Patoff would take the matter. More than all, she hesitated in deciding whether she had done well in speaking as she had spoken, seeing what the first results had been.

She shut herself in her room, and just as she was, in the beautiful Eastern dress which she was to have shown at the ball when the masking was over, she sat down upon a chair in the corner, and leaned her tired head against the wall. But for the disastrous ending of the evening, she would doubtless have sat before her glass, and looked with innocent satisfaction at her own beautiful face. But the dark corner suited her better, in her present mood. Her cheek rested against the wall, and very soon the silent tears welled over and trickled down, staining the green wall paper of the hotel bedroom, as they slowly reached the floor and soaked into the dusty carpet. She was very miserable and very tired, poor child, and perhaps she would have fallen asleep at last, just as she sat, had she not been roused by sounds

which reached her from the next room, and which finally attracted her attention. Madame Patoff slept there, or should have been sleeping at that hour, for she was evidently awake. She seemed to be walking up and down, up and down eternally, between the window and the door. As she walked, she spoke aloud from time to time. At first she always spoke just as she was moving away from the door, and consequently, when her back was turned towards the place where Hermione sat on the other side of the wall, her words were lost, and only incoherent sounds reached the young girl's ears. Presently, however, she stopped just behind the door, and her voice came clear and distinct through the thin wooden panel:—

"I wish he were dead. I wish he were dead. Oh, I wish I could kill him myself!" Then the voice ceased, and the sound of the footsteps began again, pacing up and down.

Hermione started, and sat upright in her chair, while the tears dried slowly on her cheeks. The habit of considering her aunt to be insane was not wholly lost, and it was natural that she should listen to such unwonted sounds. For some time she could hear the voice at intervals, but the words were indistinct and confused. Her aunt was probably very ill, or under the influence of some hallucination which kept her awake. Hermione crept stealthily near the door, and listened intently. Madame Patoff continued to walk regularly up and down. At last she heard clear words again:—

"I wish I could kill him; then Alexis could marry her. Alexis ought to marry her, but he never will. Cannot Paul die!"

Hermione shrank from the door in horror. She was frightened and shaken, and after the events of the evening her aunt's soliloquies produced a much greater effect upon her than would have been possible six hours earlier. Her first im-

pulse was not to listen more, and she hastily began to undress, making a noise with the chairs, and walking as heavily as she could. Then she listened a moment, and all was still in the next room. Her aunt had probably heard her, and had feared lest she herself should be overheard. Hermione crept into bed, and closed her eyes. At the end of a few minutes the steps began again, and after some time the indistinct sounds of Madame Patoff's voice reached the young girl's ears. She seemed to speak in lower tones than before, however, for the words she spoke could not be distinguished. But Hermione strained her attention to the utmost, while telling herself that it was better she should not hear. The nervous anxiety to know whether Madame Patoff were still repeating the same phrases made her heart beat fast, and she lay there in the dark, her eyes wide open, her little hands tightening on the sheet, praying that the sounds might cease altogether, or that she might understand their import. Her pulse beat audibly for a few seconds, then seemed to stop altogether in sudden fear, while her forehead grew damp with terror. She thought that any supernatural visitation would have been less fearful than this reality, and she strove to collect her senses and to compose herself to rest.

At last she could bear it no longer. She got up, and groped her way to the door of her aunt's room, not meaning to enter, but unable to withstand the desire to hear the words of which the incoherent murmur alone came to her in her bed. She reached the door, but in feeling for it her outstretched hand tapped sharply upon the panel. Instantly the footsteps ceased. She knew that Madame Patoff had heard her, and that the best thing she could do was to ask admittance.

"May I come in, aunt Annie?" she inquired, in trembling tones.

"Come in," was the answer; but the

voice was almost as uncertain as her own.

She opened the door. By the light of the single candle — an English reading-light with a reflecting hood — she saw her aunt's figure standing out in strong relief against the dark background of shadow. Madame Patoff's thick gray hair was streaming down her back and over her shoulders, and she held a hairbrush in her hand, as though the fit of walking had come upon her while she was at her toilet. Her white dressing-gown hung in straight folds to the ground, and her dark eyes stared curiously at the young girl. Hermione was more startled than before, for there was something unearthly about the apparition.

"Are you ill, aunt Annie?" she asked timidly, but she was awed by the glare in the old lady's eyes. She glanced round the room. The bed was in the shadow, and the bed-clothes were rolled together, so that they took the shape of a human figure. Hermione shuddered, and for a moment thought her aunt must be dead, and that she was looking at her ghost. The girl's nerves were already so overstrained that the horrible idea terrified her; the more, as several seconds elapsed before Madame Patoff answered the question.

"No, I am not ill," she said slowly. "What made you ask?"

"I heard you walking up and down," explained Hermione. "It is very late; you generally go to sleep so early" —

"I? I never sleep," answered the old lady, in a tone of profound conviction, keeping her eyes fixed upon her niece's face.

"I cannot sleep, either, to-night," said Hermione, uneasily. She sat down upon a chair, and shivered slightly. Madame Patoff remained standing, the hairbrush still in her hand.

"Why should you not sleep? Why should you? What difference does it make? One is just as well without it,

and one can think all night,—one can think of things one would like to do.”

“Yes,” answered the young girl, growing more and more nervous. “You must have been thinking aloud, aunt Annie. I thought I heard your voice.”

Madame Patoff moved suddenly, and bent forward, bringing her face close to her niece’s, so that the latter was startled, and drew back in her chair.

“Did you hear what I said?” asked the old lady, almost fiercely, in low tones.

Sometimes a very slight thing is enough to turn the balance of our beliefs, especially when all our feelings are wrought to the highest pitch of excitement. In a moment the conviction seized Hermione that her aunt was mad,—not mad as she had once pretended to be, but really and dangerously insane.

“I did not understand what you said,” answered the young girl, too frightened to own the truth, as she saw the angry eyes glaring into her face. It seemed impossible that this should be the quiet, sweet-tempered woman whom she was accustomed to talk with every day. She certainly did the wisest thing, for her aunt’s face instantly relaxed, and she drew herself up again and turned away.

“Go to bed, child,” she said, presently. “I dare say I frightened you. I sometimes frighten myself. Go to bed and sleep. I will not make any more noise to-night.”

There was something in the quick change, from apparent anger to apparent gentleness, which confirmed the idea that Madame Patoff’s brain was seriously disturbed. Hermione rose, and quietly left the room. She locked her door, and went to bed, hoping that she might sleep and find some rest; for she was worn out with excitement, and shaken by a sort of nervous fear.

Sleep came at last, troubled by dreams and restless, but it was sleep, nevertheless. Several times she started up awake, thinking that she again heard

her aunt’s low voice and the regular fall of her footsteps in the next room. But all was still, and her weary head sank back on the pillow in the dark, her eyelids closed again in sheer weariness, and once more her dreams wove fantastic scenes of happiness, ending always in despair, with the suddenness of revulsion which makes the visions of the night ten times more agonizing while they last than the worst of our real troubles.

But the morning brought a calmer reflection, and when Hermione was awake she began to think of what had passed. The horror inspired by her aunt’s words and looks faded before the greater anxiety of the girl’s position with regard to Paul. She tried to go over the interview in her mind. Her conscience told her that she had done right, but her heart said that she had done wrong, and its beating hurt her. Then came the difficult task of reconciling those two opposing voices, which are never so contradictory as when the heart and the conscience fall out, and argue their cause before the bewildered court of justice we call our intelligence. First she remembered all the many reasons she had found for speaking plainly to Paul on the previous night. She had said to herself that she did not feel sure of her love, allowing tacitly that she expected to feel sure of it before long. But until the matter was settled she could not let him hurry the marriage nor take any decisive step. If he had only been willing to wait another month, he might have been spared all the suffering she had seen in his face; she herself could have escaped it, too. But he had insisted, and she had tried to do right in telling him that she was not ready. Then he had been angry and hurt, and had coldly told her that she might wait forever, or something very like it, and she had felt that the deed was done. It was dreadful; yet how could she tell him that she was ready? Half an hour earlier, on that very spot, she had suf-

ferred Alexander to speak as he had spoken, only laughing kindly at his expressions of love; not rebuking him and leaving him, as she should have done, and would have done, had she loved Paul with her whole heart.

And yet this morning, as she lay awake and thought it all over, something within her spoke very differently, like an incoherent cry, telling her that she loved him in spite of all. She tried to listen to what it said, and then the answer came quickly enough, and told her that she had been unkind, that she had given needless pain, that she had broken a man's life for an over-conscientious scruple which had no real foundation. But then her conscience returned to the charge, refuting the slighting accusation, so that the confusion was renewed, and became worse than before. For the sake of discovering something in support of her action, she began to think about Alexander; and finding that she remembered very accurately what they had said to each other, her thoughts dwelt upon him. It was pleasant to think of his beautiful face, his soft voice, and his marvelous dancing. It was a fascination from which she could not easily escape, even when he was absent; and there was a charm in the memory of him, in thinking of how she would turn him from being a lover to being a friend, which drew her mind away from the main question that occupied it, and gave her a momentary sensation of peace.

Suddenly the two men came vividly before her in profile, side by side. The bold, manly features and cold glance of the strong man contrasted very strangely with the exquisitely chiseled lines of his brother's face, with the soft brown eyes veiled under long lashes, and the indescribable delicacy of the feminine mouth. Paul wore the stern expression of a man superior to events and very careless of them. Alexander smiled, as though he loved his life, and would let

no moment of it pass without enjoying it to the full.

It was but the vision of an instant, as she closed her eyes, and opened them again to the faint light which came in through the blinds. But Hermione felt that she must choose between the two men, and it was perhaps the first time she had quite realized the fact. Hitherto Alexander had appeared to her only as a man who disturbed her previous determinations. If she had hesitated to marry Paul while the disturbance lasted, it was not because she had ever thought of taking his brother instead. Now it seemed clear that she must accept either the one or the other, for the comparison of the two had asserted itself in her mind. In that moment she felt that she was worse than she had ever been before; for the fact that she compared the two men as possible husbands showed her that she set no value on the promises she had made to Paul.

To choose, — but how to choose? Had she a right to choose at all? If she refused to marry Paul, was she not bound to refuse any one else, — morally bound in honor? The questions came fast, and would not be answered. Just then her aunt moved in the next room, and the thought of her possible insanity returned instantly to Hermione's mind. She determined that it was best to speak to her father about it. He was the person who ought to know immediately, and he should decide whether anything should be done. She made up her mind to go to him at once, and she rang for her maid.

But before she was dressed she had half decided to act differently, to wait at least a day or two, and see whether Madame Patoff would talk to herself again during the night. To tell her father would certainly be to give an alarm, and would perhaps involve the necessity of putting her aunt once more under the care of a nurse. John Carvel

could not know, as Hermione knew, that the old lady's resentment against Paul was caused by her niece's preference for him, and it would not be easy for the young girl to explain this. But Hermione wished that she might speak to Paul himself, and warn him of what his mother had said. She sighed as she thought how impossible that would be. Nevertheless, in the morning light and in the presence of her maid, while her gold-brown hair was being smoothed and twisted, and the noises from the street told her that all the world was awake, the horror of the night disappeared, and Hermione almost doubted whether her aunt had really spoken those words at all. If she had, it had been but the angry outbreak of a moment, and should not be taken too seriously.

XXI.

It was probably curiosity that induced Professor Cutter to pay a visit to Constantinople in the spring. He is a scientist, and curiosity is the basis of all science, past, present, and future. His mind was not at rest in regard to Madame Patoff, and he found it very hard to persuade himself that she should suddenly have become perfectly sane, after having made him believe during eighteen months that she was quite mad. After her recovery he had had long interviews with Mrs. North, and had done his best to extract all the information she was able to give about the case. He had studied the matter very carefully, and had almost arrived at a satisfactory conclusion; but he felt that in order to remove all doubt he must see her again. He was deeply interested, and such a trifle as a journey to Constantinople could not stand in the way of his observations. Accordingly he wrote a post-card to John Carvel to say that he was coming, and on the following day he left England. But he likes to travel comfortably, and

especially he is very fond of finding out old acquaintances when he is abroad, and of having an hour's chat with scientific men like himself. He therefore did not arrive until a week after John had news of his intended journey.

For some reason unknown to me, Carvel did not speak beforehand of the professor's coming. It may be that, in the hurry of preparation for moving up the Bosphorus, he forgot the matter; or perhaps he thought it would be an agreeable surprise to most of us. I myself was certainly very much astonished when he came, but the person who showed the greatest delight at his arrival was Hermione. It is not hard to imagine why she was pleased, and when I knew all that I have already told I understood her satisfaction well enough. The professor appeared on the day before the Carvels were to transfer themselves to Buyukdere. His gold-rimmed spectacles were on his nose, his thick and short gray hair stood up perpendicularly on his head as of old, his beard was as bushy and his great hands were as huge and as spotless as ever. But after not having seen him for some months, I was more struck than ever by his massive build and the imposing strength of his manner.

Several days had elapsed since the events recorded in the last chapter. To Hermione's surprise, Paul had come to the hotel, as usual, on the day after the ball, and behaved as though nothing had happened, except that he had at first avoided finding himself alone with his cousin. She on her part was very silent, and even Alexander could not rouse her to talk as she used to do. When questioned, she said that the heat gave her a headache; and as Chrysophrasia spent much time in languidly complaining of the weather, the excuse had a show of probability. But after a day or two she was reassured by Paul's manner, and no longer tried to keep out of his way. Then it was that they found themselves

together for the first time since the ball. It was only for a moment, but it was long enough.

Hermione took his passive hand in hers, very timidly, and looked into his face.

"You are not angry with me any more?" she said.

"No, not in the least," he answered. "I believe you did what you believed to be best, the other night. No one can do more than that."

"Yes, but you thought I was not in earnest."

"I thought you were more in earnest than you admitted. I thought you meant to break it off altogether. I have changed my mind."

"Have you? I am so glad. I meant just what I said, Paul. You should not have doubted that I meant it."

"I was angry. Forgive me if I was rude. I will not give you up. I will marry you in spite of everybody."

Hermione looked at him, curiously at first, then with a sort of admiration which she could not explain, — the admiration we all feel for a strong man who is very much in earnest.

"In spite of myself?" she asked, after a pause.

"Yes, almost," he began hotly, but his tone softened as he finished the sentence, — "almost in spite of yourself, Hermione."

"Indeed, I begin to think that you will," she answered, turning away her head to hide a smile that had in it more of happiness than of unbelief. Some one entered the room where they were standing, and nothing more was said; nor did Paul repeat his words at the next opportunity, for he was not much given to repetition. When he had said a thing, he meant it, and he was in no hurry to say it again.

Meanwhile, also, the young girl had more than once listened, during the night, for any sounds which might proceed from Madame Patoff's bedroom;

but she had heard nothing more, and the impression gradually faded from her mind, or was stored away there as a fact to be remembered at some future time. When Professor Cutter arrived, she determined to tell him in strictest confidence what had occurred. This, however, was not what gave her so much satisfaction in meeting him. She had long looked forward to the day when she could enjoy the triumph of seeing him meet Alexander Patoff, alive and well; for she knew how strongly his suspicions had fastened upon Paul, and it was he who had first told her what the common story was.

The professor arrived in the early morning by the Brindisi boat, and Hermione proposed that Chrysophrasia, Paul, Cutter, and herself should make a party to go over to Stamboul on the same afternoon. It was warm, indeed, but she represented that as the whole family were to move up the Bosphorus on the following day, it would be long before they would have a chance of going to Stamboul again. Chrysophrasia moaned a little, but at last accepted the proposition, and Paul and the professor expressed themselves delighted with the idea.

The four set off together, descended by the Galata tunnel, and crossed the bridge on foot. Then they took a carriage, and drove to Santa Sophia. There was little chance for conversation, as they rattled over the stones towards the mosque. Chrysophrasia leaned wearily back in her corner. Paul and Hermione tried to talk, and failed, and Professor Cutter promenaded his regards, to borrow an appropriate French expression, upon the buildings, the people, and the view. Perhaps he was wondering whether more cases of insanity presented themselves amongst the vegetable sellers as a class than amongst the public scribes, whose booths swarm before the Turkish post-office. He had seen the city before, but only during a

very short visit, as a mere tourist, and he was glad to see it again.

They reached the mosque, and after skating about in the felt overshoes provided for the use of unbelievers, Cutter suggested going up to the galleries.

"It is so very, very far!" murmured Chrysophrasia, who was watching a solitary young Sufi, who sat reciting his lesson aloud to himself in a corner, swaying his body backwards and forwards with the measure of his chant.

"I will go," said Hermione, with alacrity. "Paul can stay with my aunt."

"I would rather stay," answered Paul, whose reminiscences of the gallery were not of the most pleasant sort.

So Professor Cutter and the young girl left the mosque, and with the guide ascended the dim staircase.

"Papa wrote you the story, did he not?" asked Hermione. "Yes. This is the way they went up."

The professor looked about him curiously, as they followed the guide. Emerging amidst the broad arches of the gallery, they walked forward, and Hermione explained, as Paul had explained to her, what had taken place on that memorable night two years ago. It was a simple matter, and the position of the columns made the story very clear.

"Professor Cutter, I want to speak to you about my aunt," said Hermione, at last. The professor stopped, and looked sharply at her, but said nothing. "Do you remember that morning in the conservatory?" she continued. "You told me that she was very mad indeed, — those were your own words. I did not believe it, and I was triumphant when she came out — in — well, quite in her senses, you know. I thought she had recovered, — I hope she has. But she has very queer ways."

"What do you mean by queer ways, Miss Carvel? I have come to Constantinople on purpose to see her. I hope there is nothing wrong?"

"I do not know. But I have told nobody what I am going to tell you. I think you ought to be told. My room is next to hers, at the hotel, and I hear through the door what goes on, without meaning to. The other night I came home late from a ball, and she was walking up and down, talking to herself so loud that I heard several sentences."

"What did she say?" asked Cutter, whose interest was already aroused. The symptom was only too familiar to him.

"She said" — Hermione hesitated before she continued, and the color rose faintly in her cheeks. "She said she wished she could kill Paul — and then" —

"And then what?" inquired the professor, looking at her steadily. "Please tell me all."

"It was very foolish, — she said that then Alexander could marry me. It was so silly of her. Just think!"

After all, Professor Cutter was her father's old friend. She need not have been so long about telling the thing.

"She thinks that you are going to marry Paul?" observed the professor, with an interrogative intonation.

"Well, if I did?" replied the young girl, after a short pause. "If she were in her right mind, would that be any reason for her wishing to murder him?"

"No. But I never believed she was out of danger," said Cutter. "Did she say anything more?"

Hermione told how Madame Patoff had behaved when she had entered the room. Her companion looked very grave, and said little during the few moments they remained in the gallery. He only promised that he would tell no one about it, unless it appeared absolutely necessary for the safety of every one concerned. Then they descended the steps again, and joined Chrysophrasia and Paul, who were waiting below.

"Aunt Chrysophrasia says she must go to the bazaar," said the latter.

"Yes," remarked Miss Dabstreak, "I

really must. That Jew! Oh, that Jew! He haunts my dreams. I see him at night, dressed like Moses, with a linen ephod, you know, holding up that Persian embroidery. It is more than my soul can bear!"

"But we were going to take Professor Cutter to the other mosques," objected Hermione.

"I am sure he will not mind if we go to the bazaar instead, will you?" she asked, with an engaging squint of her green eyes, as she turned to the professor.

"Not at all, — not at all, Miss Dabstreak. Anything you propose — I am sure" — ejaculated Cutter, apparently waking from an absorbing meditation upon his thumb-nail, and perhaps upon thumb-nails in general.

"You see how kind he is!" murmured Chrysophrasia, as she got into the carriage. "To the bazaar, Paul. Could you tell the driver?"

Paul could and did. Ten minutes later the carriage stopped at the gate of the bazaar. A dozen Mohammedans, Greeks, and Jews sprang out to conduct the visitors whither they would, — or, more probably, whither they would not. But Paul, who knew his way about very well, fought them off. One only would not be repulsed, and Chrysophrasia took his part.

"Let him come, — pray let him come, Paul. He has such beautiful eyes, such soft, languishing eyes, — so sweetly like those of a gazelle."

"His name is Abraham," said Paul. "I know him very well. The gazelle is of Jewish extraction, and sells shawls. He is a liar."

"Hair, Effendim — sir" — cried Abraham, who knew a little English. "Him Israeleet — hones' Jew — Abraham's name, Effendim."

"I know it is," said Paul. "Git!" — an expression which is good Californian, and equally good Turkish.

They threaded the narrow vaulted

passages, which were cool in the warm spring afternoon, taking the direction of the Jews' quarter, but pausing from time to time to survey the thousand articles, of every description, exposed for sale by the squatting shopkeepers. Cutter looked at the weapons especially, and remarked that they were not so good as those which used to be found ten years earlier. Everything, indeed, seemed to have changed since that time, and for the worse. There is less wealth in the bazaar, and yet the desire to purchase has increased tenfold, so that a bit of Rhodes tapestry, which at that earlier time would not have fetched forty piastres, is now sold for a pound Turkish, and is hard to get at that. It may be supposed that the Jews have made large fortunes in the interval, but the fact is not apparent in any way; the uncertainty of property in Turkey forcing them to conceal their riches, if they have any. Their shops are very fairly clean, but otherwise they are humble, and the best and most valuable objects are generally packed carefully away in dark corners, and are produced only when asked for. You see nothing but a small divan, a table, a matted floor, and shelves reaching to the ceiling, piled with packages wrapped in shabby gray linen. It is chiefly in the Mohammedan and Greek "tscharshis" of the bazaar that jewelry, weapons, and pipes are openly exhibited, and laid out upon benches for the selection of the buyer. But the Jews have almost a monopoly of everything which comes under the head of antiquities, and it is with them that foreigners generally deal. They are as intelligent as elsewhere, and perhaps more so, for the traveler of to-day is a great cheapener of valuables. Moreover, the Stamboul Jews are most of them linguists. They speak a bastard Spanish among themselves; they are obliged to know Turkish, Greek, and a little Armenian, and many of them speak French and Italian intelligibly.

Chrysophrasia delighted in the bazaar. The flavor of antiquity which hangs about it, and makes it the only thoroughly Oriental place in Constantinople, ascended gratefully to the old maid's nostrils, while her nerves were continually thrilled by strange contrasts of color. It was very pleasant, she thought, to be really in the East, and to have such a palpable proof of the fact as was afforded by the jargon of loud but incomprehensible tongues which filled her ears. She had often been in the place, and the Jews were beginning to know her, scenting a bargain whenever her yellow face and yellow hair became visible on the horizon. She generally patronized Marchetto, however, and on the present occasion she had come expressly to see him. He was standing in the door of his little shop, as usual, and his red face and red-brown eyes lighted up when he caught sight of Miss Dabstreak. With many expressions of joy he backed into the interior, and immediately went in search of the famous piece of Persian embroidery which Chrysophrasia had admired during her last visit to the bazaar.

"Upon my honor" — began Marchetto, launching into praises of the stuff. Patoff and Hermione stood at the door, but Cutter immediately became interested in the bargain, and handled the embroideries with curiosity, asking all manner of questions of the Jew and of Miss Dabstreak. Somehow or other, the two younger members of the party soon found themselves outside the shop, walking slowly up and down and talking, until the bargain should be concluded.

"I could not go up to the gallery in Santa Sophia," said Paul. "I am not a nervous person, but it brings the story back too vividly."

"What does it matter, since he is found?" asked Hermione.

Patoff was struck by the question, for it was too much at variance with his own feelings to seem reasonable. It was not because he preferred to avoid all remi-

niscence of the adventure that he had stayed below, but rather because he hated to think what the consequences of Alexander's return had been.

"What does it matter?" he repeated slowly. "It matters a great deal. What happened on that night, two years ago, was the beginning of a whole series of misfortunes. I have had bad luck ever since."

"Why do you say that?" asked Hermione, somewhat reproachfully.

"It is true, — that is one reason why I say it. But for that night, my mother would never have been mad. I should never have been sent to Persia, and should not have gone to England during my leave. I should not have met you" —

"You consider that a terrible misfortune," observed Hermione.

"It is always a man's misfortune when he determines to have what is denied him," answered Paul quietly. "Somebody must suffer in the encounter, or somebody must yield."

"Somebody, — yes. Why do you talk about it, Paul?"

"Because I think of nothing else. I cannot help it. It is easy to say, 'Let this or that alone;' it is another matter to talk to you about the bazaar, and the Turks, and the weather, when we are together."

Hermione was silent, for there was nothing to be said. She knew how well he loved her, and when she was with him she submitted in a measure to his influence; so that often she was on the point of yielding, and telling him that she no longer hesitated. It was when she was away from him that she doubted herself, and refused to be persuaded. Paul needed only a very little to complete his conquest, but that little he could not command. He had reached the point at which a man talks of the woman he loves or of himself, and of nothing else, and the depth of his passion seemed to dull his speech. A little more eloquence,

a little more gentleness, a little more of that charm which Alexander possessed in such abundance, might have been enough to turn the scale. But they were lacking. The very intensity of what he felt made him for the time a man of one idea only, and even the freedom with which he could speak to Hermione about his love for her was a disadvantage to him. It had grown to be too plain a fact, and there was too little left to the imagination. He felt that he wearied her, or he fancied that he did, which amounted to the same; and he either remained tongue-tied, or repeated in one form or another his half-savage 'I will.' He began to long for a change in their relations, or for some opportunity of practically showing her how much he would sacrifice for her sake. But in these days there are no lists for the silent knights; there are no jousts where a man may express his declaration of love by tying a lady's colors to his arm, and breaking the bones of half a dozen gentlemen before her eyes. And yet the instinct to do something of the kind is sometimes felt even now, — the longing to win by physical prowess what it is at present the fashion to get by persuasion.

Paul felt it strongly enough, and was disgusted with his own stupidity. Of what use was it that during so many years he had cultivated the art of conversation as a necessary accomplishment, if at his utmost need his wits were to abandon him, and leave him uncouth and taciturn as he had been in his childhood? He looked at Hermione's downcast face; at the perfect figure displayed by her tightly fitting costume of gray; at her small hands, as she stood still, and tried to thrust the point of her dainty parasol into the crevice between two stones of the pavement. He gazed at her, and was seized with a very foolish desire to take her up in his arms and walk away with her, whether she liked it or not. But just at that moment Hermione

glanced at him with a smile, not at all as he had expected that she would look.

"I think we had better go back to the shop," said she. So they turned, and walked slowly towards the narrow door.

"These Orientals are so full of wonderful imagery!" Chrysophrasia was saying to Professor Cutter, as the pair came in. "It is delightful to hear them talk, — so different from an English shopkeeper."

"Very," assented the learned man. "Their imagery is certainly remarkable. Their scale of prices seems to be founded upon it, as logarithms depend for their existence on the square root of minus one, an impossible quantity."

"Dear me! Could you explain that to Marchetto? It might make a difference, you know."

"I am afraid not," answered the professor gravely. "Marchetto is not a mathematician, are you, Marchetto?"

"No surr, Effendim. Marchetto very honest man. Twenty-five pounds, lady — ah! but it is birindji — there is not a Pacha in Stamboul" —

"You have said that before," observed the scientist. "Try and say something new."

"New!" cried Marchetto. "It is not new. Any one say it new, he lie! Old — eski, eski! Very old! Twenty-five-six pounds, lady! Hein! Pacha give more."

"I fear that the traditions of his race are very strong," remarked Chrysophrasia, languidly examining the embroidery, a magnificent piece of work, about a yard and a half square, wrought in gold and silver threads upon a dark red velvet ground; evidently of considerable antiquity, but in excellent preservation. "Paul, dear," continued Miss Dabstreak, seeing Patoff enter with Hermione, "what would you give for this lovely thing? How hard it is to bargain! How low! How infinitely fatiguing! Do help me!"

"Begin by offering him a quarter of what he asks, — that is a safe rule," answered Paul.

"How much is a quarter of twenty-five — let me see — three times eight are — do tell me, somebody! Figures drive me quite mad."

"I have known of such cases," assented the professor. "Eight and a quarter, Miss Dabstreak. Say eight, — I dare say it will do as well."

"Marchetto," said Chrysophrasia sadly, "I am afraid your embroidery is only worth eight pounds."

The Jew was kneeling on the floor, squatting upon his heels. He put on an injured expression, and looked up at Miss Dabstreak's face.

"Eight pounds!" he exclaimed, in holy horror. "You know where this come from, lady? Ha! Laleli Khanum house — dead — no more like it." Marchetto of course knew the story of Alexander's confinement, and by a ready lie turned it to his advantage. Every one looked surprised, and began to examine the embroidery more closely.

"Really!" ejaculated Chrysophrasia. "How strange this little world is! To think of all this bit of brodered velvet has seen, — what joyous sights! It may have been in the very room where she died. But she was a wicked old woman, Marchetto. I could not give more than eight pounds for anything which belonged to so depraved a creature."

"Hein?" ejaculated the Jew, with a soft smile. "I know you want. Here!" he exclaimed, springing up, and rummaging among his shelves. Presently he brought out a shabby old green cloth caftán, trimmed with a little tarnished silver lace, and held it up triumphantly to Chrysophrasia's sight.

"Twenty-five-six pounds!" he cried, exultingly. "Cheap. Him coat of very big saint-man — die going to Mecca last year. Cheap, lady — twenty-five-six pounds!"

"I think you are fairly caught, aunt

Chrysophrasia," observed Paul, with a laugh.

"Who would have guessed that there was so much humor in an Israelite?" asked Chrysophrasia, with a sad intonation. "I cannot wear the saint's tea-gown, Marchetto," she continued; "otherwise I would gladly give you twenty-five pounds for it. Eight pounds for the embroidery, — no more. It is not worth so much. I even think I see a nauseous tint of magenta in the velvet."

"Twenty-four-five pounds, lady. I lose pound — your backsheesh."

How long the process of bargaining might have been protracted is uncertain. At that moment Balsamides Bey entered the shop. It appeared that he had called at the Carvels', and, being told that the party were in Stamboul, had gone straight to the Jew's shop, in the hope of finding them there. He was introduced to the professor by Paul, with a word of explanation. Marchetto's face fell as he saw the adjutant, who had a terribly acute knowledge of the value of things. Balsamides was asked to give his opinion. He examined the piece carefully.

"Where did you get it?" he asked, in Turkish.

"From the Valide Khan," answered the Jew, in the same language. "It is a genuine piece, — a hundred years old at least."

"You probably ask a pound for every year, and a backsheesh for the odd months," said the other.

"Twenty pounds," answered Marchetto, imperturbably.

"It is worth ten pounds," remarked Balsamides, in English, to Miss Dabstreak. "If you care to give that, you may buy it with a clear conscience. But he will take three weeks to think about it."

"To bargain for three weeks!" exclaimed Chrysophrasia. "Oh, no! It takes my whole energy to bargain for

half an hour. The lovely thing, — those faint, mysterious shades intertwined with the dull gold and silver, — it breaks my heart!”

Marchetto was obdurate on that day, at least, and with an unusually grave face he began to fold the embroidery, wrapping it at last in the inevitable piece of shabby gray linen. The party left the shop, and threaded the labyrinth of vaulted passages towards the gate. Cutter was interested in Gregorios, and asked him a great many questions, so that Chrysophrasia felt she was being neglected, and wore her most mournful expression. Paul and Hermione came behind, talking a little as they walked. They reached the bridge on foot, and, paying the toll to the big men in white who guard the entrance, began to cross the long stretch of planks which unites Stamboul with Pera. The sun was already low. Indeed, Marchetto had kept his shop open beyond the ordinary hour of closing, which is ten o'clock by Turkish time, two hours before sunset, and the bazaar was nearly deserted when they left it.

Paul and Hermione stopped when they were half-way across the bridge, and looked up the Golden Horn. Great clouds were piled up in the west, behind which the sun was hidden, and the air was very sultry. A dull light, that seemed to cast no shadows, was on all the mosques and minarets, and down upon the water the air was thick, and the boats looked indistinct as they glided by. The great useless men-of-war lay as though water-logged in the heavy, smooth stream, and the flags hung motionless from the mastheads.

The two stood side by side for a few moments, and said nothing. At last Paul spoke.

“It is going to rain,” he said, in an odd voice.

“Yes, it is going to rain,” answered his companion.

“On parà! Ten paras, for the love of God!” screamed a filthy beggar, close behind them. Paul threw the wretched creature the tiny coin he asked, and they turned away. But his face was very white, and Hermione’s eyes were filled with tears.

F. Marion Crawford.

REPROOF IN LOVE.

BECAUSE we are shut out from light,
Each of the other’s look and smile;
Because the arms’ and lips’ delight
Are past and dead, a weary while;

Because the dawn, that joy has brought,
Brings now but certainty of pain,
Nothing for you and me has bought
The right to live our lives in vain.

Take not away the only lure
That leads me on my lonely way,
To know you noble, sweet, and pure,
Great in least service, day by day.

THE RED CROSS.

It is nearly sixteen centuries since the banner of the cross appeared in a dream to Constantine the Great, infolding the inscription, "In hoc signo vinces;" and ever after the Red Cross decorated the banner under whose folds he was destined to become the first Christian monarch of the world.

It was the Red Cross, with its inspiring motto, that put an end to the persecutions of Christianity. Under its protection the Council of Nice was held. Under its banner Clovis, King of the French, perpetuated Constantine's faith and good works. Through the "dark ages" it inspired pilgrim soldiers of all nations to endure the hardships of the so-called Crusades and the ten "holy wars," alluring millions, who perished at the foot of Zion and Calvary and beneath the walls of Acre. That cross had gleamed upon their breastplates and banners, and soothed the last moments of those who panted and died on the scorching sands of Tunis.

Unselfish, though fruitless, was the heroism of these, yet through all reverses the sign has never been obliterated, but has broadened and deepened its significance, until it has become the talisman to inspire deeds of humanity, to relieve misery and oppression, from the Himalayas of Asia to the Hebrides of Europe, and thence to the Golden Gate of America. From being the sign of the Order of the Cross and the badge of Geneva Masonry, it has become the star of the hospital, the armlet of the nurse, and the beacon of hope to the wounded soldier or prisoner of war.

In the late armies of the Sudan it shone upon no victor's brow; its bearers were cot-bearers and ambulance-drivers, kindly surgeons and gentle, lowly women, saving husbands and fathers for their families, men for their country,

and easing the anguish of those appointed to die. In our United States it has cooled the fevered, yellowed brow of pestilence, fed the hungry and clothed the naked, rescued the drowning and built homes for the victims of flood-swept shores and fire-smitten lands.

Yet there are many to ask with honest inquiry, "What does the Red Cross mean?" To such, a history of the Red Cross movement of the present age will not be devoid of interest, — a movement at once so remarkable and beneficent in its results as to entitle it to a place in the world's history.

This confederation of the Red Cross was conceived in the thought of a Swiss gentleman, Monsieur Henri Dunant, who was traveling in Italy at the time of the great battle of Solferino, in 1859. Benevolent emotions inclined him to visit the battlefield, where he remained some days as volunteer aid for the wounded. Impressed by the sufferings of great numbers left to perish for want of immediate help and suitable care, he considered deeply the feasibility of some plan to insure efficient and systematized aid, and some method for ameliorating the woes and miseries of the wounded in war. Returning to Switzerland, he published a remarkable book, entitled *Un Souvenir de Solferino*, which attracted much attention both at home and abroad. As a result, he was called before the learned Genevese Society of Public Utility. Its president, Monsieur Gustave Moynier, and Dr. Louis Appia warmly seconded his suggestion that measures should be speedily taken to ameliorate the condition of wounded soldiers, by establishing relief societies in times of peace, and a system of neutrality between warring nations, by which hospitals, supplies, nurses, surgeons, and wounded should be protected in time of

war by wearing one uniform badge. The proposition was heartily received, and on February 9, 1863, a committee appointed to institute plans by which such an end could be attained.

Realizing the magnitude of the undertaking, the committee moved timidly, but finally announced for the 26th October a reunion, to which were invited, from all countries, men sympathizing with the work. This international conference lasted four days, and the resolutions then adopted formed the base of the famous Geneva Treaty, upon which the association of the Red Cross was founded. The international committee first made sure of the coöperation of the Swiss Federal Council and the Emperor of France, and then sought the indorsement of the several states of Europe to a treaty which would recognize the neutrality of hospitals, wounded soldiers, and all persons and effects connected with the sanitary of either army. Being met with active sympathy and support, the treaty was first signed by twelve governments, in the city hall of Geneva, Switzerland, August 22, 1864, and called the Convention of Geneva. The protective sign and badge agreed upon was a red cross upon white ground, out of compliment to Switzerland's flag, which was to be worn upon the arm by all persons connected with or acting under the association, and to be stamped upon the *personnel* of all sanitary appliances. Twenty-two governments were shortly after enrolled on this treaty. This is a remarkable instance of a treaty of nations brought about by the exertions of one individual in private life.

After being tested in the war of 1866, some imperfections were discovered which called for a revision, and in 1868 a second diplomatic convention was gathered at Geneva, when the great treaty was amended, added to, and its action extended to maritime wars. In 1870-71 the principle of the Red Cross was thoroughly tested, and the beneficent re-

sults were found to be immense, in which not only contestants, but neutral powers, were quick to perceive the wisdom of concerted action, and contributed freely of money and credit to its support, while crowned heads and princes came forward with personal aid to assume direction of the work.

During these years, and for ten years after, the United States of America stood strangely aloof and indifferent to the treaty, and turned coldly aside from the several invitations to enter the compact. The tale of her tardy interest and signature forms a curious chapter later on.

It should be remembered that the Convention of Geneva has no existence as a society, but is simply a treaty, under which relief societies of the Red Cross may be formed in any country, in order safely and effectually to carry on their work. Although the original convention was international, the various societies formed from it are national and independent; making laws adapted to the needs of their own nation. In order to secure governmental recognition, relief societies must have a central head, to which they send supplies, and which communicate for them with the military authorities; thus centralization is enforced. Also, in order to permanence, societies must occupy themselves with preparatory work in time of peace, such as gathering and storing gifts of money and supplies, arranging bureaus of information, easiest methods of transporting the wounded and sick, ordering ambulances, training nurses, and doing all that the most educated and thoughtful philanthropy can suggest.

As belligerent nations cannot always carry aid to their wounded countrymen when captured by the enemy, the treaty secures impartiality, so that the Red Cross provides alike for friend and foe. Its solidarity is also insured by providing that societies of neutral countries may afford aid to the sick and wounded

without the charge of interference from their respective governments. Thus the societies execute the relief, and the treaty affords the necessary immunities. These principles have been thoroughly tested, and their wisdom has been approved.

The employment of societies in time of security is an important factor. To obtain and conserve appropriate resources is the desideratum. The Russian societies have been foremost in this good work; placing boxes in stations, steamboats, convents, churches, and in the streets, collecting moneys through the entire empire, and neglecting nothing that would insure success. In Berlin, in 1868, the committee possessed over twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of supplies, and in Geneva, in five depots, were accumulated one thousand two hundred and twenty-eight dozen shirts, with hosiery to correspond, besides sanitary appliances for over six thousand wounded; also the best of supplies, surgical instruments, and everything needed for field and hospital attendance.

Various national exhibits, where competitive skill has been taxed to the utmost, have taken grand prizes. Hague held an exposition in 1867 exclusively for Red Cross work, while permanent museums of like material are found in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Stockholm, Carlsruhe, Paris, etc., the latter being international. Valuable books are published for the benefit of members of the societies and training-schools established for the thorough equipment of nurses, from which are graduated great numbers, ready at a moment's notice to go into service. Such nurses easily find employment at high prices in times of peace. Before giving a history of the induction of the Red Cross into the United States, it may be added that our conception of the principles embodied has led to its application in times of any widespread calamity, such as yellow

fever, cholera, floods, fires, railway and mining disasters of great extent. The value of trained organizations in such times, and the superiority of concerted effort over that which is hastily and irresponsibly gathered, are evident to any thoughtful mind. Thus societies of the Red Cross in the various States would hold themselves in readiness with money, nurses, and supplies, to go to the relief of those overwhelmed by flood, fire, or pestilence.

To Miss Clara Barton is due the credit and honor of leading this efficient organization into this last field of humanitarian work. Our country is less liable to the distractions of war than others, but, as Miss Barton has said, "none are more liable than our own to great overmastering calamities. Seldom a year passes that the nation, from sea to sea, is not brought to utter consternation by the shock of some unforeseen disaster, and stands shivering like a ship in the gale, powerless, horrified, despairing. Plagues, cholera, fires, flood, famine, all bear upon us with terrible force. Like war, these events are entirely out of the common course of woes and necessities. Like death, they are sure to come in some form and at some time, and, like it, no mortal knows how, or when, or where. What have we in readiness to meet these emergencies save the good heart of our people and their impulsive gifts?"¹ Certainly no organized system for collection, reception, or distribution, . . . no agents, nurses, or material, and, worst of all, no funds; nowhere any resources in reserve for such an hour of peril and national woe; every movement crude, confused, unsystematized, and as unprepared as if we had never known a calamity before. . . . Meanwhile, the suffering victims wait! True, men bestow most generously, . . . throw their gold to strangers . . . who have often no

¹ Written before America came into the treaty.

guarantee for honesty. Women, in the terror and excitement of the moment, and eagerness to aid, beg in the streets and rush into fairs, working day and night, to the neglect of other duties and at the peril of all health in the future, — often an enormous outlay for very meagre returns. Thus our gifts fall far short of their best, being hastily bestowed, irresponsibly received, and waste-fully applied. . . . While our communities abound in noble charities, each has its specific object to which its resources must be applied. . . . But I have never classed these Red Cross societies with charities; rather have considered them as a wise, national provision, which seeks to garner up something against an hour of sudden need.”

A forcible illustration of the great service rendered by Red Cross societies was shown in the results from its labors during the Franco-Prussian war. The Austrian committee had 2,170,000 francs in its possession, and a vast supply of sanitary material, besides a bureau for maintaining correspondence in eleven different languages. Italy united her provincial societies under the central head of Milan. Squads of well-trained nurses, armed with supplies, followed the military ambulances with field hospitals, reinforcing the sanitary provision of the army. They also provided entirely for the Tyrolese volunteers, aided the navy, and after the war remained among the wounded. The moneys expended by this committee were not less than 199,064 francs. Neutral powers afforded beautiful examples of charitable aid, pouring in gold and provisions.

But Germany distinguished herself. Immense storehouses and depots in Berlin, containing Red Cross supplies, were thronged with people classifying, parceling, packing, and dispatching goods for the seat of war. Among these were two thousand salaried persons, many volunteers, besides three hundred benevolent ladies. Twenty-six cars were laden

daily with two thousand hundredweight of supplies, special trains conveying them to the field or points where needed. Never had private charities, however munificent, been able to accomplish such wonders.

At the first war-signal, committees arrived as if by magic, at different points, forming a chain of perfectly disciplined nurses and assistants, numbering over two thousand. Agents of the Red Cross went with all government transports by land and water, protected by their flags or badges, to wait on the invoices and hasten their progress. The sums given to assuage the miseries of the Franco-Prussian war were fabulous, making good the assertion that the philanthropy of peoples equals their patriotism.

France had failed as fully to prepare for the hour of need, but the committee labored with such decisive energy, and so worked upon the good heart of her people, that relief measures were immediately taken. Gold and supplies flowed into Paris, from whence seventeen field hospitals were provisioned and joined the army, remaining until the battle of Sedan. Ambulances were stationed at the depots to care for the wounded, and a bureau of information was provided for soldiers' families. “When the siege of Paris was at hand the committee threw a commission into Brussels, charged with the direction and help of flying hospitals. Nine committees were established in the provinces, with power to act for the central committee, and to invite the people to help. Meanwhile, the Red Cross in Paris did its utmost to mitigate the distress there, and to prepare for the result of the siege. History has recorded the sufferings, the horrors of misery, that accompanied and followed that siege, but history can never relate what wretchedness was averted, what agonies were alleviated, what multitudes of lives were saved, by the presence and effort of the relief societies! What the state of France must

have been without the merciful help of the Red Cross imagination does not picture. After the armistice was signed, there were removed from Paris, under the auspices of the relief societies, ten thousand wounded men, who otherwise must have lingered in agony, or died from want of care; and there were brought back by them to French soil nine thousand more who had been cared for in German hospitals.”¹

It is a remarkable fact that the United States was the thirty-second power to place the seal of approval upon this treaty of nations. That we have even at this late hour a place on that roll of honor is due to the patriotism, philanthropy, and persuasive eloquence, united to persistent endeavor, of a single daughter of the republic, whose labors of loving sacrifice in two hemispheres make a record dear to every exalted mind, and precious in the sight of God. Her life is a tale of superhuman efforts on a score of battlefields, of tender ministrations and weary vigils, of years spent in efforts to identify the lost, and of sad struggles to recover health.

After her memorable work in the field hospitals of the late rebellion, Miss Barton was sent to Europe by her physicians. She arrived in September, 1869, at Geneva, Switzerland, and in October was visited by the president and members of the International Committee for the Relief of the Wounded in War. She has told the story in her own inimitable way, as follows:—

“They wished to learn, if possible, *why* the United States had declined to sign the treaty. Our position was incomprehensible to them. . . . To what did America object, and how could these objections be overcome?” (The treaty had twice been presented: once through our minister at Berne, and again through Dr. Bellows, the great head of our Sanitary Commission. Both had failed, and no satisfactory reason had been given.)

¹ Clara Barton, in *Services in Time of War*.

“They had thought the people of America, with their grand sanitary record, would be the first to appreciate and accept it. I listened in silent wonder to all this recital, and when I did reply it was to say that I had never in America heard of the Convention of Geneva, nor of the treaty, and was sure that as a country America did not know she had declined; that she would be the last to withhold recognition of a humane movement; that it had doubtless been referred to and declined by some one official, and had never been submitted to the people, and as its literature was in languages foreign to our English-speaking population, it had no way of reaching us. You will naturally infer that I examined it. . . . The absurdity of our position in relation to it was simply marvelous. As I counted up its roll of twenty-two nations, not a civilized people in the world missing but ourselves, and saw Greece, Spain, and Turkey there, I began to fear that in the eyes of the rest of mankind we could not be far from barbarians. This reflection did not furnish stimulating food for national pride.”

In less than a year from the time Miss Barton entered Switzerland in search of health, France declared war against Prussia, and a band of Red Cross workers stood at her door, led by Dr. Louis Appia, *en route* for the seat of war, begging her to join them, and take such part as she had taken in our own war. As yet no shot had been fired, no man had fallen, and only *three days* had elapsed since war had been declared. Yet this organized, powerful commission was on its way, with its skilled agents, ready to receive, direct, and dispense the accumulations which the generous sympathies of twenty-two nations would place at its disposal, if needed. These men had treaty power to go to any field, and work unmolested, in full cooperation with the military; their supplies were held sacred, and their

efforts seconded in every direction by either belligerent army. Not a man could lie uncared for or unfed.

"I thought," said this great-souled woman, "of the Peninsula in McClellan's campaign; of Pittsburgh Landing, Cedar Mountain and Second Bull Run, Antietam, Old Fredericksburg with its acres of snow-covered and gun-covered *glace*, and its fourth-day flag of truce; of its dead and starving wounded, frozen to the ground, and our commissions and their supplies in Washington, with no effective organization or power to go beyond; of the Petersburg mine, with its four thousand dead and wounded, and no flag of truce, — the wounded broiling in a July sun, dying and rotting where they fell. I remembered our prisons, crowded with starving men, whom all the powers and pities of the world could not reach with even a bit of bread. . . . I thought of the shadows on the hearths and hearts all over my country, — sore, broken hearts, ruined, desolate homes! Was this a people likely to decline humanity in war? Was this a country to reject a treaty for the help of wounded soldiers? . . . Ah! they needed only to know.

"As I journeyed on, and saw the work of these Red Cross societies in the field, accomplishing in four months under their system what we failed to accomplish in four years without it, — no mistakes, no needless suffering, no starving, no lack of care, no waste, no confusion, but order, plenty, cleanliness, and comfort wherever that little flag was unfurled, a whole continent marshaled under the banner of the Red Cross, — as I saw all this, and joined and worked in it, you will not wonder that I said to myself, 'If I live to return to my country, I will try to make my people understand the Red Cross and that treaty.'

"But I did more than resolve: I promised other nations I would do it, and other reasons pressed me to remember my promise. The Franco-Prussian

war and the war of the Commune were both enormous in the extent of their operations and in the suffering of individuals. This great modern international impulse of charity went out everywhere to meet and alleviate their miseries. The small, poor countries gave of their poverty, and the rich nations poured out abundantly of their vast resources. The contributions of those under the Red Cross went quietly, promptly, through international channels, were thoughtfully and carefully distributed, while returns, accurate to a franc, were made and duly published to the credit of the contributing nations, and the object aimed at was accomplished. America, filled with German and French people, humane and universal in their instincts of citizenship and brotherhood, freighted ships with supplies and money, prodigal and vast. They arrived in Europe, but were not under the treaty regulations. No sign of the Red Cross authorized any one to receive and distribute them. The poor baffled agents, honest, well meaning, and indefatigable, did all that individuals without system or organization could do. But, for the most part, the magnificent charity of America was misapplied, and went as unsystematized charities always tend, to ruin and utter waste. The object aimed at was not accomplished, and at the end of the report of the Red Cross organization occurs something like this: 'It is said that the United States of America also contributed something for the sick and wounded, but what, or how much, or to whom, or when, or where, it is impossible to tell'!

"In the autumn of 1873 I returned to America, more broken in health than when I left in 1869. Then followed years of suffering, in which I forgot how to walk, but I remembered my resolve and my promise. After almost five years I was able to go to Washington with a letter from Monsieur Moynier, president of the International Commit-

tee of Geneva, to the President of the United States, asking once more that our government accede to the articles of the convention. Having been made the official bearer of this letter, I presented it to President Hayes, who received it kindly, referring it to the Secretary of State, Mr. Evarts, who in his turn referred it to his assistant secretary, as the person who would know all about it, and would examine and report for decision. I then saw how it was made to depend not alone on one department, but *one man*, who had been the Assistant Secretary of State in 1864 and also in 1868, when the treaty had on two occasions been presented to our government. It was a settled thing. There was nothing to hope for from that administration. The matter had been officially referred, and would be decided accordingly. It would be declined, because it *had* been declined. If I pressed it to a decision, this would only weigh it down with a third refusal. I waited. My next thought was to refer it to Congress. That step would be irregular, and discourteous to the administration. I did not like to take it, still I attempted it, but could not get it considered, as it promised neither political influence, patronage, nor votes.

"The next year I returned to Washington to try Congress again. I published a little pamphlet of two leaves, addressed to the members and Senators, to be laid upon their desks, in hopes they would take the trouble to read so little as that. . . . My strength failed before I could get the bill presented, and I went home again. There then remained but a portion of that administration, and I determined to outlive it, hoping another would be more responsive. Meanwhile, I wrote, talked, and did whatever I could to spread the idea among the people, and when President Garfield came in I went again to Washington. The subject was very cordially received by the President, and by him

carefully referred to Secretary Blaine, who considered it himself, conferred fully with me, and finally laid it before the President and cabinet."

Miss Barton's courageous persistence is the more remarkable from the fact that the treaty had been presented without avail to our government by our minister plenipotentiary to Switzerland, and later by Dr. Bellows, who interested himself in the work many years, endeavoring to secure its recognition and adoption by Congress. Failing completely in this, he abandoned the effort, and earnestly advised Miss Barton to give up the task as a hopeless undertaking; for he had thoroughly tried the intelligence, the humanity, and the national pride of the American Congress on the Red Cross treaty, and had found it useless.

Yet in 1881 Miss Barton says, with that indomitable spirit characteristic of all her undertakings, "I will not yield the fact of the treaty. For patriotism, for national honor, I will stand by that at all cost. My first and greatest endeavor has been to wipe from the scroll of my country's fame the stain of imputed lack of common humanity, to take her out of the roll of barbarians. In 1869 there were twenty-two nations in the compact. There are now thirty-one, for since that date have been added Roumania, Persia, San Salvador, Montenegro, Servia, Bolivia, Chili, the Argentine Republic, and Peru. If the United States of America is diligent and fortunate, she may perhaps come to stand No. 32 in the roll of civilization and humanity! If not, she will remain where she at present stands, among the barbarians and heathen."

It was not permitted President Garfield to sign the great treaty of nations, although he warmly advocated it. During the enforced delays consequent upon the passage of the bill, the National Association of the Red Cross of America was founded, and Miss Clara

Barton nominated its president by the President of the United States; and when Mr. Arthur passed into office, he nobly ratified the wish and act of the martyred President by affixing his seal to the humane treaty, so long urged upon our country, thus uniting the nations under one banner into a compact of brotherhood, — the Senate ratifying the same without a dissenting voice.

“It is for this,” says the standard-bearer of the American Red Cross, that wonderful woman whose philanthropic works during the past twenty-five years have extended over two continents and into almost every field of human misery, — “it is for this I have labored, and, toiling and waiting through years, have heard little beyond the placid inquiry from the people around me, ‘What does the Red Cross mean?’ while to me, so pressing has the necessity for haste appeared, so imminent and certain has seemed the great emergency now confronting the entire world, that there was scarcely time to answer these honest inquiries!”

At the time of the Ohio floods the president of the American Red Cross removed her headquarters from Washington, where she has established the nucleus of a warehouse, in which are stored thousands of articles for sanitary and relief purposes, to Cincinnati, that she might personally superintend the distribution of supplies pouring in from the various Red Cross societies. After a few days spent here, relieving pressing necessities, she removed to Evansville, Indiana, in order to aid the sufferers between that point and Cairo, Illinois. Captain J. V. Throop kindly placed his steamer at the disposal of the Red Cross society, which was at once loaded with an immense quantity of boxes, bales, barrels, and bundles of clothing, together with a large amount of bedding and fuel, and started on its mission of mercy down the river, in charge of Miss Barton. The party reached Cairo

March 15th, and after carefully distributing relief along the way as far down as Wickliffe, Kentucky, turned back to Evansville, where they remained until the relief transactions were practically finished, and then, removing to St. Louis, fitted out another steamer, to render similar assistance in the inundated regions of the Lower Mississippi.

Thus is the Red Cross destined to become the great almoner of the people’s bounty on occasions of swift calamity, the tried and trusted agent of national and international benefactions. Its full recognition in the United States has been slow, but is sure to come; for it has been shown that orderly giving in times of extended distress is a cord of three strands, reaching further, doing more effective good, and morally attaining a far higher purpose than hasty and irresponsible methods.

At the third international convention held in Geneva, the peculiar American features of Red Cross work attracted marked attention, and were attended by the happy result of securing a unanimous vote to the following resolution:—

“That Red Cross societies engage in times of peace in humanitarian work analogous to the duties devolving upon them in periods of war, such as taking care of the sick and rendering relief in extraordinary calamities, where, as in war, prompt and organized relief is demanded.”

In compliment, richly deserved, to Miss Barton’s advanced views, the prominent members of the conference freely consulted with her as to work and methods. Of the part she sustained in the deliberations of this grave assembly, Miss Antoinette Margot, a Swiss-French lady present, thus speaks:—

“The government of the United States has done itself no greater credit than in selecting Clara Barton to represent it among the nations abroad. During the last week I have looked on, as she sat day by day in one of the grand-

est assemblages of men that could be gathered, — men representing the highest rank among the civilized nations of the earth; men of thought, of heart, of wisdom and power, called together from over the world to deliberate on great questions of national import, military power, the neutrality of nations, humanity in war, wisdom in peace. In the midst of this assemblage of stately, gray-haired men, glittering with military decorations of national honors, won and conferred, sat this one woman, — calm, thoughtful, self-possessed, recognized and acknowledged as possessing every right and privilege belonging to any member of that conference; not merely permitted to be there, but there by the sovereign right of nations; not merely allowed to sit there by the courtesy accorded to a lady, but by the right due a nation's representative; her vote not merely accepted as a matter of form, but expected and watched for; grave questions referred to her as the representative of a great nation, and all deference paid to her judgment; her demeanor so unobtrusive, her actions so wise, that it could not otherwise than reflect merited credit upon her and her country. But the crowning recognition of her philanthropic labors at home and abroad was given when one of the Italian delegates, springing upon the platform, proposed to the assemblage to vote by acclamation that 'Mademoiselle Barton bien mérite de l'humanité.' Even Miss Barton was moved from her usual composure by the thunders of applause. I do not know whether you in America are familiar with the peculiar significance of that phrase. It is an expression of the highest approbation, honor, and esteem that the French language can convey. It is probable that Miss

Barton is the first woman in the world who has ever received such a tribute, and that from the official representatives of all the governments of Europe and from seven foreign countries, which gives this vote a very great importance."

At this conference Miss Barton was presented with a court jewel by the Grand Duchess of Baden, an amethyst an inch and a half square, cut in the shape of a pansy. She also wears the Iron Cross of Germany, presented by the Emperor and Empress, a Red Cross medal from the Queen of Italy, and a Red Cross from the Queen of Servia, beside other merited decorations.

Yet in justice to this gifted woman it should be said that she has no ambition for honors or praise, but always chooses, where she can, the quiet ways of life and work. But too great honor can never be paid to this priestess in the realm of suffering, who has given her whole life to the cause of humanity. When the American people fully recognize the Red Cross as one of the wisest and best systems of philanthropic work, her mission will have been accomplished. The Red Cross is a grand educator, and the hour is ripe for fruitage. It embodies the best principles of social science, and that true spirit of charity which counts it a sacred privilege to serve one's fellow-men in times of trouble. To supply material wants is only a small part of its ministry. It seeks to carry to men's hearts the message of universal brotherhood, and unite the links. When this is accomplished, arsenals and iron-clad navies will give place to the spirit of equity. Wars and rumors of wars will become a relic of barbarism, and "Peace on earth, good-will to men," the ensign of the world, as it is of the Red Cross to-day.

Helen H. S. Thompson.

THE SECOND SON.

XXXVI.

AT THE RECTORY.

EDMUND had little heart for the company of his father and brother : his own life seemed to have stopped with Roger's. It was not only natural affection and sorrow, but a sudden dropping of all the usual companionship. He seemed suddenly to have been left quite alone. As a matter of fact, Roger and he had been thrown more together in the last month or two than they had been since they were boys ; and though they had both gone their own way, and were not what might be called of similar tastes, Edmund was himself surprised to find how much he had been in the habit of talking to Roger about the things that interested him. Already, in the short interval since his death, an incredible number of things had accumulated of which Edmund's first thought had been to tell them to Roger. And when he remembered that Roger was no longer there, and that there was nobody in the wide world whom he could tell them to, whom he would have cared to tell them to, a sense of great solitude came upon him. He felt himself as if in a desert. He seemed no longer to know anybody, to be able to exchange a word with any one. He was as lonely as if he had been upon a desolate island. Even little Nina, the poor little badly-brought-up sister, who troubled his mind with her gossip, — even she was gone. With his father and Stephen he was on good enough terms, with no suspicion of hostility among them, but only a faint aversion in his own mind, a disinclination to have anything to do with them. He could be civil ; he could be no more. He did not accuse them of anything, — even Stephen. He did not in his heart allow that

Stephen had killed his brother ; but he felt a little revulsion, a sort of mental sickening, at the sight of him. He had nothing to say to him ; he did not like to be nearer him than he could help : that was the form his feeling took.

He felt a dreary vacancy around him : of the many things which had once interested him, nothing seemed to remain. He cared for nothing, he had nobody to whom he could talk. When he thought of it, he felt that there was exaggeration in the feeling, and that Roger in life had not really been everything to him, as he now seemed to have been. It was perhaps only the form his sorrow took, — a sentiment which was its own reason, and for which no explanation could be made. He scarcely went out at all for some days, feeling a reluctance to look at the face of the world and resume intercourse with ordinary men. When he did go beyond the limits of the park, his feet carried him, almost without any will of his, to the Rectory. And yet it was the place to which he would have gone had he been in full possession of his will, for there was no one, he felt, who could understand him like Pax, who knew them both through and through. To her he could talk. He had scarcely even remembered her existence, in that first dull vacancy ; it was a sign of the beginning of restoration when it occurred to him that with Pax he could talk over everything, without having to explain.

Thus it was almost a disappointment when he found the drawing-room at the Rectory tenanted, not by Pax, but by Elizabeth Travers. He stopped short in the very act of coming in, when he perceived her. But after that first pause a shock of something like pleasure went through him. Unwittingly to himself, she did him more good by the mere sight of her than Pax could have done. The

blood seemed to come back to his heart with a thrill, and personal feelings, wishes, consciousness, seemed to awaken suddenly, with a stinging pain, in his heart. But for the first moment he thought he was disappointed, and that, Pax not being there, his better plan was to go away.

Elizabeth rose up, coloring a little. She colored still more when she saw his instinctive stop, and said hurriedly, "Mr. Mitford! Oh, I'll go and find Pax, — she has only gone up-stairs for something. I shall find her in a moment!"

He put out his hand to stop her movement. "Don't go," he pleaded, "don't go." There was a feeling in him as of the bursting out of wells in the desert. The heavy vacancy quivered into life. Ah, all this still remained, and he had thought that life was emptied out and deprived of all things! He became astonished at himself.

"I know — you must want Pax — and not a stranger," Elizabeth said, with a quiver, too, of sympathetic feeling.

"You are not a stranger," he replied, and then for a moment there was nothing more. He sat down near her, and wondered vaguely whether Roger could know that she was the first person he had seen, the first to whom he would talk, after what they had said together that night.

It was she who broke the silence, after an interval which seemed long to her, but not to him.

"We were very sorry," she said, faltering, "very sorry," and paused again, looking at him, telling him more clearly than in words how sorry she was, how changed she found him, and how she would fain have had something to say to comfort him. Then she repeated, as if nothing else would come, "Very sorry, both my aunt and I" —

"I knew you would be. I think I've been dead, too, these last days."

"Oh! I have heard — you have had everything to bear — and you look

ill. You must care a little for yourself now."

"That's poor comfort," he returned, "to care for one's self, when there's nobody else to care for."

"But it has to be done, Mr. Mitford. Oh, Pax will know what to say to you much better than I do!"

"Don't go," he begged again, "don't go," putting out his hand with an appeal to her, as she half rose. Elizabeth was more embarrassed than became her character. She wanted to escape, and neither knew how to do so nor what to say.

"In any case," she said, "though I am so little qualified to say so, we must not throw away our lives because we are unhappy. We have all our own place to fill — perhaps more — perhaps better than" —

Here she stopped, reddening with some emotion which she could not repress, the tears coming into her eyes.

Edmund apprehended faintly what she meant. "You do not know," he said hastily, — "no one knows — all that he was. He had not time to show what was in him."

Miss Travers bowed her head, but there was a stiffness as of unconscious opposition in this assent. "I saw — very little of him," she said, faltering.

"We talked of you, the last time we ever talked together."

A sudden blush covered Elizabeth's face, a hot color that looked like anger. She made another little constrained bow. "I don't know what there could have been to say of me."

He did not make any reply, for his mind had gone back to Roger's rooms in town, — to his brother, all unconscious of what was coming, conscious only of the dawn of a new life in himself; full of anticipations which were so different, so different, from what had come. It was not till all this had passed before him that he remembered what Roger had said of Elizabeth and these prognostications,

which were as little likely to come to pass as those which he had imagined of his own career. And Edmund felt his tongue tied; he made her no answer, partly because he could not, seeing what it was that had been said, and partly that he would not lift the veil from his dead brother's plans and hopes.

At this moment Pax hurried in, with her arms held out to him and her eyes full of tears. "Oh, Edmund!" she exclaimed, grasping him, giving him a motherly kiss. "Oh, Edmund!" Not the worst comforters are those who have nothing to say in the way of consolation. When she loosed her arms, Pax sat down and cried, tears not only of sympathy, but of grief. "Tell me," she said, sobbing, — "tell me everything! I want to hear everything. Oh, who would have thought it, that my old father should get better at eighty, and Roger die! Oh, my dear Roger! My poor Roger! Tell me everything, Edmund!"

He did what she told him, and it was a relief to him. There had been no occasion to speak of what had passed with those who knew as much as himself, no family comparison of what each individual had seen and heard. It was a change from the dreadful monotony of the home atmosphere, in which Roger's name was no more mentioned, to live over all the incidents of his concluding days again. He sat beside Pax, and told her everything, as a brother might have done to a sister; she ever throwing in a new question, requiring every detail, her sobs now and then interrupting the narrative.

Elizabeth moved uneasily in her chair, then rose to go away, but was stopped again and again by a word from Pax. "He does n't mind you being there, and I want you," she said, in the midst of her tears. Miss Travers had no resource but to stay. She listened to the story of the death-bed, herself now and then greatly moved, yet contending with her feelings, something like indig-

nation mingling with her involuntary sympathy, a look of reluctance and resistance on her face. She was angry with herself for being so much affected, yet unwilling to shed a tear for Roger. Edmund did not perceive this, in the preoccupation of his own sorrow, — not, at least, till he had nearly reached the end.

"And what part did Lily Ford take in all this?" inquired Pax at last.

At this utterance Elizabeth got up hurriedly and went to the window, where she stood, turning her back upon them, as if she could bear no more.

"Lily Ford!" exclaimed Edmund. "What part should she have taken? She did not even know that anything had happened, so far as I am aware."

"And yet the poor boy was going to marry her! She might have gone and nursed him, at the least. Not that I hold with such nursing, but she might have offered — she might" —

"I have no reason to suppose she knew anything about it," replied Edmund. "Don't blame her, poor girl!"

Elizabeth turned quickly from the window. "Blame her!" she cried, involuntarily.

Edmund turned half round to look at her, but he had no clue whatever to her meaning. He turned again to Pax. "He had made out a draft of a kind of settlement," he said, — "I found it among his papers, — to secure to her what money he had to leave. It was not very much."

"That was like him," said Pax, "that was like him! My dear, I can't help being glad it never happened; but to take care of her future, as if she had been his own equal, as if she had had people to look after her interests, — that was like my Roger! Ah! you may say what you please, all of you, but I knew him best of all. He was in love with me once, bless him! — a woman who might have been his mother! It was nonsense, of course, but it gives me all the more

right to him now. You none of you know him as I do! And what will you do about it, Edmund, — a thing that was never binding, of course, and never could be?"

"It shall be binding," answered Edmund. "I shall see that his intentions are carried out, — though she did not deserve that he should care for her so."

"Not deserve!" cried Elizabeth, turning round again, the words bursting from her in spite of herself. Both of them, Pax drying her eyes, Edmund raising his head, looked up at her, wondering what she could mean. Elizabeth was very much moved; her color came and went. "Mr. Mitford," she said, "if you mean this to be a sort of compensation, — which I suppose was its intention at first, — I may say to you that Lily would never accept it, never! Oh, how could you think of such a thing! I know that nothing but good should be said of the dead, and I don't want to say a word, — not a word. I am sorry, sorry to the bottom of my heart, for you. I know you will wish to think the best, naturally; and so should I. But Lily will never accept it! I — I happen to know" —

It was with difficulty she could restrain her tears. To see Elizabeth, so composed and dignified as she was, in this strange state of excitement bewildered them both. What did she mean? The thought shot through Edmund's mind painfully, as if some one had thrown an arrow or a missile at him, that she had cared for Roger more than she was aware, that she had resented his love for Lily, that Elizabeth was another victim. If it were so, Roger had never suspected it, and in that case all was waste, Elizabeth's love as well as the rest, — though had it but come to him! He looked at her with a pang that seemed to cut his heart in two. Elizabeth's love all wasted, when it might have made the world bloom again, and brought Eden out of the wilderness!

The thought was very bitter, and the thought that she herself resented it, angry, excited, covering a pang which no doubt mortified as well as wounded her with this fierceness about Lily; taking Lily's part, as if Roger had meant her any wrong.

"She knows something we don't know," observed Pax. "You would not speak like that, Elizabeth, without thinking you had some reason."

"I *have* reason; there is no thinking! Oh," said Elizabeth, wringing her hands, "it's not a moment to say anything! I am very wrong to have said anything. I am going home. I can't help it if I don't feel as you do. I am very, very sorry, all the same, Mr. Mitford, for you."

"Let me go away, not you," said Edmund, rising: "it is time I did. It has done me a great deal of good to tell Pax. Thank you for your sympathy, Miss Travers. One day I wanted to tell you what Roger said, and perhaps that day may come still, but I see it cannot be now. Perhaps there were things he did not understand. He may have been absorbed in a foolish thought, and not have perceived what was a great deal more worth thinking of." Edmund stopped when he had made this strange apology, remembering that if his discovery were a real one, this was not what Elizabeth would wish to have said; but it was too late to draw back.

Whatever she meant, however, it was clear enough that she did not understand what he meant. She looked at him in the eyes, in a strange way, with a fixed look, as if trying to convict him of something, he had not the least idea what. They looked earnestly at each other: he sorrowfully, grieving for her, for himself, for Roger, for everything thus lost and wasted; she severely, scarce able to contain herself, moved in a more intolerable way by the contradiction of some indignant resentment which contended with all the softer feelings in her heart. To

both there came a vague sense that there was something more on either side than either comprehended, which neither could divine. Pax looked at them both with lips apart, with a gaze of wonder. It was seldom that she had a difficulty before her which quite transcended her power of divination.

"Yes, Edmund, my dear," she said, "go; we have had our cry together, and it has done us both good. And Lizzy and you will never understand each other in this way. Leave her with me. Whatever her reason is, it can't be a true one against our boy. We know better than that. Good-by, Edmund, my dear!" Pax took him in her large embrace again, and put her wet cheek against his. "It's miserable now," she said, "but it will not be so forever. God bless you, my dear!"

He went away almost without looking round. Elizabeth held out her hand to him suddenly, as he passed her, and her hand trembled; but he did not know why, unless it was for the dear sake of Roger, against whom she was angry, he could not tell why. Because he had not loved her, — because he had loved Lily Ford? Would a woman be angry still, when the man was dead, at such a wrong? It seemed more fit that Edmund should be angry against Fate, who had thus let everything run to waste, and taken from him all hope of a new spring of life. But he had not the heart for any such feeling.

He went to the churchyard, on, his way home, and lingered long, looking at the outside of the vault in which Roger had been placed. There was not so much comfort in it as there would have been in the sod of a visible grave. It seemed to wrap the dead in a deeper darkness, to misrepresent all life and the meaning of life; as if everything were to fall into subterranean gloom, and all possibilities were to be piled together like so much rubbish in the bowels of the earth.

XXXVII.

EDMUND OUT OF HEART.

There were some subjects which were altogether ignored at Melcombe during the somewhat sombre period which the three gentlemen spent together there. They met scarcely at all, except at meals, and when they talked, which was never much, it was on public and impersonal subjects. Political questions had never been so thoroughly discussed in the house: they were more or less safe subjects. Mr. Mitford and Stephen were naturally Tories of the old school, who followed their party steadily, without any idea of independent judgment. It would have been against Mr. Mitford's principles to think on these matters: his ideas had been defined from before the beginning of time. He thought as his father did, and as he fully expected his son should do. Roger, had he lived, would have carried out the tradition faithfully enough, though with a more reasonable devotion to the tenets in which he had been trained. And Stephen, whose only virtuous point was a capacity for understanding discipline and the power of authority, followed his father closely, and was staunch as steel to the tradition of that old stubborn, all-resisting conservatism which is a most respectable sentiment, and has perhaps done England more good than all the new theories in the world. Edmund, also in strict conformity to nature, was of a totally different frame of mind. He was the second son. He was in her Majesty's opposition. But as he had no special political fervor or impassioned creed, his politics were much more theoretical than practical; he had none of the martyr impulse in him, and he was strong in that slightly contemptuous toleration which the only intellectual member of a family often feels for those who are not in the least

given to independent thought. He knew he could not convince them, nor even make his point of view comprehensible to them, so he refrained from controversy. And in the present state of affairs it was a relief to let them talk upon subjects of public moment on which they were entirely agreed, and on which he could occasionally say his say without too much offense. But on subjects more familiar there was little said. Roger was not named among them, nor did any one speak of the future or of what he intended to do. There were no confidences of any description in the strange little male group, which was a family party, yet had so little of the character of a family in it. Even little Nina, as Edmund felt more and more, would have been a relief. It would have been possible to say to her, "What are you going to do this morning? Do you intend to walk, or to ride, or to drive?" Such questions were not put to each other by the three men, who only remarked that it was a fine day; that Lord So-and-So made a very good speech last night; that Tredgold, as chairman of quarter sessions, was ridiculously out of place; and that what with competitive examinations and all that the country was going to wreck and ruin. Edmund, for one, longed, amid all this talk, to be able to say to Nina, "What are you going to do to-day?" but to Stephen he did not put that question, even when he had a distinct interest in knowing what Stephen meant to do.

His special interest in this question arose from the fact that Stephen and his father had spoken, in his hearing, of the household at Mount Travers in a manner which vaguely but powerfully excited Edmund. He had himself found his way there soon after his meeting with Miss Travers in the Rectory, and had been puzzled, yet not discouraged, by his reception. Elizabeth had received him with something which looked almost like agitation, — agitation sup-

pressed and only to be divined, yet which betrayed itself to an observer so sympathetic in little changes of color and momentary tremors, in sudden impulses and self-restraints, which were scarcely comprehensible and very perplexing. When any allusion was made to Roger, she stiffened at once into a marble-like impassiveness, more significant in the studied absence of all expression than the utmost show of feeling, keeping all his questions back. Was it an injured sense of love rejected? Was it the indignation and wounded delicacy of a woman who felt herself slighted for an object much less worthy? Edmund was unable to solve this mystery.

What made it still more difficult to understand was that Pax also put on to some degree the same manner, checking him in those talks which were almost the only relief his mind had by a hurried "Poor Roger!" accompanied by a shake of the head and a change of subject, such as Edmund found it still more difficult to understand. "God forgive him, poor boy, for all his imperfections! Let's say no more, — let's say no more about it. By and by it won't be so hard," Pax said once. Why should it be hard to speak of him, now or at any time? To protest against the prayer that God might forgive him would have been vain indeed, for the best of men must have need to be forgiven; but when that is said between people who loved him, of one who is dead, it means something more than the imperfections which all men have before God. Edmund was greatly perplexed and unhappy, notwithstanding that there were in Elizabeth's manner to himself many signs which a vainer man might have built much upon: an air of almost tenderness in her look, a softness in her voice, as if sympathy for Edmund were somehow involved in her singular repugnance to any mention of his dead brother. Edmund frequented the roads between Melcombe and Mount Travers with a fas-

cination for which he could scarcely account to himself. He wanted to see her, to speak to her of that last conversation with Roger, to tell her a tale which was all woven in with his brother's memory ; and the more Elizabeth stiffened at all reference to him, the more indispensable it seemed to Edmund that she should know the complications of his story. He had been silent before for Roger's sake, and now she would give him no chance to show her what was in his heart.

He was so intent upon the explanation that he forgot how impossible it ought to be for him, the disinherited, to approach the heiress. Of that secondary subject he never thought at all. Perhaps it showed a dullness of perception in him. His mind was so full of what he had to say to her, of the story he would so fain have poured into her ear, of his long doubt and uncertainty and final liberation from all hindrances, that he had no time to be tormented by the thought of her great fortune and his small one. That consideration no more entered into his mind than it would have entered into hers. A woman, in such a case, is better off than a man ; but Edmund was as free from painful calculations of this sort as Elizabeth herself could have been. He forgot that what might have seemed to some supersensitive minds a new barrier between them had come into existence. He was so much occupied by other matters, by perplexity about her feelings and desire to disclose his own, that he had no leisure to think of anything else. And yet, though he was so eager to tell her his story, which was in reality the story of several past years, Edmund could not find opportunity nor courage to do so. Day after day he walked to the very gate, and then turned back, his heart having failed him. Once or twice he had gone farther, as far as the drawing-room, with its great plate-glass windows, when the sight of that

sudden shutting up of her countenance silenced him in a moment, and took all strength from him. In this way Elizabeth occupied his mind almost more than had she been his affianced bride. He could not make out the meaning of that look, almost stern in its sudden repression, or of the melting kindness with which she would turn to him after she had thus silenced him. Something stood between them, — he could not tell what ; a shadow of Roger, a ghost which came chill between the two whom Roger had wished to see one. There could not be any doubt that it was Roger who was that shadow, but how or why Edmund could not divine. Had she loved him who had not loved her ? Did she find herself unable to forgive him who had never divined that love, who had given his less worthily ? But why then that softened look, that melting tone, to Edmund ? He was bewildered by this question ; it paralyzed him ; the words died from his lips, though he knew that until he said them he could have no rest.

But when he became aware that the same subject was being discussed between Stephen and his father, a singular excitement took possession of Edmund. He remembered the discussions between the Squire and Roger, the recommendations which were commands on one side, and insults on the other, — commands to his son to secure the heiress, insulting enumerations of the advantages to follow. Had this process begun over again ? Had Stephen lent an ear more attentive than that of his elder brother to these inducements and recommendations, and was Edmund's brother again, and this time in earnest, to be his rival ? The suggestion made his blood boil. Stephen to pretend to Elizabeth Travers ! Stephen, who made no secret of his own estimate of women, and whose associates among them were sufficiently well known ! He, with his garrison-town associations, his intrigues, his cynical incapacity for

deeper emotion, — could it be in the possibilities of the future that Elizabeth had been reserved for him? Edmund's blood boiled at the thought. He said to himself that it was impossible, — that it could not be; but then he remembered how many things that are seemingly impossible come to pass, especially in such concerns. The shadow of Roger stood between himself and the woman he loved, but no such shadow was upon Stephen. Stephen would never perceive, even if it did exist for him, that indefinable something which closed Edmund's lips and made his heart fail him. Stephen would go forward boldly, whatever were the circumstances. No scare of the imagination would prevent him from pressing his suit. And who would say that amid all these complications Elizabeth herself might not find a certain relief in the addresses of a man who had nothing to do with the past, whose image was not involved with Roger's, and who, though his brother, had so little in common with him, and was so entirely a new departure, a fresh competitor? In the hurrying excitement of his thoughts at sight of this new possibility, Edmund could not but see all that was in its favor. He was well aware of Stephen's advantages, — his good looks, his self-assurance, his boldness, even his position as virtually a stranger, an individuality little known. All this struck him with a horror which was not to be expressed. That which Roger in his folly had not sought, but might perhaps have obtained, that which Edmund himself would give his life for, — to think that it might come to Stephen at last! He said to himself that it was not possible; that Elizabeth's perceptions were too fine, her taste too delicate, for such a catastrophe, — but who could tell? How many tender women had fallen victims before to men as unworthy of them! How often had all prognostications been defied and all finer divination suspended! — for what could a woman really know

of a man, in such circumstances, but the outward impression which he made, and how often was that outward impression a false one!

This was the thought which eventually roused Edmund out of the lethargy into which he had fallen. All the circumstances of his present position had combined to hold him in that suspense of being. Grief and that sense of injury with which such a grief is so often accompanied, the feeling of unworthiness triumphant, and the nobler and more true swept away before the tide of successful wrong, — Roger fallen, and Stephen raised in his place, — produced of themselves a partial arrest of all Edmund's faculties. The feeling was not a selfish one. He had never anticipated, never contemplated, the position of heir and future head of the family; but the extraordinary overturn of all justice or any moral balance in the world, when the good and true were thus thrown down to make way for the false and evil, produced in him that pause of hopelessness, that sense of incapacity to understand or contend with the apparently blind and inexorable fate that seems so often to shape human affairs, which makes action impossible, and sickens the heart. And then the curious attitude of Elizabeth, as incomprehensible as fate, repelling and attracting him at once, added so much more to the paralyzing effect. But when he thought of Stephen's possible suit, the suit that he divined with an angry alarm which was more than jealousy, Edmund's dormant energy awoke. The man who had taken his inheritance, who had killed his brother, who had ruined Lily Ford, should not, must not, soil the pure name and break the heart of Elizabeth Travers. No! She might not be for Edmund, — he believed she would never be for him, — but she must not be thrown away upon one unworthy.

Lily Ford! Edmund came to himself after the long suspension of his en-

ergies: he had not done his duty by his dead brother in this respect, at least, which Roger would have thought the most important of all. He had not sought out Lily, nor tried to save her, nor carried out Roger's wishes in regard to her. Edmund did not believe that it was possible to save Lily; but wherever the poor girl now was, she could not but be in trouble and misery, and to find her might be to save Elizabeth. The notion was, if not selfish, yet not single. It aimed at two objects, and the less direct was the more important in his eyes. But yet, apart from Elizabeth and all her concerns, he had a duty to Lily, too. He was the executor of Roger's wishes, and it ought to have been his first business to find her. What matter that the thought of her was odious to him; that she embodied in her slightness and trifling unimportance all the misfortunes that had crushed Roger, — the loss of his tranquillity, his fortune, his career, finally his very life? A creature of so little account, with nothing but her prettiness, her foolish education; a girl whom Stephen's careless wooing could lead to her destruction, — and she had cost Roger everything, his happiness and his life! The thought roused in Edmund a silent rage against human fate and the helplessness of man, and towards her, the trifling instrument of so much harm, a sick contempt and indignation, a horror of the sight of her and of her ill-omened name. But yet he had a duty to fulfill, and perhaps — perhaps — her story might yet be of some service; it might save Elizabeth. It was this hope, more than any juster sentiment, which turned his steps toward the West Lodge. Mrs. Ford had appealed to him to find her daughter; and though he had not succeeded in doing that, the appeal justified his inquiries. Time had flown heavily but quickly during this interval of inaction; yet, after all, a month had not passed since Roger's death.

XXXVIII.

THE WEST LODGE.

It was about noon when Edmund approached the lodge, and everything recalled to him the last time he had been there, which was so short a while ago, and yet seemed to belong to another life. He remembered every incident, even all the appearances, of that day: the anxious mother hurrying out at the sound of his step; the father, all blanched in his rough out-of-door redness and brownness with the horror of a catastrophe which was worse than death; his passion and threats against the man who had betrayed his child, and the woman's pitiful attempts to restrain, to comfort him, while herself in the grip of despair. Poor people! tragic as their unintended influence had been, they themselves were not less to be pitied on that account; and he conjured up before him the miserable little house with all its happiness blighted, the shame that had taken the place of their foolish, innocent pride, the weight of suspense, or still more terrible knowledge, that must have crushed the unhappy father and mother, so that his heart had become very tender towards the unfortunate couple before he reached their door. After all, they were not to blame; and they had suffered even more bitterly than the family of the other victim.

It seemed to Edmund that he must see tokens of their wretchedness in the very air, as he drew near the little flowery place which had once been their pride; and to see the garden as bright as ever, the tall lilies, from which their child had got her name, standing with all their buds ready to open along the sunny borders, and everything in summer order, full of sweetness and bloom, filled him with involuntary surprise. The morning sun shone upon the red roof and waving trees; the door

stood open ; a tranquil cat lay sunning herself upon the window ledge ; a brood of little yellow chickens flitted about under the charge of an anxious mother hen. Nothing more peaceful, more full of humble ease and comfort, could be. The whole seemed to breathe a silent contradiction to Edmund's troubled thoughts. Yet the sun will shine, the flowers will bloom, the unconscious creatures thrive and enjoy their little life, whatever misery may reign within the house, he said to himself, with a curious sense of incongruity, almost of disappointment.

To his astonishment, he heard voices in raised and angry tones within the house, and, unconsciously listening, distinguished with consternation indescribable the voice of Stephen addressing some one with loud authority. "You must clear out of here!" he was saying, in a tone so little subdued that any passer-by must have heard. "I know nothing about notice. I tell you you must clear out of here. I want the place. Get out at once: do you hear? You'll be paid in place of your notice, if you've any right to it, which I don't believe you have. You think I'm to be put off with tricks and excuses, to gain time, but you're mistaken. You must get out to-morrow at latest: do you hear? I want the place for a servant of my own."

"Sir," replied the voice of Mrs. Ford, "my 'usband's not here, and I can't make you no answer; but turn a servant away there's no master can, without warning. I've been in service all my life, and if I did n't know that, who should? It's all the protection poor servants has. I'm not saying nothing again going" —

"You had better not," said Stephen, "or I'll have you turned out, which perhaps would be the quickest way."

"I said as I'm not saying nothing again going," said Mrs. Ford, raising her voice. "We've allays meant to go. It's not as if we were badly off or had

no friends; and Ford is n't one as can stand new masters and new laws. He's ready to go, but he won't go without his warning, as if he was turned off for something bad. I don't want to say nothing disrespectful, but we has our pride the same as other folks, and Ford, he won't stir without his legal warning. I might n't stand out myself," the woman continued, with a sound as of coming tears, "for the sake of peace, but Ford, he's not that sort of a man; he'll not be turned out like a thief, — him as has served the Squire man and boy."

"Don't give me any of your impudence," said Stephen; "that is just how he shall be turned out. I give you your choice, — clear out at once, or I'll have the police to-morrow to throw your things out of the window. Hallo! what do *you* want here?"

This was addressed to Edmund, who had come in unnoticed, behind him, to the little trim kitchen, where Mrs. Ford stood on her own hearth as in a citadel, flushed, with a look of resistance on her homely face, but her apron in her hand, ready to wipe off the angry tears which were very near coming, and a huskiness growing in her throat.

"What is the matter?" said Edmund. "There must be some mistake. I could not help hearing what you were saying. What has Ford done? My father would never bundle them out in this way unless there's a very serious reason; he will listen to what they've got to say."

Stephen turned round upon his brother with a flushed and furious face. "You had better mind your own business, Ned! I've got this to do, and I'll allow no one to interfere."

"And as for what we've got to say," cried Mrs. Ford shrilly, turning upon the new-comer, — "we've got nothing to say, sir. I would n't stay, not if I was paid to do it. We've got better friends than ever the Mitfords was, that won't see us put upon. And there's no man

livin' as can have a better character than my man. But we'll have our warning. Police! Them that dares name such a name to me knows well as my man's out o' the way, and I've nobody to stand up for me. Police!" Her voice ran off into a shriek. "For shame of yourselves as call yourselves gentlefolks, and can come and insult a woman like that!"

"There must be some mistake," repeated Edmund. "No one shall insult you while I am here. Stephen," — he turned and faced his brother, laying his hand on his arm, — "whatever you have against these people, let it be referred to my father. You know he will never turn them out; and it's not for you" —

Stephen threw up the arm which his brother had touched with a fierce gesture, which brought back to both their minds another scene. He was about to reply furiously, but the angry exclamation was stopped on his lips by that recollection. He gave Edmund a look of baffled rage. "I'll refer it to no man," he cried, "and I'll be questioned by no man, and I'll not argue with *you*, either. You know what I've got to say. Clear out of this at once, or by Jove! I'll" — Stephen, however, was made of flesh and blood, like other people. He could not stand against the thoughts thus evoked. He turned round upon his heel and quitted the house, leaving his threat unsaid. The ghost of Roger came up again, and protected the humble place. He could not stand before that shadow, though he saw nothing, and though he was not in any way turned from his purpose; but for the moment his soul was disturbed, and he could say no more.

Mrs. Ford did not know why he had abandoned the field. She thought it was perhaps Edmund, always her friend, who had driven forth the enemy; but when the angry visitor had withdrawn, those tears which were so near falling

came at once. "Oh, that any gentleman should have named the police to me!" she cried. "Oh, that I should have lived to be threatened with that, and my things thrown out o' window! Mr. Edmund, don't say nothing, for I'll never forget it, I'll never forget it; not if the Squire was to come on his bended knees, and ask me himself to stay!"

"I am very sorry," observed Edmund. "I don't understand it. I came to" — He paused here, and looked round the comfortable room, where there was no sign of neglect or downfall. It was quite true that Mrs. Ford was the sort of woman to keep her house tidy, whatever happened, but he could not associate the trim room with any misfortune. "I have not seen you," he said, "since before — the great trouble we have had." He felt that it would be easier to inquire into her circumstances after he had made some allusion to his own.

For a moment Mrs. Ford stopped her angry sobs. "Oh, sir," she cried, "we was very sorry! Nobody would ever have spoken to me like that if Mr. Roger had a' been to the fore! Oh, I don't hold with new masters that can speak like that to a woman, and her husband's back turned. And us that did n't mean to stay, — us as was going to give warning from one day to another! But without he has his just warning, Ford'll never go. He's a man as stands upon his rights!"

"When I was last here," said Edmund, "you were in great trouble."

Mrs. Ford took scarcely a moment to recover herself. She put down her apron from her eyes, which were still wet, but immediately became watchful and full of strange defiance and light. "Was we, sir?" she asked, with an appearance of surprise and a sudden smile, as if the affair had been so trifling as to escape her memory.

"You were in great trouble," repeated Edmund, with some impatience. "You

were almost in despair. Lily had left home, and you did n't know where she was. You thought it might have been my brother Roger" — Edmund spoke the words with an effort — "who had taken her away."

"Lord bless us!" said the woman, "what things do get into folks' heads! I remember now. I was just like a mad woman. Ford, he never gave in to it" —

"I beg your pardon, Ford was as bad, or worse, than you. He said he would kill the man who" —

"So he did,—so he did! Them things go out of your mind when you find out as it was all silly fancies and not true. Dear, bless us all! so we did; ravin' like mad folks, as if our Lily — Mr. Edmund, I don't blame you: you think as poor folks has no feelings; but I would n't have put you in mind of the like of that, if I had been you!"

She gave him a look of injured feeling, yet of magnanimous forgiveness, and laughed a little, with her apron still held in her hand.

"It was thoughtless of the child," she continued, looking down upon the apron, which she twisted in her fingers. "I don't say nothing else. But one as never thought a wrong thought, nor knew what wickedness was, how was she to suppose as we'd take such fancies into our heads? I was that ashamed I could n't look her in the face, — to think as I had ever mistrusted my Lily! But, thank God! she don't know, not to this day; and them as would tell her would be cruel, — oh, it would be cruel! I would sooner die nor do it, though I'm nothing but a poor woman, and no scholar nor a gentleman, like you!"

"You may be sure," replied Edmund, "that Lily shall never hear anything of the sort from me. I am very glad your fears have turned out to be vain. Is she here now?"

"She's far better off," answered Mrs. Ford. "She's with friends that think

a deal of her, — oh, a great deal of her! She's kept like a lady, and never puts her hand to a thing but what she pleases, and books to read and a pianny to play upon, and everything she can set her face to. Oh, she's better off than she could be with Ford and me."

"Is this the account she gives you? Are you quite sure it is true? Don't you know where she is?" Edmund asked, with again a sickening thrill of horror. "Do you take all this merely upon her word?"

"I'd take the Bank of England upon her word!" cried the mother, with a confusion of ideas not difficult to understand. "Me and the lady — the lady that makes Lily so happy — more happy, — and I do grudge a bit to know it, I'll not deny my mean ways — more happy than she was with me."

"Mrs. Ford," said Edmund, "are you sure you are not being once more deceived?" He was very much in earnest and very serious; confused more than it is possible to say by the mother's evident ignorance, by Stephen's strange appearance here, which was scarcely credible if Lily were still in his power, and by all the bewildering circumstances which seemed to contradict each other. Mrs. Ford, on her side, flung her apron from her, and confronted him with a glowing countenance and eyes aflame.

"I was never deceived!" she cried. "Me, deceived! Oh, if I was weak for a moment, and came and cried out to you in my trouble, it was because I was a silly woman and did n't know no better. Deceived! I could tell you a name as would bring you down on your knees, Mr. Edmund, to ask her pardon, — yes, on your knees, that's the word! Lily's where she has a right to be, and that's among ladies, like what she is herself; ladies as is her friends and our friends too," cried Mrs. Ford, "mine and my 'usband's, all for the sake of Lily, and has offered us a home, and a better home nor here. And Ford, he was to have

given the master warning this very day, if it had n't been as my heart just clung a bit to the flowers. But without his warning he'll not budge a step, — no, not for all the police in the world, neither him nor me; and you may tell the master that, Mr. Edmund! We've served him honest and true for more than twenty year: is that a reason to turn us out like thieves at a day's notice? But we'll not go without our just warning, — no, not a step, neither Ford nor me."

Mrs. Ford made this long speech with a fervor and passion which had its natural result, and plunged her at the end into a fit of indignant tears.

"I don't understand it," returned Edmund. "I am sure my father never meant this. There must be some mistake. And Stephen — what Stephen could mean — I am bewildered altogether. I don't understand your story, and I don't understand his action: but I promise you you shall not be turned out if I can help it; certainly you shall not be turned out."

"Oh, sir, I can tell you what he means: he's got somebody of his own as he wants to put in, and it's well known that there's little mercy for them as comes in Mr. Stephen's way. I would n't be in Mr. Stephen's power, not for anything that could be given me; and that's why I could bite my tongue out that I would n't let Ford give warning. Oh, it's easy to understand Mr. Stephen; he don't let no one stand in his way."

"You are doing my brother injustice," Edmund said; but he had little spirit in Stephen's cause, and he was too much bewildered to be able to see light one way or another. That Stephen should thus venture to insult the people he had so deeply injured seemed beyond belief, and so was the whole confused mystery of Lily, — the ladies with whom she was supposed to be, the friends, though the unhappy mother had declared at the first stroke of the calam-

ity that she had no friends. Edmund did not know what to think or say. He went back across the park completely perplexed, feeling that he had lost every landmark, and all was chaos and confusion around him. Was it, after all, the common tale of betrayal and ruin? Was it something entirely different? Was Stephen the cold-blooded destroyer, who, after he had ruined the daughter, could attempt to conceal his crime by driving away the helpless poor people from their home? He could not tell what to think. Was there perhaps some unsuspected third party, who was the criminal or who was the saviour? Edmund felt that he could make nothing of it, one way or another. As for the hope which he had entertained of injuring Stephen in the eyes of Elizabeth by means of Lily's wretched story, — for that was how his project now appeared to him, — he felt ashamed to the bottom of his heart of this unworthy purpose. Stephen was without mercy, without kindness, bent on his own ends, and tolerating no interference; but in this matter, perhaps, after all, he was innocent. He could not have tried to crush Lily's parents if Lily had owed her destruction to him: a man may be bad, but not so bad as that! Compunction came into Edmund's soul: to do injustice to any man was terrible to him.

A brief conversation which he had with Stephen before dinner did not, however, mend matters. Stephen took the first word. He asked what the devil Edmund meant by interfering with what was no business of his.

"As much of mine as yours," retorted Edmund; "more, perhaps, since I know the people better. You could not really think of taking it upon yourself to turn one of my father's old servants away?"

"Old servants be ——!" exclaimed Stephen. "A pair of detestable old hypocrites! What use is an old fellow like that in the covers? I'll have all

those vermin of old servants cleared away."

"Fortunately you are not the master, Steve. No, neither am I; I pretend to no authority."

"I should hope not," rejoined Stephen, with an insolent laugh; "you're out of it, at least. And I can tell you I'll stand no nonsense, Ned, — no protecting of a set of rogues and toadies. They think they can defy me, and that Mr. Edmund will see them righted, as they call it. I'll have none of that. The estate is to be mine, and I mean to manage it my own way."

"The estate is not yours while it is my father's, Stephen; and I shall certainly appeal to him not to suffer the Fords to be turned out in this summary way. They are old retainers, — they were favorites of my mother."

"Oh, yes, to be sure; and the pretty daughter! There was perhaps more than one of us hit in that quarter," cried Stephen, with a rude laugh. "That explains everything. It is a crime to meddle with *her* father, eh?"

He stood with insolent eyes fixed upon Edmund's, a flush on his face, defiance in his look. Edmund did not know the keen pang of mortification in Stephen's mind which made him seize this opportunity of mischief, and there was something exasperating in the look which tried his patience almost beyond endurance. It was the second time in which all his self-control had been necessary not to strike his brother to the ground. They stood straight up in front of each other for a moment, looking into each other's faces like deadly foes, not like brothers. Then Edmund turned slowly away.

"We cannot fight," he said, "because we are both Mitfords, and I will not dishonor my father's house by a scuffle; but you know what I think better than if I said it, either by words or blows."

"That for your blows!" cried Stephen, snapping his fingers; but he turned

away more quickly than his brother. Even he could not but feel that there had already been enough of that.

XXXIX.

THE SQUIRE IN THE WRONG.

They both watched their father during the hour of dinner, which passed as usual, in a suppressed antagonism and careful avoidance of dangerous subjects. But neither Edmund nor Stephen had the advantage for that night. Mr. Mitford fretfully declined to listen to what either had to say. He had no mind for a discussion with the son who was now his eldest son, and to whom he was doing wrong. His conscience was not very tender, but it was vulnerable in this respect. There could be no doubt that he was wronging Edmund. Edmund, perhaps, had not been too complaisant. He had stood by Roger, and deserted his father; but Roger was dead, poor fellow, and except in that point the Squire was aware that Edmund had given him no just cause of offense; and yet he was cast out of his natural place and disinherited for no reason. Mr. Mitford could not bear to think of it; and to allow himself to be let in, as he said, for a discussion with that fellow at night, when there could be no chance of deliverance, when he probably would bring up everything and go over the whole ground — No, no; the Squire took refuge in the first excuse which occurred to him, and that was a headache. "I don't feel at all the thing," he remarked. "I have got a very queer feeling here," tapping his forehead as he spoke. "It's worry and the hot weather, and things in general. Robson is very decided on the subject. I am never to bother about business, he tells me, when I feel like this. I suppose it will do to-morrow?"

"It will do to-morrow, certainly," assented Edmund, looking at Stephen,

"so long as I am assured that no further steps will be taken."

"Steps taken! I should like to see any man taking steps on my property without my knowledge," the Squire said, still more fretfully. The secret trouble in his conscience was telling upon him more than the hot weather. The power to do as he liked with his own was very dear to him, but he could not obliterate the sense of justice which was in his imperious and selfish, yet not altogether undisciplined nature. There were things which he could not do with any ease of mind, and Edmund's disinheritance hurt him, even though he was not brave enough to undo it. The safest thing for him, with that queer feeling in his head against which the doctor had warned him, was to cast that thought behind him, though it was not very easy to do, and above all to avoid agitating conferences with his son whom he had wronged, at the dead of night, so to speak.

"I think I'll go to bed early," said the Squire. "I'm not up to any more worry to-night. To-morrow you can say what you like, Ned: it's fresher and cooler in the morning. I'll hear then all you've got to say."

"It is not very much I have got to say: a few minutes would do it."

"I tell you," cried the Squire angrily, "I can't bear any worry to-night!"

"Don't disturb yourself, sir. I'll see to everything—you may leave it to me," said Stephen. "You ought to be saved all worry, at your time of life."

Mr. Mitford turned furiously upon his younger son, though his head, with that leap of the angry blood to his temples, felt more queer than ever. "What do you know about my time of life?" he asked. "I'll trouble you to let me and my affairs alone. I'll have no man meddle in my affairs. You think I am in my dotage, I suppose; but you shall find out the difference." He could not refrain from a threat, though it was

vague; not like the threats which had failed to subdue Roger, for the shame of changing his mind a second time was strong upon the Squire. He could not, he felt, do that sort of thing a second time.

But when he had retired to his library, and closed the door, though he could shut out both the son he had wronged and the son he had promoted, he could not shut out the troublesome thoughts that tormented him, nor return to the easy mind which used to be his. That shadow of Roger, dead, stood by him as it stood by Stephen, as it stood between Edmund and Elizabeth. The birthright with which, in his passion and self-will, he had interfered would not allow itself to be forgotten. His head continued to throb, the pulse kept on beating in his temples. Finally that commotion in his head, which he could not get the better of, drove him to bed, which was the best place for him, and where he slept heavily but soundly, far beyond the reach of the interrupting and disturbing elements round him. Nothing as yet had occurred in his life which had proved capable of keeping the Squire from his sleep.

Edmund was admitted to an audience next day, when Mr. Mitford was quite himself again. To see him seated there, clean-shaved, faultlessly arrayed in his light shooting suit, with a rosebud in his buttonhole, and his complexion almost as clear as the flower, no one could have believed in the head that felt queer, the temples that beat, the blood which ran in so strong a tide. He looked perfectly cool and calm, as he sat behind his writing-table, in all that fresh array of good health and good manners,—but not, perhaps, perfectly good manners; for he was angry with Edmund still, because he felt that he had wronged him.

"Well," he observed, half roughly, "what is it you have got to say?"

"I feel as if we were boys again, and I was the sneak who was coming to tell.

Have you heard anything about it, sir, from Stephen?"

"Stephen takes too much upon him," answered the Squire. "Whatever may happen in the end, by George! I'm master of my own concerns in the mean time, and neither Stephen nor any one else shall interfere."

"I will make no complaint of Stephen. What I want is that you should protect some poor people, who perhaps don't deserve very much at our hands, but it is not any fault of theirs. It seems strange I should come to you about them. I want to speak about the Fords."

"The Fords!" The Squire muttered something under his breath, which might be forgiven him, though it was not a blessing. "What, that girl again!" he said, with something hoarse and husky in his voice. "Don't tell me that it's you this time, Ned. Is she a witch, or what is she, that her name should come up between us again?"

"It is nothing about her," Edmund cried, with a sense of profounder sympathy with his father than he had yet felt.

But before he could enter into further explanations he was interrupted by Larkins, who came in solemnly with a card. "The gentleman would like to see you, sir, on business," he said.

"Gavelkind! Who's Gavelkind? I've heard the name before. What's his business, — did he tell you what was his business? I can't let every stranger in that comes to me on business. It might be an old-clothes man, for anything one can tell, though I think I know the name; it's a queer name."

"I know both the name and the man, sir; you have met him at Mount Travers. He is the man who manages all their business affairs."

"Oh, at Mount Travers! Show him in, Larkins." The Squire looked up with a half-humorous, puzzled look. He was not humorous by nature, but the occasion moved him. "It can't be her —

herself — sending to propose — for Stephen?" Mr. Mitford said.

"For Stephen!" Edmund did not see any humor in the suggestion. He did not laugh, as his father did; a deep red mounted to his face. "Why for Stephen?" He forgot the absurdity of the idea altogether in the keen pang of thus being left out of all calculation. His mind had not dwelt upon the loss of what was now his birthright, but to be thus put out of the question was a cutting and insulting injury. He awaited the entrance of Mr. Gavelkind with mingled anxiety and offense; of course what the Squire said was altogether ridiculous in every way, but yet — He recovered his common sense, happily, and his usual color before Mr. Gavelkind came in, with his absent look, yet keen, penetrating eyes, his head projecting in a forward stoop from his thin shoulders, a very large hat in his hands.

"I have come from Miss Travers," he said, when he had seated himself. He had given one of his quick looks, as he came in, at Mr. Mitford and his son, but he did not look at the Squire as he spoke. He raised one leg across the knee of the other and caressed it, slowly smoothing the cloth of his trousers as if it had been a child. "I've come to make some inquiries."

Whether he paused to tantalize their curiosity, or to make a little mystery, or to get his breath, or for nothing at all, it would be hard to say; probably the last was the true explanation. He attached no importance to what he had to say, and did not imagine that it would excite any special interest; but half because of the Squire's jest, half from the general excitement which was in the air, both father and son listened as if some special intimation were about to be made.

"Yes?" remarked Mr. Mitford. "I'll be happy to answer any of Miss Travers's inquiries. I only wish she had come to put them herself."

"I suppose that's impossible, in the

circumstances," returned the lawyer. "I'm sure I don't know why. Ladies go to many places a great deal less suitable than the house of a man that might be their father; but that's neither here nor there."

"And of one who would have no objection to be her father," said the Squire, with a laugh. "You can tell her I said so; she has always been a great favorite of mine."

"There are many people with whom she is a favorite, especially now when she has all her uncle's money. Perhaps you, like me, Mr. Mitford, liked her before; but, as I was saying, that's not the question. It appears there's a man in your service whom she wishes to take into hers."

"Several, I should n't wonder," said the Squire, "and there is one I can recommend. To tell the truth, we were planning to go over to Mount Travers for the purpose." And at this intended witticism he laughed loudly, which was not, to do him justice, Mr. Mitford's way. But perhaps to have been seized with a humorous idea had demoralized him. He was proud of the unusual good thing, and wanted to keep up the joke.

"Ah," said Mr. Gavelkind, looking vaguely round with eyes that made a slight pause upon Edmund. The Squire felt that he had made a mistake, and naturally hastened to make it worse.

"No, not that fellow," he cried; "he has n't spirit enough to teach a pretty girl to know her own mind."

It was all so entirely out of character, so unbecoming, almost indecent, such a wild and causeless betrayal of his plans to a man who as likely as not might be his adversary, that the Squire lost his head altogether; and the fact that he was more than half conscious of his folly only made it the greater. "I've got a soldier boy," he added.

Edmund got up, and walked hastily away. It is difficult to sit still and hear

one's own people commit themselves, even when one is not much in sympathy with them. But after that momentary impulse of vexation, he came as hastily back, conscious, as it followed him, though he could not see it, of the sober lawyer's wondering, inquiring glance. "Mr. Gavelkind can scarcely have come to make inquiries concerning your sons, sir," he remarked.

"No," said the lawyer, still smoothing assiduously the cloth of his trousers, "it was not that. Ladies don't make the inquiries they ought in that sort of way. It's about a man of quite a different sort, — far less important, no doubt. He's been gamekeeper at Melcombe, I hear, for a number of years, and now I'm told he's going to be turned off summarily. Miss Travers would take him into her service, knowing something of his family; but she would like to know first if there is anything really against him. Dismissal at a moment's notice, after a service of years, looks bad. It seemed to me that, before allowing her to decide, I had better inquire."

Mr. Mitford looked from Edmund to the speaker, and back again. He had been checked, and almost snubbed, and was aware that he deserved it. The consciousness made him somewhat angry and more than ever severe. "Who is it?" he asked, sharply.

"It's a man of the name of Ford. I suppose I must allow that there's been some kind of negotiation going on before this. For some reason or other, — I suppose because she thought him a trustworthy man, — Miss Travers had offered him" —

"Ford!" said the Squire, interrupting almost rudely. "Why, that's the second time I've heard of Ford this morning, and it was you, Ned" —

"I came to tell you, sir, just what Mr. Gavelkind has told you: that by some mistake, which I don't understand, Ford had been told he must leave at

once. There could be no reason for it, — it could be nothing but a mistake.”

“Ford!” the Squire repeated. “Why, he’s the — hum — ha — I don’t understand what you mean. Ford! I’ve not said anything about Ford. I had forgotten the fellow’s very existence, with all I’ve had to think of.”

“I knew that must be the case,” said Edmund, eagerly. “You see my father had no such intention. It was a mistake.”

“The mistake must have gone pretty far,” said Mr. Gavelkind, “for it appears the man came over this morning to say that he was threatened with the police if he did not turn out to-day.”

“I should like to know by whom!” cried the Squire. “Ford! Well, yes, I was n’t over-pleased with him once. I meant to get rid of them, Ned, you know. I don’t take it kindly of Miss Travers that she should parley with my servants, Mr. Gavelkind, and the fellow had better go; but I never said a word about him, and I should like to know who’s taken upon himself to interfere. It’s a confounded piece of impertinence, whoever has done it.”

“I may conclude, then, that there’s nothing against the man,” said Mr. Gavelkind, with his mild voice. “There’s some private reason which makes Miss Travers take an interest in him. Ladies are governed greatly by private reasons, which they don’t always confide to their man of business. Nothing against him, Mr. Mitford? Trustworthy, and all the rest of it; so that if he does leave your service after all” —

“He’s free to leave my service as soon as he likes!” cried the Squire. “I had very nearly sent him off, — how long is it since, Ned? I’d rather never hear the fellow’s name again. But I don’t think Miss Travers should meddle with another man’s servant,” he said, calming himself down, with his usual prudential afterthought. “I’ve the highest opinion of the lady, — the very

highest opinion; but between gentlemen, Mr. Gavelkind — Ah, I forgot: it’s not between gentlemen; it’s” —

“Between a lady and a man it’s not such plain sailing,” remarked the lawyer. “Some stand out, all the same, and for my part I think none the worse of them; but a great many give in; and when you’re not married to them, nor bound to them,” Mr. Gavelkind added, reflectively, “perhaps it is the best way.”

“She’s got no preserves that I know of, and not much forest land nor wood of any kind to speak of: what does she want with Ford? On second thoughts,” said the Squire, with a vague notion that Ford had something to tell which might be supposed to be to the discredit of the family, “I think I’d rather keep the man. He knows every inch of my covers, and he’s useful in his way.”

“But since he’s ordered off, on the risk of being turned out by the police if he does n’t go to-day” —

This brought the purple flush again to Mr. Mitford’s brow. “I’ve got to find out who’s done that!” he cried. “Who’s done it, Ned? It’s confounded impertinence, whoever it is. By George! if I find the man who has taken it upon himself to interfere” —

“I think I’ve accomplished my business,” said Mr. Gavelkind. “I must n’t stop you from proceeding with yours. The man’s honest, I may say, if it should come to anything with Miss Travers? Present employer wishing to retain him always the best testimonial. No, she does n’t do anything in the way of game, and what she wants with a keeper is more than I can say. But ladies go upon private reasons, and nothing more was confided to me. I wish you good-morning, Mr. Mitford.” The old lawyer gave Edmund a look which indicated his desire for further talk. “I wish you’d come and see them,” he said, in a low tone, as Edmund accompanied him to the door. “There’s something going on I don’t understand.

There's some mystery among the ladies, I don't know what it is. I wish you'd come and see."

"I fear I have no eye for mysteries; and I am not sure that they care to see me; why should they? I am not a very cheerful guest."

"Of course they care to see you," said the old lawyer. "Don't lose your chance for nonsense, if you'll allow me to say so. And you know a little about human nature, so you must have an eye for mysteries. Come and see them; and come while I'm still there."

M. O. W. Oliphant.

T. B. Aldrich.

THE ADOPTION OF THE CONSTITUTION.

It was on the 17th of September, 1787, that the Federal Convention broke up. For most of the delegates there was a long and tedious journey home before they could meet their fellow-citizens and explain what had been done at Philadelphia during this anxious summer. Not so, however, with Benjamin Franklin and the Pennsylvania delegation. At eleven o'clock on the next morning, radiant with delight at seeing one of the most cherished purposes of his life so nearly accomplished, the venerable philosopher, attended by his seven colleagues, presented to the legislature of Pennsylvania a copy of the Federal Constitution, and in a brief but pithy speech, characterized by his usual homely wisdom, begged for it their most favorable consideration. His words fell upon willing ears, for nowhere was the disgust at the prevailing anarchy greater than in Philadelphia. But still it was not quite in order for the assembly to act upon the matter until word should come from the Continental Congress. Since its ignominious flight to Princeton, four years ago, that migratory body had not honored Philadelphia with its presence. It had once flitted as far south as Annapolis, but at length had chosen for its abiding-place the city of New York, where it was now in session. To Congress the new Constitution must be submitted before it was in order for the several States to take action upon it.

On the 20th of September the draft of the Constitution was laid before Congress, accompanied by a letter from Washington. The forces of the opposition were promptly mustered. At their head was Richard Henry Lee, who eleven years ago had moved in Congress the Declaration of Independence. He was ably supported by Nathan Dane, of Massachusetts, and the delegation from New York were unanimous in their determination to obstruct any movement toward a closer union with the States. Their tactics were vigorous, but the majority in Congress were against them, especially after the return of Madison from Philadelphia. Madison, aided by Edward Carrington and young Henry Lee, the famous leader of light horse, succeeded in every division in carrying the vote of Virginia in favor of the Constitution and against the obstructive measures of the elder Lee. The objection was first raised that the new Constitution would put an end to the Continental Congress, and that in recommending it to the States for consideration Congress would be virtually asking them to terminate its own existence. Was it right or proper for Congress thus to have a hand in signing its own death-warrant? But this flimsy argument was quickly overturned. Seven months before Congress had recognized the necessity for calling the Convention together; whatever need for its work existed then,

there was the same need now ; and by refusing to take due cognizance of it Congress would simply stultify itself. The opposition then tried to clog the measure by proposing amendments, but they were outgeneraled, and after eight days' discussion it was voted that the new Constitution, together with Washington's letter, "be transmitted to the several legislatures, in order to be submitted to a convention of delegates in each State by the people thereof, in conformity to the resolves of the convention."

The submission of the Constitution to the people of the States was the signal for the first formation of political parties on a truly national issue. During the war there had indeed been Whigs and Tories, but their strife had not been like the ordinary strife of political parties ; it was actual warfare. Irredeemably discredited from the outset, the Tories had been overridden and outlawed from one end of the Union to the other. They had never been able to hold up their heads as a party in opposition. Since the close of the war there had been local parties in the various States, divided on issues of hard and soft money, or the impost, or state rights, and these issues had coincided in many of the States. During the autumn of 1787 all these elements were segregated into two great political parties, whose character and views are sufficiently described by their names. Those who supported the new Constitution were henceforth known as Federalists ; those who were opposed to strengthening the bond between the States were called Antifederalists. It was fit that their name should have this merely negative significance, for their policy at this time was purely a policy of negation and obstruction. Care must be taken not to confound them with the Democratic - Republicans, or strict constructionists, who appear in opposition to the Federalists soon after the adoption of the Constitution. The earlier short-

lived party furnished a great part of its material to the later one, but the attitude of the strict constructionists under the Constitution was very different from that of the Antifederalists. Madison, the second Republican president, was now the most energetic of Federalists ; and Jefferson, soon to become the founder of the Democratic-Republican party, wrote from Paris, saying, "The Constitution is a good canvas, on which some strokes only want retouching." He found the same fault with it that was found by many of the ablest and most patriotic men in the country, — that it failed to include a bill of rights ; but at the same time he declared that while he was not of the party of Federalists, he was much further from that of the Antifederalists. The Federal Convention he characterized as "an assembly of demi-gods."

The first contest over the new Constitution came in Pennsylvania. The Federalists in that State were numerous, but their opponents had one point in their favor which they did not fail to make the most of. The constitution of Pennsylvania was peculiar. Its legislature consisted of a single house, and its president was chosen by that house. Therefore, said the Antifederalists, if we approve of a Federal Constitution which provides for a legislature of two houses and chooses a President by the device of an electoral college, we virtually condemn the state constitution under which we live. This cry was raised with no little effect. But some of the strongest immediate causes of opposition to the new Constitution were wanting in Pennsylvania. The friends of paper money were few there, and the objections to the control of the central government over commerce were weaker than in many of the other States. The Antifederalists were strongest in the mountain districts west of the Susquehanna, where the somewhat lawless population looked askance at any plan that savored

of a stronger government and a more regular collection of revenue. In the eastern counties, and especially in Philadelphia, the Federalists could count upon a heavy majority.

The contest began in the legislature on the 28th of September, the very day on which Congress decided to submit the Constitution to the States, and before the news of its action had reached Philadelphia. The zeal of the Federalists was so intense that they could wait no longer, and they hurried the event with a high-handed vigor that was not altogether seemly. The assembly was on the eve of breaking up, and a new election was to be held on the first Tuesday of November. The Antifederalists hoped to make a stirring campaign, and secure such a majority in the new legislature as to prevent the Constitution from being laid before the people. But their game was frustrated by George Clymer, who had sat in the Federal Convention, and now most unexpectedly moved that a state convention be called to consider the proposed form of government. Great was the wrath of the Antifederalists. Mr. Clymer was quite out of order, they said. Congress had not yet sent them the Constitution; and besides, no such motion could be made without notice given beforehand, nor could it be voted on till it had passed three readings. Parliamentary usage was certainly on the side of the Antifederalists, but the majority were clamorous, and overwhelmed them with cries of "Question, question!" The question was then put, and carried by 43 votes against 19, and the House adjourned till four o'clock. Before going to their dinners the 19 held an indignation meeting, at which it was decided that they would foil these outrageous proceedings by staying away. It took 47 to make a quorum, and without these malcontents the assembly numbered but 45. When the House was called to order after dinner, it was found there were but 45 members present. The

sergeant-at-arms was sent to summon the delinquents, but they defied him, and so it became necessary to adjourn till next morning. It was now the turn of the Federalists to uncork the vials of wrath. The affair was discussed in the taverns till after midnight, the 19 were abused without stint, and soon after breakfast, next morning, two of them were visited by a crowd of men, who broke into their lodgings and dragged them off to the State House, where they were forcibly held down in their seats, growling and muttering curses. This made a quorum, and a state convention was immediately appointed for the 20th of November. Before these proceedings were concluded, an express-rider brought the news from New York that Congress had submitted the Constitution to the judgment of the States.

And now there ensued such a war of pamphlets, broadsides, caricatures, squibs, and stump-speeches as had never yet been seen in America. Cato and Aristides, Cincinnatus and Plain Truth, were out in full force. What was the matter with the old confederation? asked the Antifederalists. Had it not conducted a glorious and triumphant war? Had it not set us free from the oppression of England? That there was some trouble now in the country could not be denied, but all would be right if people would only curb their extravagance, wear homespun clothes, and obey the laws. There was government enough in the country already. This Philadelphia convention ought to be distrusted. Some of its members, such as John Dickinson and Robert Morris, had opposed the Declaration of Independence. Pretty men these, to be offering us a new government! You might be sure there was a British cloven foot in it somewhere. Their convention had sat four months with closed doors, as if they were afraid to let people know what they were about. Nobody could tell what secret conspiracies against Ameri-

can liberty might not have been hatched in all that time. One thing was sure: the convention had squabbled. Some members had gone home in a huff; others had refused to sign a document fraught with untold evils to the country. And now came James Wilson, making speeches in behalf of this precious Constitution, and trying to pull the wool over people's eyes and persuade them to adopt it. Who was James Wilson, any way? A Scotchman, a countryman of Lord Bute, a born aristocrat, a snob, a patrician, Jimmy, James de Caledonia. Beware of any form of government defended by such a man. And as to the other members of the convention, there was Roger Sherman, who had signed the Articles of Confederation, and was now trying to undo his own work. What confidence could be placed in a man who did not know his own mind any better than that? Then there were Hamilton and Madison, mere boys; and Franklin, an old dotard, a man in his second childhood. And as to Washington, he was doubtless a good soldier, but what did he know about politics? So said the more moderate of the malcontents, hesitating for the moment to speak disrespectfully of such a man; but presently their zeal got the better of them, and in a paper signed "Centinel" it was boldly declared that Washington was a born fool!

From the style and temper of these arguments one clearly sees that the Antifederalists in Pennsylvania felt from the beginning that the day was going against them. Sixteen of the men who had seceded from the assembly, headed by Robert Whitehill, of Carlisle, issued a manifesto setting forth the ill treatment they had received, and sounding an alarm against the dangers of tyranny to which the new Constitution was already exposing them. They were assisted by Richard Henry Lee, who published a series of papers entitled *Letters from the Federal Farmer*, and scattered

thousands of copies through the State of Pennsylvania. He did not deny that the government needed reforming, but in the proposed plan he saw the seeds of aristocracy and of centralization. The chief objections to the Constitution were that it created a national legislature in which the vote was to be by individuals, and not by States; that it granted to this body an unlimited power of taxation; that it gave too much power to the federal judiciary; that it provided for paying the salaries of members of Congress out of the federal treasury, and would thus make them independent of their own States; that it required an oath of allegiance to the federal government; and finally, that it did not include a bill of rights. These objections were very elaborately set forth by the leading Antifederalists in the state convention; but the logic and eloquence of James Wilson bore down all opposition. The Antifederalists resorted to filibustering. Five days, it is said, were used up in settling the meanings of the two words "annihilation" and "consolidation." In this way the convention was kept sitting for nearly three weeks, when news came from "the Delaware State," as it used then to be called in Pennsylvania. The concession of an equal representation in the Federal Senate had removed the only ground of opposition in Delaware, and the Federalists had everything their own way there. In a convention assembled at Dover, on the 6th of December, the Constitution was ratified without a single dissenting voice. Thus did this little State lead the way in the good work. The news was received with exultation by the Federalists at Philadelphia, and on the 12th Pennsylvania ratified the Constitution by a two-thirds vote of 46 to 23. The next day all business was quite at a standstill, while the town gave itself up to processions and merry-making. The convention of New Jersey had assembled at Trenton on the 11th, and one week

later, on the 18th, it ratified the Constitution unanimously.

A most auspicious beginning had thus been made. Three States, one third of the whole number required, had ratified almost at the same moment. Two of these, moreover, were small States, which at the beginning of the Federal Convention had been obstinately opposed to any fundamental change in the government. It was just here that the Federalists were now strongest. The Connecticut compromise had wrought with telling effect, not only in the convention, but upon the people of the States. When the news from Trenton was received in Pennsylvania, there was great rejoicing in the eastern counties, while beyond the Susquehanna there were threats of armed rebellion. On the day after Christmas, as the Federalists of Carlisle were about to light a bonfire on the common and fire a salute, they were driven off the field by a mob armed with bludgeons, their rickety old cannon was spiked, and an almanac for the new year, containing a copy of the Constitution, was duly cursed, and then burned. Next day the Federalists, armed with muskets, came back, and went through with their ceremonies. Their opponents did not venture to molest them; but after they had dispersed, an Antifederalist demonstration was made, and effigies of James Wilson and Thomas McKean, another prominent Federalist, were dragged to the common, and there burned at the stake.

The action of Delaware and New Jersey had shown that the Antifederalists could not build any hopes upon the antagonism between large and small States. It was thought, however, that the Southern States would unite in opposing the Constitution from their dread of becoming commercially subjected to New England. But the compromise on the slave-trade had broken through this opposition. On the 2d of January, 1788, the Constitution was ratified in Georgia

without a word of dissent. One week later Connecticut ratified by a vote of 128 to 40, after a session of only five days. The hopes of the Antifederalists now rested upon Massachusetts, where the state convention assembled on the 9th of January, the same day on which that of Connecticut broke up. Should Massachusetts refuse to ratify, there would be no hope for the Constitution. Even should nine States adopt it without her, no one supposed a Federal Union feasible from which so great a State should be excluded. Her action, too, would have a marked effect upon other States. It could not be denied that the outlook in Massachusetts was far from encouraging. The embers of the Shays Rebellion still smouldered there, and in the mountain counties of Worcester and Berkshire were heard loud murmurs of discontent. Laws impairing the obligation of contracts were just what these hard-pressed farmers desired, and by the proposed Constitution all such laws were forever prohibited. The people of the district of Maine, which had formed part of Massachusetts for nearly a century, were anxious to set up an independent government for themselves; and they feared that if they were to enter into the new and closer Federal Union as part of that State, they might hereafter find it impossible to detach themselves. For this reason half of the Maine delegates were opposed to the Constitution. In none of the thirteen States, moreover, was there a more intense devotion to state rights than in Massachusetts. Nowhere had local self-government reached a higher degree of efficiency; nowhere had the town meeting flourished with such vigor. It was especially characteristic of men trained in the town meeting to look with suspicion upon all delegated power, upon all authority that was to be exercised from a distance. They believed it to be all important that people should manage their own affairs, instead of having them

managed by other people; and so far had this principle been carried that the towns of Massachusetts were like little semi-independent republics, and the State was like a league of such republics, whose representatives, sitting in the state legislature, were like delegates strictly bound by instructions rather than untrammelled members of a deliberative body. To men trained in such a school, it would naturally seem that the new Constitution delegated altogether too much power to a governing body which must necessarily be remote from most of its constituents. It was feared that some sort of tyranny might grow out of this, and such fears were entertained by men who were not in the slightest degree infected with Shaysism, as the political disease of the inland counties was then called. Such fears were entertained by the greatest citizen that Massachusetts has ever produced, the man who has been well described as preëminently "the man of the town meeting," — Samuel Adams. The limitations of this great man, as well as his powers, were those which belonged to him as chief among the men of English race who have swayed society through the medium of the ancient folk mote. At this time he was believed by many to be hostile to the new Constitution, and his influence in Massachusetts was still greater than that of any other man. Besides this, it was thought that the governor, John Hancock, was half-hearted in his support of the Constitution, and it was in everybody's mouth that Elbridge Gerry had refused to set his name to that document because he felt sure it would create a tyranny.

Such symptoms encouraged the Antifederalists in the hope that Massachusetts would reject the Constitution and ruin the plans of the "visionary young men" — as Richard Henry Lee called them — who had swayed the Federal Convention. But there were strong forces at work in the opposite direction.

In Boston and all the large coast towns, even those of the Maine district, the dominant feeling was Federalist. All well-to-do people had been alarmed by the Shays insurrection, and merchants, shipwrights, and artisans of every sort were convinced that there was no prosperity in store for them until the federal government should have control over commerce, and be enabled to make its strength felt on the seas and in Europe. In these views Samuel Adams shared so thoroughly that his attitude toward the Constitution at this moment was really that of a waverer rather than an opponent. Amid balancing considerations he found it for some time hard to make up his mind.

In the convention which met on the 9th of January there sat Gorham, Strong, and King, who had taken part in the Federal Convention. There were also Samuel Adams and James Bowdoin; the revolutionary generals, Heath and Lincoln; and the rising statesmen, Sedgwick, Parsons, and Fisher Ames, whose eloquence was soon to become so famous. There were twenty-four clergymen, of various denominations, — men of sound scholarship, and several of them eminent for worldly wisdom and liberality of temper. Governor Hancock presided, gorgeous in crimson velvet and finest laces, while about the room sat many browned and weatherbeaten farmers, among whom were at least eighteen who hardly a year ago had marched over the pine-clad mountain ridges of Petersham, under the banner of the rebel Shays. It was a wholesome no less than a generous policy that let these men come in and freely speak their minds. The air was thus the sooner cleared of discontent; the disease was thus the more likely to heal itself. In all there were three hundred and fifty-five delegates present, — a much larger number than took part in any of the other state conventions. The people of all parts of Massachusetts were very thoroughly represented, as be-

fitted the State which was preëminent in the active political life of its town meetings, and the work done here was in some respects decisive in its effect upon the adoption of the Constitution.

The convention began by overhauling that document from beginning to end, discussing it clause by clause with somewhat wearisome minuteness. Some of the objections seem odd to us at this time, with our larger experience. It was several days before the minds of the country members could be reconciled to the election of representatives for so long a period as two years. They had not been wont to delegate power to anybody for so long a time, not even to their selectmen, whom they had always under their eyes. How much more dangerous was it likely to prove if delegated authority were to be exercised for so long a period at some distant federal city, such as the Constitution contemplated! There was a vague dread that in some indescribable way the new Congress might contrive to make its sittings perpetual, and thus become a tyrannical oligarchy, which might tax the people without their consent. And then as to this federal city, there were some who did not like the idea. A district ten miles square! Was not that a great space to give up to the uncontrolled discretion of the federal government, wherein it could wreak its tyrannical will without let or hindrance? One of the delegates thought he could be reconciled to the new Constitution if this district could only be narrowed down to one mile square. And then there was the power granted to Congress to maintain a standing army, of which the President was to be *ex officio* commander-in-chief. Did not this open the door for a Cromwell? It was to be a standing army for at least two years, since this was the shortest period between elections. Why, even the British Parliament, since 1688, did not keep up a standing army for more than one year

at a time, but renewed its existence annually under what was termed the Mutiny Act. But what need of a standing army at all? Would it not be sure to provoke needless disorders? Had they already forgotten the Boston Massacre, in spite of all the orations that had been delivered in the Old South Meeting-House? A militia, organized under the town-meeting system, was surely all-sufficient. Such a militia had won glorious triumphs at Lexington and Bennington; and at King's Mountain, had not an army of militia surrounded and captured an army of regulars led by one of England's most skillful officers? What more could you ask? Clearly this plan for a standing army foreboded tyranny. Upon this point Mr. Nason, from the Maine district, had his say, in tones of inimitable bombast. "Had I the voice of Jove," said he, "I would proclaim it throughout the world; and had I an arm like Jove, I would hurl from the globe those villains that would dare attempt to establish in our country a standing army!"

Next came the complaint that the Constitution did not recognize the existence of God, and provided no religious tests for candidates for federal offices. But, strange to say, this objection did not come from the clergy. It was urged by some of the country members, but the ministers in the convention were nearly unanimous in opposing it. There had been a remarkable change of sentiment among the clergy of this State, which had begun its existence as a theocracy, in which none but church members could vote or hold office. The seeds of modern liberalism had been planted in their minds. When Amos Singletary, of Sutton, declared it to be scandalous that a Papist or an infidel should be as eligible to office as a Christian, — a remark which naively assumed that Roman Catholics were not Christians, — the Rev. Daniel Shute, of Hingham, replied that no conceivable advan-

tage could result from a religious test. Yes, said the Rev. Philip Payson, of Chelsea, "human tribunals for the consciences of men are impious encroachments upon the prerogatives of God. A religious test, as a qualification for office, would have been a great blemish." "In reason and in the Holy Scripture," said the Rev. Isaac Backus, of Middleborough, "religion is ever a matter between God and the individual; the imposing of religious tests hath been the greatest engine of tyranny in the world." With this liberal stand firmly taken by the ministers, the religious objection was speedily overruled.

Then the clause which allows Congress to regulate the times, places, and manner of holding federal elections was severely criticised. It was feared that Congress would take advantage of this provision to destroy the freedom of elections. It was further objected that members of Congress, being paid their salaries from the federal treasury, would become too independent of their constituents. Federal collectors of revenue, moreover, would not be so likely to act with moderation and justice as collectors appointed by the State. Then it was very doubtful whether the people could support the expense of an elaborate federal government. They were already scarcely able to pay their town, county, and state taxes; was it to be supposed they could bear the additional burden with which federal taxation would load them? Then the compromise on the slave-trade was fiercely attacked. They did not wish to have a hand in licensing this nefarious traffic for twenty years. But it was urged, on the other hand, that by prohibiting the foreign slave-trade after 1808 the Constitution was really dealing a death-blow to slavery; and this opinion prevailed.

During the whole course of the discussion, observed the Rev. Samuel West, of New Bedford, it seemed to be taken for granted that the federal government

was going to be put into the hands of crafty knaves. "I wish," said he, "that the gentlemen who have started so many possible objections would try to show us that what they so much deprecate is *probable*. . . . Because power *may* be abused, shall we be reduced to anarchy? What hinders our state legislatures from abusing their powers? . . . May we not rationally suppose that the persons we shall choose to administer the government will be, in general, good men?" General Thompson said he was surprised to hear such an argument from a clergyman, who was professionally bound to maintain that all men were totally depraved. For his part he believed they were so, and he could prove it from the Old Testament. "I would not trust them," echoed Abraham White, of Bristol, "though every one of them should be a Moses."

This feeling of distrust was strongest among the farmers from the mountain districts. As Rufus King said, they objected, not so much to the Constitution as to the men who made it and the men who sang its praises. They hated lawyers, and were jealous of wealthy merchants. "These lawyers," said Amos Singletary, "and men of learning, and moneyed men that talk so finely and gloss over matters so smoothly, to make us poor illiterate people swallow the pill, expect to get into Congress themselves. They mean to be managers of the Constitution. They mean to get all the money into their hands, and then they will swallow up us little folk, like the great Leviathan, Mr. President; yes, just as the whale swallowed up Jonah." Here a more liberal-minded farmer, Jonathan Smith, of Lanesborough, rose to reply with references to the Shays Rebellion, which presently called forth cries of "Order!" from some of the members. Samuel Adams said the gentleman was quite in order, — let him go on in his own way. "I am a plain man," said Mr. Smith, "and am not

used to speak in public, but I am going to show the effects of anarchy, that you may see why I wish for good government. Last winter people took up arms, and then, if you went to speak to them, you had the musket of death presented to your breast. They would rob you of your property, threaten to burn your houses, oblige you to be on your guard night and day. Alarms spread from town to town, families were broken up; the tender mother would cry, 'Oh, my son is among them! What shall I do for my child?' Some were taken captive; children taken out of their schools and carried away. . . . How dreadful was this! Our distress was so great that we should have been glad to snatch at anything that looked like a government. . . . Now, Mr. President, when I saw this Constitution, I found that it was a cure for these disorders. I got a copy of it, and read it over and over. . . . I did not go to any lawyer, to ask his opinion; we have no lawyer in our town, and we do well enough without. My honorable old daddy there [pointing to Mr. Singletary] won't think that I expect to be a Congressman, and swallow up the liberties of the people. I never had any post, nor do I want one. But I don't think the worse of the Constitution because lawyers, and men of learning, and moneyed men are fond of it. I am not of such a jealous make. They that are honest men themselves are not apt to suspect other people. . . . Brother farmers, let us suppose a case, now. Suppose you had a farm of 50 acres, and your title was disputed, and there was a farm of 5000 acres joined to you that belonged to a man of learning, and his title was involved in the same difficulty: would you not be glad to have him for your friend, rather than to stand alone in the dispute? Well, the case is the same. These lawyers, these moneyed men, these men of learning, are all embarked in the same cause with us, and we must all sink or swim together. Shall we

throw the Constitution overboard because it does not please us all alike? Suppose two or three of you had been at the pains to break up a piece of rough land and sow it with wheat: would you let it lie waste because you could not agree what sort of a fence to make? Would it not be better to put up a fence that did not please every one's fancy, rather than keep disputing about it until the wild beasts came in and devoured the crop? Some gentlemen say, Don't be in a hurry; take time to consider. I say, There is a time to sow and a time to reap. We sowed our seed when we sent men to the Federal Convention, now is the time to reap the fruit of our labor; and if we do not do it now, I am afraid we shall never have another opportunity."

It may be doubted whether all the eloquence of Fisher Ames could have stated the case more forcibly than it was put by this plain farmer from the Berkshire hills. Upon Ames, with King, Parsons, Bowdoin, and Strong, fell the principal work in defending the Constitution. For the first two weeks, Samuel Adams scarcely opened his mouth, but listened with anxious care to everything that was said on either side. The convention was so evenly divided that there could be no doubt that his single voice would decide the result. Every one eagerly awaited his opinion. In the debate on the two years' term of members of Congress, he had asked Caleb Strong the reason why the Federal Convention had decided upon so long a term; and when it was explained as a necessary compromise between the usages of so many States, he replied, "I am satisfied." "Will Mr. Adams kindly say that again?" asked one of the members. "I am satisfied," he repeated; and not another word was said on the subject in all those weeks. So profound was the faith of this intelligent and skeptical and independent people in the sound judgment and unswerving integrity of the

Father of the Revolution ! As the weeks went by, and the issue seemed still dubious, the workingmen of Boston, shipwrights and brass-founders and other mechanics, decided to express their opinion in a way that they knew Samuel Adams would heed. They held a meeting at the Green Dragon tavern, passed resolutions in favor of the Constitution, and appointed a committee, with Paul Revere at its head, to make known these resolutions to the great popular leader. When Adams had read the paper, he asked of Paul Revere, "How many mechanics were at the Green Dragon when these resolutions passed?" "More, sir, than the Green Dragon could hold." "And where were the rest, Mr. Revere?" "In the streets, sir." "And how many were in the streets?" "More, sir, than there are stars in the sky."

Between Samuel Adams and Thomas Jefferson there were several points of resemblance, the chief of which was an intense faith in the sound common sense of the mass of the people. This faith was one of the strongest attributes of both these great men. It has usually been supposed that it was this incident of the meeting at the Green Dragon that determined Adams's final attitude in the state convention. Unquestionably, such a demonstration must have had great weight with him. But at the same time the affair was taking such a turn as would have decided him, even without the aid of this famous mass-meeting. The long delay in the decision of the Massachusetts convention had carried the excitement to fever heat throughout the country. Not only were people from New Hampshire and New York and naughty Rhode Island waiting anxiously about Boston to catch every crumb of news they could get, but intrigues were going on, as far south as Virginia, to influence the result. On the 21st of January the Boston Gazette came out with a warning, headed by enormous capitals with three exclamation-points:

"Bribery and Corruption!!!" The most diabolical plan is on foot to corrupt the members of the convention who oppose the adoption of the new Constitution. Large sums of money have been brought from a neighboring State for that purpose, contributed by the wealthy. If so, is it not probable there may be collections for the same accursed purpose nearer home?" No adequate investigation ever determined whether this charge was true or not. We may hope that it was ill-founded; but our general knowledge of human nature must compel us to admit that there was probably a grain of truth in it. But what was undeniable was that Richard Henry Lee wrote a letter to Gerry, urging that Massachusetts should not adopt the Constitution without insisting upon sundry amendments; and in order to consider these amendments, it was suggested that there should be another Federal Convention. At this anxious crisis, Washington suddenly threw himself into the breach with that infallible judgment of his which always saw the way to victory. "If another Federal Convention is attempted," said Washington, "its members will be more discordant, and will agree upon no general plan. The Constitution is the best that can be obtained at this time. . . . The Constitution or disunion are before us to choose from. If the Constitution is our choice, a constitutional door is open for amendments, and they may be adopted in a peaceable manner, without tumult or disorder." When this advice of Washington's reached Boston, it set in motion a train of events which soon solved the difficulty, both for Massachusetts and for the other States which had not yet made up their mind. Chief among the objections to the Constitution had been the fact that it did not contain a bill of rights. It did not guarantee religious liberty, freedom of speech and of the press, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and petition the gov-

ernment for a redress of grievances. It did not provide against the quartering of soldiers upon the people in time of peace. It did not provide against general search-warrants, nor did it securely prescribe the methods by which individuals should be held to answer for criminal offenses. It did not even provide that nobody should be burned at the stake or stretched on the rack, for holding peculiar opinions about the nature of God or the origin of evil. That such objections to the Constitution seem strange to us to-day is partly due to the determined attitude of the men who, amid all the troubles of the time, would not consent to any arrangement from which such safeguards to free thinking and free living should be omitted. The friends of the Constitution in Boston now proposed that the convention, while adopting it, should suggest sundry amendments containing the essential provisions of a bill of rights. It was not intended that the ratification should be conditional. Under the circumstances, a conditional ratification might prove as disastrous as rejection. It might lead to a second Federal Convention, in which the good work already accomplished might be undone. The ratification was to be absolute, and the amendments were offered in the hope that action would be taken upon them as soon as the new government should go into operation. There could be little doubt that the suggestion would be heeded, not only from the importance of Massachusetts in the Union, but also from the fact that Virginia and other States would be sure to follow her example in suggesting such amendments. This forecast proved quite correct, and it was in this way that the first ten amendments originated, which were acted on by Congress in 1790, and became part of the Constitution in 1791. As soon as this plan had been matured, Hancock proposed it to the convention; the hearty support of Adams was immediately in-

sured, and within a week from that time, on the 6th of February, the Constitution was ratified by the narrow majority of 187 votes against 168. On that same day Jefferson, in Paris, wrote to Madison: "I wish with all my soul that the nine first conventions may accept the new Constitution, to secure to us the good it contains; but I equally wish that the four latest, whichever they may be, may refuse to accede to it till a declaration of rights be annexed; but no objection to the new form must produce a schism in our Union." But as soon as he heard of the action of Massachusetts, he approved it as preferable to his own idea, and he wrote home urging Virginia to follow the example.

Massachusetts was thus the sixth State to ratify the Constitution. On that day the name of the Long Lane by the meeting-house where the convention had sat was changed to Federal Street. The Boston people, said Henry Knox, had quite lost their senses with joy. The two counties of Worcester and Berkshire had given but 14 yeas against 59 nays, but the farmers went home declaring that they should cheerfully abide by the decision of the majority. Not a murmur was heard from any one.

About the time that the Massachusetts convention broke up, that of New Hampshire assembled at Exeter; but after a brief discussion it was decided to adjourn until June, in order to see how the other States would act. On the 21st of April the Maryland convention assembled at Annapolis. All the winter Patrick Henry had been busily intriguing, with the hope of inducing the Southern States to establish a separate confederacy; but he had made little headway anywhere, and none at all in Maryland, where his influence was completely counteracted by that of Washington. Above all things, said Washington, do not let the convention adjourn till the matter is decided, for the Antifederalists are taking no end of comfort from the post-

ponement in New Hampshire. Their glee was short-lived, however. Some of Maryland's strongest men, such as Luther Martin and Samuel Chase, were Antifederalists; but their efforts were of no avail. After a session of five days the Constitution was ratified by a vote of 63 to 11. Whatever damage New Hampshire might have done was thus more than made good. The eyes of the whole country were now turned upon the eighth State, South Carolina. Her convention was to meet at Charleston on the 12th of May, the anniversary of the day on which General Lincoln had surrendered that city to Sir Henry Clinton; but there had been a decisive preliminary struggle in the legislature in January. The most active of the Antifederalists was Rawlins Lowndes, who had opposed the Declaration of Independence. Lowndes was betrayed into silliness. "We are now," said he, "under a most excellent constitution, — a blessing from Heaven, that has stood the test of time [!], and given us liberty and independence; yet we are impatient to pull down that fabric which we raised at the expense of our blood." This was not very convincing to the assembly, most of the members knowing full well that the fabric had not stood the test of time, but had already tumbled in by reason of its vicious construction. A more effective plea was that which referred to the slave-trade. "What cause is there," said Lowndes, "for jealousy of our importing negroes? Why confine us to twenty years? Why limit us at all? This trade can be justified on the principles of religion and humanity. They do not like our having slaves because they have none themselves, and therefore want to exclude us from this great advantage." Cotesworth Pinckney replied: "By this settlement we have secured an unlimited importation of negroes for twenty years. The general government can never emancipate them,

for no such authority is granted, and it is admitted on all hands that the general government has no powers but what are expressly granted by the Constitution. We have obtained a right to recover our slaves in whatever part of the country they may take refuge, which is a right we had not before. In short, considering all circumstances, we have made the best terms in our power for the security of this species of property. We would have made better if we could; but, on the whole, I do not think them bad." Perhaps Pinckney would not have assumed exactly this tone at Philadelphia, but at Charleston the argument was convincing. Lowndes then sounded the alarm that the New England States would monopolize the carrying-trade and charge ruinous freights, and he drew a harrowing picture of warehouses packed to bursting with rice, and indigo spoiling because the owners could not afford to pay the Yankee skippers' prices for carrying their goods to market. But Pinckney rejoined that a Yankee shipmaster in quest of cargoes would not be likely to ruin his own chances for getting them, and he called attention to the great usefulness of the Eastern merchant marine as affording material for a navy, and thus contributing to the defense of the country. Finally Lowndes put in a plea for paper money, but with little success. The result of the debate set the matter so clearly before the people that a great majority of Federalists were elected to the convention. Among them were Gadsden, the Rutledges and the Pinckneys, Moultrie, and William Washington, who had become a citizen of the State from which he had helped to expel the British invader. The Antifederalists were largely represented by men from the upland counties, belonging to a population in which there was considerable likeness all along the Appalachian chain of mountains, from Pennsylvania to the southern extremity of the range. There were among them many

"moonshiners," as they were called, — distillers of illicit whiskey, — and they did not relish the idea of a federal excise. At their head was Thomas Sumter, a convert to Patrick Henry's scheme for a Southern confederacy. Their policy was one of delay and obstruction, but it availed them little, for on the 23d of May, after a session of eleven days, South Carolina ratified the Constitution by a vote of 149 against 73.

The sound policy of the Federal Convention in adopting the odious compromise over the slave-trade was now about to bear fruit. In Virginia there had grown up a party which favored the establishment of a separate Southern confederacy. By the action of South Carolina all such schemes were now nipped in the bud. Of the States south of Mason and Dixon's line, three had now ratified the Constitution, so that any separate confederacy could now consist only of Virginia and North Carolina. The reason for this short-lived separatist feeling in Virginia was to be found in the complications which had grown out of the attempt of Spain to close the Mississippi River. It will be remembered that only two years before Jay had actually recommended to Congress that the right to navigate the Lower Mississippi be surrendered for twenty-five years, in exchange for a favorable commercial treaty with Spain. The New England States, caring nothing for the distant Mississippi, supported this measure in Congress; and this narrow and selfish policy naturally created alarm in Virginia, which, in her district of Kentucky, touched upon the great river. Thus to the vague dread of the Southern States in general, in the event of New England's controlling the commercial policy of the government, there was added, in Virginia's case, a specific fear. If the New England people were thus ready to barter away the vital interests of a remote part of the country, what might they not do? Would they ever stop at any-

thing so long as they could go on building up their commerce? This feeling strongly influenced Patrick Henry in his desire for a separate confederacy; and we have seen how Randolph and Mason, in the Federal Convention, were so disturbed at the power given to Congress to regulate commerce by a simple majority of votes that they refused to set their names to the Constitution. They alleged further reasons for their refusal, but this was the chief one. They wanted a two-thirds vote to be required, in order that the South might retain the means of protecting itself. Under these circumstances the opposition to the Constitution was very strong, and but for the action of South Carolina the party in favor of a separate confederacy might have been capable of doing much mischief. As it was, since that party had actively intrigued both in South Carolina and Maryland, the ratification of the Constitution by both these States was a direct rebuff. It quite demoralized the advocates of secession. The paper-money men, moreover, were handicapped by the fact that two of the most powerful Antifederalists, Mason and Lee, were determined opponents of a paper currency, so that this subject had to be dropped or very gingerly dealt with. The strength of the Antifederalists, though impaired by these causes, was still very great. The contest was waged with all the more intensity of feeling because, since eight States had now adopted the Constitution, the verdict of Virginia would be decisive. The convention met at Richmond on the 2d of June, and Edmund Pendleton was chosen president. Foremost among the Antifederalists was Patrick Henry, whose eloquence was now as zealously employed against the new government as it had been in bygone days against the usurpations of Great Britain. He was supported by Mason, Lee, and Grayson, as well as by Benjamin Harrison and John Tyler, the fathers of two future Presi-

dents ; and he could count on the votes of most of the delegates from the midland counties, from the south bank of the James River, and from Kentucky. But the united talents of the opposition had no chance of success in a conflict with the genius and tact of Madison, who at one moment crushed, at another conciliated, his opponent, but always won the day. To Madison, more than any other man, the Federalist victory was due. But he was ably seconded by Governor Randolph, whom he began by winning over from the opposite party, and by the favorite general and eloquent speaker, "Light-Horse Harry." Conspicuous in the ranks of Federalists, and unsurpassed in debate, was a tall and gaunt young man, with beaming countenance, eyes of piercing brilliancy, and an indescribable kingliness of bearing, who was by and by to become Chief Justice of the United States, and by his profound and luminous decisions to win a place side by side with Madison and Hamilton among the founders of our national government. John Marshall, second to none among all the illustrious jurists of the English race, was then, at the age of thirty-three, the foremost lawyer in Virginia. He had already served for several terms in the state legislature, but his national career began in this convention, where his arguments with those of Madison, reinforcing each other, bore down all opposition. The details of the controversy were much the same as in the States already passed in review, save in so far as colored by the peculiar circumstances of Virginia. After more than three weeks of debate, on the 25th of June, the question was put to vote, and the Constitution was ratified by the narrow majority of 89 against 79. Amendments were offered, after the example of Massachusetts, which had already been followed by South Carolina and the minority in Maryland ; and, as in Massachusetts, the defeated Antifederalists announced

their intention to abide loyally by the result.

The discussion had lasted so long that Virginia lost the distinction of being the ninth State to ratify the Constitution. That honor had been reserved for New Hampshire, whose convention had met on the anniversary of Bunker Hill, and after a four days' session, on the 21st of June, had given its consent to the new government by a vote of 57 against 46. The couriers from Virginia and those from New Hampshire, as they spurred their horses over long miles of dusty road, could shout to each other the joyous news in passing. Though the ratification of New Hampshire had secured the necessary ninth State, yet the action of Virginia was not the less significant and decisive. Virginia was at that time, and for a quarter of a century afterward, the most populous State in the Union, and one of the greatest in influence. Even with the needed nine States all in hand, it is clear that the new government could not have gone into successful operation with the leading State, the home of Washington himself, left out in the cold. The New Roof, as men were then fond of calling the Federal Constitution, must speedily have fallen in without this indispensable prop. When it was known that Virginia had ratified, it was felt that the victory was won, and the success of the new scheme assured. The 4th of July, 1788, witnessed such loud rejoicings as have perhaps never been seen before or since on American soil. In Philadelphia there was a procession miles in length, in which every trade was represented, and wagons laden with implements of industry or emblematic devices alternated with bands of music and gorgeous banners. There figured the New Roof, supported by thirteen columns, and there was to be seen the Ship of State, the good ship Constitution, made out of the barge which Paul Jones had taken from the shattered and

blood-stained Serapis, after his terrible fight. As for the old scow Confederation, Imbecility master, it was proclaimed she had foundered at sea, and "the sloop Anarchy, when last heard from, was ashore on Union Rocks." All over the country there were processions and bonfires, and in some towns there were riots. In Providence the Federalists prepared a barbecue of oxen roasted whole, but a mob of farmers, led by three members of the state legislature, attempted to disperse them, and were with some difficulty pacified. In Albany the Antifederalists publicly burned the Constitution, whereupon a party of Federalists brought out another copy of it, and nailed it to the top of a pole, which they planted defiantly amid the ashes of the fire their opponents had made. Out of these proceedings there grew a riot, in which knives were drawn, stones were thrown, and blood was shed.

Such incidents might have served to remind one that the end had not yet come. The difficulties were not yet surmounted, and the rejoicing was in some respects premature. It was now settled that the new government was to go into operation, but how it was going to be able to get along without the adhesion of New York it was not easy to see. It is true that New York then ranked only as fifth among the States in population, but commercially and militarily she was the centre of the Union. She not only touched at once on the ocean and the lakes, but she separated New England from the rest of the country. It was rightly felt that the Union could never be cemented without this central State. So strongly were people impressed with this feeling that some went so far as to threaten violence. It was said that if New York did not come into the Union peacefully and of her own accord, she should be conquered and dragged in. That she would come in peacefully seemed at first very improbable. When the state convention assembled at Pough-

keepsie, on the 17th of June, more than two thirds of its members were avowed Antifederalists. At their head was the governor, George Clinton, hard-headed and resolute, the bitterest hater of the Constitution that could be found anywhere in the thirteen States. Foremost among his supporters were Yates and Lansing, with Melancthon Smith, a man familiar with political history, and one of the ablest debaters in the country. On the Federalist side were such eminent men as Livingston and Jay; but the hereulean task of vanquishing this great hostile majority, and converting it by sheer dint of argument into a majority on the right side, fell chiefly upon the shoulders of one man. But for Alexander Hamilton the decision of New York would unquestionably have been adverse to the Constitution. Nay, more, it is very improbable that, but for him, the good work would have made such progress as it had in the other States. To get the people to adopt the Constitution, it was above all things needful that its practical working should be expounded, in language such as every one could understand, by some writer endowed in the highest degree with political intelligence and foresight. Upon their return from the Federal Convention, Yates and Lansing had done all in their power to bring its proceedings into ill-repute. Pamphlets and broadsides were scattered right and left. The Constitution was called the "triple-headed monster," and declared to be "as deep and wicked a conspiracy as ever was invented in the darkest ages against the liberties of a free people." It soon occurred to Hamilton that it would be well worth while to explain the meaning of all parts of the Constitution in a series of short, incisive essays. He communicated his plan to Madison and Jay, who joined him in the work, and the result was the *Federalist*, perhaps the most famous of American books, and undoubtedly the most profound and suggestive

treatise on government that has ever been written. Of the eighty-five numbers originally published in the *Independent Gazetteer*, under the common signature of "Publius," Jay wrote five, Madison twenty-nine, and Hamilton fifty-one. Jay's papers related chiefly to diplomatic points, with which his experience abroad had fitted him to deal. The first number was written by Hamilton in the cabin of a sloop on the Hudson, in October, 1787; and they continued to appear, sometimes as often as three or four in a week, through the winter and spring. Madison would have contributed a larger share than he did had he not been called early in March to Virginia to fight the battle of the Constitution in that State. The essays were widely and eagerly read, and probably accomplished more toward insuring the adoption of the Constitution than anything else that was said or done in that eventful year. They were hastily written, — struck out at white heat by men full of their subject. Doubtless the authors did not realize the grandeur of the literary work they were doing, and among the men of the time there were few who foresaw the immortal fame which these essays were to earn. It is said of one of the Senators in the first Congress that he made the memorandum, "Get the *Federalist*, if I can, without buying it. It is n't worth it." But for all posterity the *Federalist* must remain the most authoritative commentary upon the Constitution that can be found; for it is the joint work of the principal author of that Constitution and of its most brilliant advocate.

In nothing could the flexibleness of Hamilton's intellect, or the genuineness of his patriotism, have been more finely shown than in the hearty zeal and transcendent ability with which he now wrote in defense of a plan of government so different from what he would himself have proposed. He made Madison's thoughts his own, until he set them forth with even greater force than Madi-

son himself could command. Yet no arguments could possibly be less chargeable with partisanship than the arguments of the *Federalist*. The judgment is as dispassionate as could be shown in a philosophical treatise. The tone is one of grave and lofty eloquence, apt to move even to tears the reader who is fully alive to the stupendous issues that were involved in the discussion. Hamilton was supremely endowed with the faculty of imagining, with all the circumstantial minuteness of concrete reality, political situations different from those directly before him; and he put this rare power to noble use in tracing out the natural and legitimate working of such a Constitution as that which the Federal Convention had framed.

When it came to defending the Constitution before the hostile convention at Poughkeepsie, he had before him as arduous a task as ever fell to the lot of a parliamentary debater. It was a case where political management was out of the question. The opposition were too numerous to be silenced, or cajoled, or bargained with. They must be converted. With an eloquence scarcely equaled before or since in America until Webster's voice was heard, Hamilton argued week after week, till at last Melancthon Smith, the foremost debater of Clinton's party, broke away, and came to the *Federalist* side. It was like crushing the centre of a hostile army. After this the Antifederalist forces were confused and easily routed. The decisive struggle was over the question whether New York could ratify the Constitution conditionally, reserving to herself the right to withdraw from the Union in case the amendments upon which she had set her heart should not be adopted. Upon this point Hamilton reinforced himself with the advice of Madison, who had just returned to New York. Could a State once adopt the Constitution, and then withdraw from the Union if not satisfied? Madison's reply was prompt and

decisive. No, such a thing could never be done. A State which had once ratified was in the federal bond forever. The Constitution could not provide for nor contemplate its own overthrow. There could be no such thing as a constitutional right of secession. When Melancthon Smith deserted the Antifederalists on this point, the victory was won, and on the 26th of July New York ratified the Constitution by the bare majority of 30 votes against 27. Rejoicings were now renewed throughout the country. In the city of New York there was an immense parade, and as the emblematic federal ship was drawn through the streets, with Hamilton's name emblazoned on her side, it was doubtless the proudest moment of the young statesman's life.

New York, however, clogged her acceptance by proposing, a few days afterward, that a second Federal Convention be called for considering the amendments suggested by the various States. The proposal was supported by the Virginia legislature, but Massachusetts and Pennsylvania opposed it, as having a dangerous tendency to reopen the whole discussion and unsettle everything. The proposal fell to the ground. People were weary of the long dispute, and turned their attention to electing representatives to the first Congress. With the adhesion of New York all serious anxiety came to an end. The new government could be put in operation without waiting for North Carolina and Rhode Island to make up their minds. The North Carolina convention met on the 21st of July, and adjourned on the 1st of August without coming to any decision. The same objections were raised as in Virginia; and besides, the paper-money party was here much stronger than in the neighboring State. In Rhode Island paper money was the chief difficulty; that State did not even take the trouble to call a convention. It was not until the 21st of November,

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1789, after Washington's government had been several months in operation, that North Carolina joined the Federal Union. Rhode Island did not join till the 29th of May, 1790. If she had waited but a few months longer, Vermont, the first State not of the original thirteen, would have come in before her.

The autumn of 1788 was a season of busy but peaceful electioneering. That remarkable body, the Continental Congress, in putting an end to its troubled existence, decreed that presidential electors should be chosen on the first Wednesday of January, 1789, that the electors should meet and cast their votes for President on the first Wednesday in February, and that the Senate and House of Representatives should assemble on the first Wednesday in March. This latter day fell, in 1789, on the 4th of the month, and accordingly, three years afterward, Congress took it for a precedent, and decreed that thereafter each new administration should begin on the 4th of March. It was further decided, after some warm debate, that until the site for the proposed federal city could be selected and built upon, the seat of the new government should be the city of New York.

In accordance with these decrees, presidential elections were held on the first Wednesday in January. The Antifederalists were still potent for mischief in New York, with the result that, just as that State had not joined in the Declaration of Independence until after it had been proclaimed to the world, and just as she refused to adopt the Federal Constitution until after more than the requisite number of States had ratified it, so now she failed to choose electors, and had nothing to do with the vote that made Washington our first President. The other ten States that had ratified the Constitution all chose electors. But things moved slowly and cumbrously at this first assembling of

the new government. The House of Representatives did not succeed in getting a quorum together until the 1st of April. On the 6th, the Senate chose John Langdon for its president, and the two houses in concert counted the electoral votes. There were 69 in all, and every one of the 69 was found to be for George Washington, of Virginia. For the second name on the list there was nothing like such unanimity. It was to be expected that the other name would be that of a citizen of Massachusetts, as the other leading State in the Union. The two foremost citizens of Massachusetts bore the same name, and were cousins. There would have been most striking poetic justice in coupling with the name of Washington that of Samuel Adams, since these two men had been indisputably foremost in the work of achieving the independence of the United States. But for the hesitancy of Samuel Adams in indorsing the Federal Constitution, he would very likely have been our first Vice-President and our second President. But the wave of federalism had now begun to sweep strongly over Massachusetts, carrying everything before it, and none but the most ardent Federalists had a chance to meet in the electoral college. Voices were raised in behalf of Samuel Adams. While we honor the American Fabius, it was said, let us not forget the American Cato. It was urged by some, with much truth, that but for his wise and cautious action in the Massachusetts convention, the good ship Constitution would have been fatally wrecked upon the reefs of Shaysism. His course had not been that of an obstructionist, like that of his old friends Henry and Lee and Gerry; but at the critical moment—one of the most critical in all that wonderful crisis—he had thrown his vast influence, with decisive effect, upon the right side. All this is plain enough to the historian of to-day. But in the political fervor of the election of 1789,

the fact most clearly visible to men was that Samuel Adams had hesitated, and perhaps made things wait. These points came out most distinctly on the issue of his election to the Federal Congress, in which he was defeated by the youthful Fisher Ames, whose eloquence in the state convention had been so conspicuous and useful; but they serve to explain thoroughly why he was not put upon the presidential list along with Washington. His cousin, John Adams, had just returned from his mission to England, weary and disgusted with the scanty respect which he had been able to secure for a feeble league of States that could not make good its own promises. His services during the Revolution had been of the most splendid sort; and after Washington, he was the second choice of the electoral college, receiving 34 votes, while John Jay, of New York, his nearest competitor, received only 9. John Adams was accordingly declared Vice-President.

On the 14th of April Washington was informed of his election, and on the next day but one he bid adieu again to his beloved home at Mount Vernon, where he had hoped to pass the remainder of his days in that rural peace and quiet for which no one yearns like the man who is burdened with greatness and fame unsought for. The position to which he was summoned was one of unparalleled splendor,—how splendid we can now realize much better than he, and our grandchildren will realize it better than we,—the position of first ruler of what was soon to become at once the strongest and the most peace-loving people upon the face of the earth. As he journeyed toward New York, his thoughts must have been busy with the arduous problems of the time. Already, doubtless, he had marked out the two great men, Jefferson and Hamilton, for his chief advisers: the one to place us in a proper attitude before the mocking nations of Europe; the other to restore

our shattered credit, and enlist the moneyed interests of all the States in the success of the new Federal Union. Washington's temperament was a hopeful one, as befitted a man of his strength and dash. But in his most hopeful mood he could hardly have dared to count upon such a sudden and wonderful demonstration of national strength as was about to ensue upon the heroic financial measures of Hamilton. His meditations on this journey we may well believe to have been solemn and anxious enough. But if he could gather added courage from the often-declared trust of his fellow-countrymen, there was no lack of such comfort for him. At every town through which he passed, fresh evidences of it were gathered, but at one point on the route his strong nature was especially wrought upon. At Trenton, as he crossed the bridge over the Assumpink Creek, where twelve years ago, at the darkest moment of the Revolution, he had outwitted Cornwallis in the most skillful of stratagems, and turned threatening defeat into glorious victory, — at this spot, so fraught with thrilling associations, he was met by a party of maidens dressed in white, who strewed his path with sweet spring flowers, while triumphal arches in softest green bore inscriptions declaring that he who had watched over the

safety of the mothers could well be trusted to protect the daughters. On the 23d he arrived in New York, and was entertained at dinner by Governor Clinton. One week later, on the 30th, came the inauguration. It was one of those magnificent days of clearest sunshine that sometimes make one feel in April as if summer had come. At noon of that day Washington went from his lodgings, attended by a military escort, to Federal Hall, at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets, where his statue has lately been erected. The city was ablaze with excitement. A sea of upturned eager faces surrounded the spot, and as the hero appeared thousands of cocked hats were waved, while ladies fluttered their white handkerchiefs. Washington came forth clad in a suit of dark brown cloth of American make, with white silk hose and shoes decorated with silver buckles, while at his side hung a dress-sword. For a moment all were hushed in deepest silence, while the secretary of the Senate held forth the Bible upon a velvet cushion, and Chancellor Livingston administered the oath of office. Then, before Washington had as yet raised his head, Livingston shouted, — and from all the vast company came answering shouts, — “Long live George Washington, President of the United States!”

John Fiske.

DREAMS.

As I came through the Valley Sleep,
 (Upon each side a frowning steep,)
 A dream my weighted steps o'ertook :
 “I am the Fear thou wouldst not brook
 Through all the hours of light,
 But thrust my face from sight,
 My whisper from thine ear ;
 Now close on thee I wait, —
 Thy secret Fear. —
 And I foreshadow fate !”

As I came through the Valley Sleep,
 Where singing waters hidden creep,
 A dream arose and kissed my brow :
 "I am the Heart's Desire, whom thou
 Wouldst lift no voice to greet,
 Nor own me conquering-sweet,
 A mounting cordial fire ;
 I am thy bosom-mate, —
 Deep Heart's Desire, —
 And I foreshadow fate ! "

Whoso comes through the Valley Sleep,
 Whether he wake to laugh or weep,
 Meets with no herald from afar,
 No warning gleam of natal star ;
 But in her regal place,
 And with no masking face,
 Unhoodwinked and unbought,
 Most pure, inviolate,
 The lord of thought,
 The Soul foreshadows fate !

Edith M. Thomas.

AN OLD ROAD.

I FALL in with persons, now and then, who profess to care nothing for a path when walking in the woods. They do not choose to travel in other people's footsteps, — nay, nor even in their own, — but count it their mission to lay out a new road every time they go afield. They are welcome to their freak. My own genius for adventure is less highly developed ; and, to be frank, I have never learned to look upon affectation and whim as synonymous with originality. In my eyes, it is nothing against a hill that other men have climbed it before me ; and if their feet have worn a trail, so much the better. I not only reach the summit more easily, but have company on the way, — company none the less, to my mind, perhaps, for being silent and invisible. It is well enough to strike into the trackless forest once in a while ; to wander you know not whither,

and come out you know not where ; to lie down in a strange place, and for the hour imagine yourself the explorer of a new continent : but if the mind be awake (as, alas, too often it is not), you may walk where you will, in never so well known a corner, and you will see new things, and think new thoughts, and return to your house a new man, which, I venture to believe, is after all the main consideration. Indeed, if your stirring abroad is to be more than mere muscular exercise, you will find a positive advantage in making use of some well-worn and familiar path. The feet will follow it mechanically, and so the mind — that is, the walker himself — will be left undistracted. That, to my thinking, is the real tour of discovery wherein one keeps to the beaten road, looks at the customary sights, but brings home a new idea.

There are inward moods, as well as outward conditions, in which an old, half-disused, bush-bordered road becomes the saunterer's paradise. I have several such in my eye at this moment, but especially one, in which my feet, years ago, grew to feel at home. It is an almost ideal loitering-place, or would be, if only it were somewhat longer. How many hundreds of times have I traveled it, spring and summer, autumn and winter! As I go over it now, the days of my youth come back to me, clothed all of them in that soft, benignant light which nothing but distance can bestow, whether upon hills or days. This gracious effect is heightened, no doubt, by the fact that for a good while past my visits to the place have been only occasional. Memory and imagination are true yoke-fellows, and between them are always preparing some new pleasure for us, as often as we allow them opportunity. The other day, for instance, as I came to the top of the hill just beyond the river, I turned suddenly to the right, looking for an old pear-tree. I had not thought of it for years, and the more I have since tried to recall its appearance and exact whereabouts, the less confident have I grown that it ever had any material existence; but somehow, just at that moment my mouth seemed to recollect it; and in general I have come to put faith in such involuntary and, if I may say so, sensible joggings of the memory. I wonder whether the tree ever was there — or anywhere. At all events, the thought of it gave me for the moment a pleasure more real than any taste in the mouth, were it never so sweet. Thank fortune, imaginative delights are as far as possible from being imaginary.

The river just mentioned runs under the road, and, as will readily be inferred, is one of its foremost attractions. I speak of it as a "river" with some misgivings. It is a rather large brook or a very small river; but a man who has

never been able to leap across it has perhaps no right to deny it the more honorable appellation. Its source is a spacious and beautiful sheet of water, which heretofore has been known as a "pond," but which I should be glad to believe would hereafter be put upon the maps as Lake Wessagusset. This brook or river, call it whichever you please, goes meandering through the township in a northeasterly direction, turning the wheels of half a dozen mills, more or less, on its way; a sluggish stream, too lazy to work, you would think; passing much of its time in flat, grassy meadows, where it idles along as if it realized that the end of its course was near, and felt in no haste to lose itself in the salt sea. Out of this stream I pulled goodly numbers of perch, pickerel, shiners, flatfish, and hornpouts, while I was still careless-hearted enough ("Heaven lies about us in our infancy") to enjoy this very amiable and semi-religious form of "sport;" and as the river intersects at least seven roads that came within my boyish beat, I must have crossed it thousands of times; in addition to which I have spent days in paddling and bathing in it. Altogether, it is one of my most familiar friends; and — what one cannot say of all familiar friends — I do not remember that it ever served me the slightest ill-turn. It passes under the road of which I am now discoursing, in a double channel (the bridge being supported midway by a stone wall), and then broadens out into an artificial shallow, through which travelers may drive if they will, to let their horses drink out of the stream. First and last, I have improved many a shining hour on this bridge, leaning industriously over the railing. I can see the rocky bed at this moment, — yes, and the very shape and position of some of the stones, as I saw them thirty years ago; especially of one, on which we used to balance ourselves to dip up the water or to peer under the bridge. In those days, if we essayed to

be uncommonly adventurous, we waded through this low and somewhat dark passage ; a gruesome proceeding, as we were compelled to stoop a little, short as we were, to save our heads, while the road, to our imagination, seemed in momentary danger of caving in upon us. Courage, like all other human virtues, is but a relative attribute. Possibly the heroic deeds which in our grown-up estate we take pride in are not greatly more meritorious or wonderful than were some of the childish ventures at the recollection of which we now condescend to feel amused.

On the surface of the brook flourished two kinds of insects, whose manner of life we never tired of watching. One sort had long, wide-spreading legs, and by us were known as "skaters," from their movements (to this day, I blush to confess, I have no other name for them) ; the others were flat, shining, orbicular or oblong, lead-colored bugs, — "lucky bugs," I have heard them called, — and lay flat upon the water, as if quite without limbs ; but they darted over the brook, and even against the current, with noticeable activity, and doubtless were well supplied with paddles. Once in a while we saw a fish here, but only on rare occasions. The great unfailing attraction of the place, then as now, was the flowing water, forever spending and never spent. The insects lived upon it ; apparently they had no power to leave it for an instant ; but they were not carried away by it. Happy creatures ! We, alas, sporting upon the river of time, can neither dive below the surface nor mount into the ether, and, unlike the insects ("lucky bugs," indeed !), we have no option but to move with the tide. We have less liberty than the green flags, even, which grow in scattered tufts in the bed of the brook ; whose leaves point forever down stream, like so many index fingers, as if they said, "Yes, yes, that is the way to the sea ; that way we all must go ;" while

for themselves, nevertheless, they manage to hold on by their roots, victorious even while professing to yield.

To my mind the river is alive. Reason about it as I will, I never can make it otherwise. I could sooner believe in water nymphs than in many existences which are commonly treated as much more certain matters of fact. I *could* believe in them, I say ; but in reality I do not. My communings are not with any haunter of the river, but with the living soul of the river itself. It lags under the vine-covered alders, hastens through the bridge, then slips carelessly down a little descent, where it breaks into singing, then into a mill-pond and out again, and so on and on, through one experience after another ; and all the time it is not dead water, but a river, a thing of life and motion. After all, it is not for me to say what is alive, and what dead. As yet, indeed, I do not so much as know what life is. In certain moods, in what I fondly call my better moments, I feel measurably sure of being alive myself ; but even on that point, for aught I can tell, the brook may entertain some private doubts.

Just beyond the bridge is an ancient apple orchard. This was already falling into decay when I was a boy, and the many years that have elapsed since then have nearly completed its demolition ; although I dare say the present generation of schoolboys still find it worth while to clamber over the wall, as they journey back and forth. Probably it will be no surprise to the owner of the place if I tell him that before I was twelve years old I knew the taste of all his apples. In fact, the orchard was so sequestered, so remote from any house, — especially from its proprietor's, — that it hardly seemed a sin to rob it. It was not so much an orchard as a bit of woodland ; and besides, we never shook the trees, but only helped ourselves to wind-falls, and it must be a severe moralist who calls *that* stealing. Why should

the fruit drop off, if not to be picked up? In my time, at all events, such appropriations were never accounted robbery, though the providential absence of the owner was unquestionably a thing to be thankful for. He would never begrudge us the apples, of course, for he was rich and presumably generous; but it was quite as well for him to be somewhere else while we were gathering up these favors which the winds of heaven had shaken down for our benefit. There is something of the special pleader in most of us, it is to be feared, whether young or old. If we are put to it, we can draw a very fine distinction (in our own favor), no matter how obtuse we may seem on ordinary occasions.

Remembering how voracious and indiscriminating my juvenile appetite was, I cannot help wondering that I am still alive, — a feeling which I doubt not is shared by many a man who, like myself, had a country bringing-up. We must have been born with something more than a spark of life, else it would certainly have been smothered long ago by the fuel so recklessly heaped upon it. But we lived out-of-doors, took abundant exercise, were not studious overmuch (as all boys and girls are charged with being nowadays), and had little to worry about, which may go far to explain the mystery.

It provokes a smile to reckon up the many places along this old road that are indissolubly connected in my mind with the question of something to eat. At the foot of the orchard just now spoken of, for example, is a dilapidated stone wall, between it and the river. Over this, as well as over the bushes beside it, straggled a small wild grapevine, bearing every year a scanty crop of white grapes. These, to our unsophisticated palates, were delicious, if only they got ripe. That was the rub; and as a rule we gathered our share of them (which was all there were) while they were yet several stages short of

that desirable consummation, not deeming it prudent to leave them longer, lest some hungrier soul should get the start of us. Graping, as we called it, was one of our regular autumn industries, and there were few vines within the circle of our perambulations which did not feel our fingers tugging at them at least once a year. Some of them hung well over the river; others took refuge in the tops of trees; but by hook or by crook, we usually got the better of such perversities. No doubt the fruit was all bad enough; but some of it was sweeter (or less sour) than other. Perhaps the best vine was one which covered a certain superannuated apple-tree, half a mile west of our river-side orchard, before mentioned. Here I might have been seen by the hour, eagerly yet cautiously venturing out upon the decayed and doubtful limbs, in quest of this or that peculiarly tempting bunch. These grapes were purple (how well some things are remembered!), and were sweeter than Isabellas or Catawbas are now. Such is the degeneracy of vines in these modern days!

Altogether more important than the grapes were the huckleberries, for which, also, we four times out of five took this same famous by-road. Speaking roughly, I may say that we depended upon seven pastures for our supplies, and were accustomed to visit them in something like regular order. It is kindly provided that huckleberry bushes have an exceptionally strong tendency to vary. We possessed no theories upon the subject, and knew nothing of disputed questions about species and varieties; but we were not without a good degree of practical information. Here was a bunch of bushes, for instance, covered with black, shiny, pear-shaped berries, very numerous, but very small. They would do moderately well in default of better. Another patch, perhaps but a few rods removed, bore large globular berries, less glossy than the others, but still black.

These, as we expressed it, "filled up" much faster than the others, though not nearly so "thick." Blue berries (not blueberries, but blue huckleberries) were common enough, and we knew one small cluster of plants, the fruit of which was white, a variety that I have since found noted by Doctor Gray as very rare. Unhappily, this freak made so little impression upon me as a boy that while I am clear as to the fact, and feel sure of the pasture, I have no distinct recollection of the exact spot where the eccentric bushes grew. I should like to know whether they still persist. Gray's Manual, by the way, makes no mention of the blue varieties, but lays it down succinctly that the fruit of *Gaylussacia resinosa* is black.

The difference we cared most about, however, related not to color, shape, or size, but to the time of ripening. Diversity of habit in this regard was indeed a great piece of good fortune, not to be rightly appreciated without horrible imaginings of how short the season of berry pies and puddings would be if all the berries matured at once. You may be sure we never forgot where the early sorts were to be found, and where the late. What hours upon hours we spent in the broiling sun, picking into some half-pint vessel, and emptying that into a larger receptacle, safely stowed away under some cedar-tree or barberry-bush. How proud we were of our heaped-up pails! How carefully we discarded from the top every half-ripe or otherwise imperfect specimen! (So early do well-taught Yankee children develop one qualification for the diaconate.) The sun had certain minor errands to look after, we might have admitted, even in those midsummer days, but his principal business was to ripen huckleberries. So it seemed then. And now — well, men are but children still, and for them, too, their own little round is the centre of the world.

All these pastures had names, of

course, well understood by us children, though I am not sure how generally they would have been recognized by the townspeople. The first in order was River Pasture, the owner of which turned his cattle into it, and every few years mowed the bushes, with the result that the berries, whenever there were any, were uncommonly large and handsome. Not far beyond this (the entrance was through a "pair of bars," beside a spreading white oak) was Millstone Pasture. This was a large, straggling place, half pasture, half wood, full of nooks and corners, with by-paths running hither and thither, and named after two large bowlders, which lay one on top of the other. We used to clamber upon these to eat our luncheon, thinking within ourselves, meanwhile, that the Indians must have been men of prodigious strength. At that time, though I scarcely know how to own it, glacial action was a thing by us unheard of. We are wiser now, — on that point, at any rate. Two of the other pastures were called respectively after the railroad and a big pine-tree (there *was* a big pine-tree in W — once, for I myself have seen the stump), while the remainder took their names from their owners, real or reputed; and as some of these appellations were rather disrespectfully abbreviated, it may be as well to omit setting them down in print.

To all these places we resorted a little later in the season for blackberries, and later still for barberries. In one or two of them we set snares, also, but without materially lessening the quantity of game. The rabbits, especially, always helped themselves to the bait, and left us the noose. At this distance of time I do not begrudge them their good fortune. I hope they are all alive yet, including the youngster that we once caught in our hands and brought home, and then, in a fit of contrition, carried back again to its native heath.

All in all, the berries that we prized

most, perhaps, were those that came first, and were at the same time least abundant. Yankee children will understand at once that I mean the checkerberries, or, as we were more accustomed to call them, the boxberries. The very first mild days in March, if the snow happened to be mostly gone, saw us on this same old road, bound for one of the places where we thought ourselves most likely to find a few (possibly a pint or two, but more probably a handful or two) of these humble but spicy fruits. Not that the plants were not plentiful enough in all directions, but it was only in certain spots (or rather in very uncertain spots, since these were continually shifting) that they were ever in good bearing condition. We came after a while to understand that the best crops were produced for two or three years after the cutting off of the wood in suitable localities. Letting in the sunlight seems to have the effect of starting into sudden fruitfulness this hardy, persistent little plant, although I never could discover that it thrived better for growing permanently in an open, sunny field. Perhaps it requires an unexpected change of condition, a providential nudge, as it were, to jog it into activity, like some poets. Whatever the explanation, we used now and then in recent clearings (and nowhere else) to find the ground fairly red with berries. Those were red-letter days in our calendar. How handsome such a patch of rose-color was (though we made haste to despoil it), circling an old stump or a boulder! The berries were pleasant to the eye and good for food; but after all, their principal attractiveness lay in the fact that they came right upon the heels of winter. They were the first-fruits of the new year (ripened the year before, to be sure), and to our thinking were fit to be offered upon any altar, no matter how sacred.

I have called the subject of my loving meditations a by-road. Formerly it

was the main thoroughfare between two villages, but shortly after my acquaintance with it began a new and more direct one was laid out. Yet the old road, half deserted as it is, has not altogether escaped the ruthless hand of the improver. Within my time it has been widened throughout, and in one place a new section has been built to cut off a curve. Fortunately, however, the discarded portion still remains, well grown up to grass, and closely encroached upon by willows, alders, sumachs, barberries, dogwoods, smilax, clethra, azalea, button-bush, birches, and what not, yet still passable even for carriages, and more inviting than ever to lazy pedestrians like myself. On this cast-off section is a cosy, grassy nook, shaded by a cluster of red cedars. This was one of our favorite way-stations on summer noons. It gives me a comfortable, restful feeling to look into it even now, as if my weary limbs had reminiscences of their own connected with the place.

Right at this point stands an ancient russet-apple tree, which seems no older and brings forth no smaller apples now than it did when I first knew it. How natural it looks in every knot and branch! Strange, too, that it should be so, since I do not recall its ever contributing the first mouthful to my pleasures as a schoolboy gastronomer. In those times I judged a tree solely by the New Testament standard, very literally interpreted, — "By their fruits ye shall know them." Now I have other tests, and can value an old acquaintance of this kind for its picturesqueness, though its apples be bitter as wormwood.

I am making too much of the food question, and will therefore say nothing of strawberries, raspberries, thimbleberries, cranberries (which last were delicious, as we took them out of their icy ovens in the spring), pig-nuts, hazelnuts, acorns, and the rest. Yet I will not pass by a small clump of dangleberry bushes (a September luxury not

common in our neighborhood) and a lofty pear-tree. The latter, in truth, hardly belongs under this head; for though it bore superabundant crops of pears, not even a child was ever known to eat one. We called them iron pears, perhaps because nothing but the hottest fire could be expected to reduce them to a condition of softness. My mouth is all in a pucker at the mere thought of the rusty-green bullets. It did seem a pity they should be so outrageously hard, so absolutely untoothsome; for the tree, as I say, was a big one and provokingly prolific, and, moreover, stood squarely upon the roadside. What a godsend we should have found it, had its fruit been a few degrees less stony! Such incongruities and disappointments go far to convince me that the creation is indeed, as some theologians have taught, under a curse.

My appetite for wild fruits has grown dull with age, but meanwhile my affection for the old road has not lessened, but rather increased. In itself the place is nowise remarkable, a common country back road (its very name is Back Street); but all the same I "take pleasure in its stones, and favor the dust thereof." There are none of us so matter of fact and unsentimental, I hope, as never to have experienced the force of old associations in gilding the most ordinary objects. For my own part, I protest I would give more for a single stunted cluster of orange-red berries from a certain small vine of Roxbury wax-work, near the entrance to Millstone Pasture aforesaid, than for a bushel of larger and handsomer specimens from some alien source. This old vine still holds on, I am happy to see, though it appears to have made no growth in twenty years. Long may it be spared! It was within a few rods of it, beside the path that runs into the pasture, that I shot my first bird. Newly armed with a shot-gun, and on murder bent, I turned in here; and as luck would have it,

there sat the innocent creature in a birch. The temptation was too great. There followed a moment of excitement, a nervous aim, a bang, and a cat-bird's song was hushed forever. A mean and cruel act, which I confess with shame, and have done my best to atone for by speaking here and there a good word for this poorly appreciated member of our native choir. I should be glad to believe that the schoolboys of the present day are more tender-hearted than those with whom I mixed; but I am not without my doubts. As Darwin showed, all animals in the embryonic stage tend to reproduce ancestral characteristics; and our Anglo-Saxon ancestors (how easy it seems to believe it!) were barbarians.

This same Millstone Pasture, by the bye, was a place of special resort at Christmas time. Here grew plenty of the trailing plant which we knew simply as "evergreen," but which now, in my superior wisdom, I call *Lycopodium complanatum*. This, indeed, was common in various directions, but the holly was much less easily found, and grew here more freely than anywhere else. The unhappy trees had a hard shift to live, so broken down were they with each recurring December; and the more berries they produced, the worse for them. Their anticipations of Christmas must have been strangely different from those of us toy-loving, candy-eating children. But who thinks of sympathizing with a tree?

As for the wayside flowers, they are, as becomes the place, of the very commonest and most old-fashioned sorts, more welcome to my eye than the choicest of rarities: golden-rods and asters in great variety and profusion, hardhack and meadow-sweet, St. John's wort and loosestrife, violets and anemones, self-heal and cranesbill, and especially the lovely but little-known purple gerardia. These, with their natural companions and allies, make to me a garden of delights, whereunto my feet, as far as they

find opportunity, do continually resort. What flowers ought a New Englander to love, if not such as are characteristic of New England?

And yet, proudly and affectionately as I talk of it, Back Street is not what it once was. I have already mentioned the straightening, as also the widening, both of them sorry improvements. Furthermore, there was formerly a huge (as I remember it) and beautifully proportioned hemlock-tree, at which I used to gaze admiringly in the first years of my wandering hither. What millions of tiny cones hung from its pendulous branches! The magnificent creation should have been protected by legislative enactment, if necessary; but no, almost as long ago as I can remember, long before I attained to grammar-school dignities, the owner of the land (so he thought himself, no doubt) turned the tree into firewood. And worse yet, the stately pine grove that flourished across the way, with mossy bowlders underneath and a most delightful density of shade, — this, too, like the patriarchal hemlock, has been cut off in the midst of its usefulness.

“ Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth cheer! ”

Now there is nothing on the whole hill-side but a thicket of young hard-wood trees (I would say deciduous, but in New England, alas, all trees are deciduous), through which my dog loves to prowl, but which warns me to keep the road. Such devastations are not to be prevented, I suppose, but at least there is no law against my bewailing them.

Even in its present decadence, however, my road, as I said to begin with, is a kind of saunterer's paradise. When we come to particulars, indeed, it is nothing to boast of; but waiving particulars, and taking it for all in all, there is no highway upon the planet where I better enjoy an idle hour. There is a boy of perhaps ten years whose companionship is out of all reason dear to me; and nowhere am I surer to find him at my side, hand in hand, than in this same lonely road, although I know very well that those who meet or pass me here see only one person, and that a man of several times ten years. But thank Heaven, we are not always alone when we seem to be.

Bradford Torrey.

HISTORIC POINTS AT FORT GEORGE ISLAND.

THE charms of Fort George Island, at the mouth of the St. John's River, Florida, are widely and justly celebrated. But the enraptured visitor, lingering under its lithe groves of palm, little dreams of the scenes of romance and blood which half a century before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth enriched this magical isle with the element of association and legend.

It is with these events that we are now chiefly concerned, with a view to a more exact knowledge of the spot where they occurred than has yet been

reached by those who have hitherto written on this subject as historians, giving either dramatic condensations of the facts, like Parkman, or running commentaries on the old records, like Shea.

After the first landing of De Soto in Florida in 1529, no systematic attempt occurred to establish a colony in that peninsula until Jean Ribaut, the Huguenot admiral, anchored off the mouth of the St. John's River, May 1, 1562, and called it the River of May, owing to the season and the amenity of the prospect.

The establishment of a French Protestant colony in Florida resulted in stimulating the hate and jealousy of the Spaniards, for, as Parkman, pithily observes, "the typical Spaniard of the sixteenth century was not in strictness a fanatic; he was bigotry incarnate." A powerful expedition, under Pedro Menendez de Aviles, Adelantado of Florida, was launched against the Huguenot colony. Headed off from the River of May by the fleet of Ribaut, Menendez, on the 8th of September, 1565, took possession of a port at the southward, and founded St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States.

Providence certainly seemed to fight against the Huguenots in Florida, for they never gained a permanent foothold there. The fleet of Ribaut was shattered by a terrible tempest, and driven on the sands near St. Augustine. Taking advantage of their distress, although France and Spain were then at peace, Menendez, by the practice of phenomenal dissimulation and treachery in the name of religion, which has been the cloak for so many foul deeds, succeeded in seizing the French Fort Caroline and every French man and woman in Florida, excepting some fifteen who escaped to the Indians. He butchered nearly all his prisoners, to the number of seven hundred, in cold blood, reserving a few for the galleys. This episode forms one of the bloodiest pages in the gory annals of Spain.

Owing to the bitterness of the religious feuds of the age, the extermination of the French in Florida seems to have aroused but little indignation at the court of France; for in those dark days religious bigotry counted for more than patriotism in the councils of the nations. Notwithstanding this fact, a few were found in France, besides the Huguenots, whose blood boiled when they learned of the massacres of their countrymen in Florida. Among them was Dominique de Gourgues, a seaman and sol-

dier, known for daring and adventure. Amidst a conflict of authorities, I prefer to accept the statement of Charlevoix that he was a Roman Catholic. But he never forgot that he was first of all a Frenchman. When De Gourgues heard of the horrible deeds of Menendez he resolved on vengeance, and to that end obtained a commission from Montluc, lieutenant of the king in Guyenne, ostensibly to procure slaves on the coast of Africa. Mortgaging all his possessions, De Gourgues purchased and fitted out three small vessels. Two were of the style called *roberges*; the third was a *patache*, a vessel whose rig resembled that of a *felucca*, — that is, with lateen sails and low masts. Very likely she was also broad in the beam and of light draught to meet the special purpose of the expedition. All three vessels were provided with sweeps, which proved very useful, as we shall see, in the case of the *patache*, in the tortuous channels of the sea islands of Florida. This little squadron was manned by eighty picked mariners and one hundred and fifty troops, of whom one hundred, according to De Gourgues, were heavily armed arquebusiers.

It was not until after he had made several descents on the African coast that De Gourgues announced to his crews what was the real purpose for which he had undertaken this voyage. "*J'ai compté sur vous, je vous ai cru assez jaloux de la gloire de votre Patrie, pour lui sacrifier jusqu'à votre vie en une occasion de cette importance; me suis-je trompé?*"¹ Such in substance was the ringing address of De Gourgues to his companions. For a moment, grouped around the masts, while naught was heard but the wind in the sails and the foam at the bow, they made no response to these burning words. Then, like an electric spark, the glory of the opportunity, the rage for revenge, the fury of patriotism, kindled their hearts; with a

¹ Charlevoix.

universal shout, they besought the admiral to make a straight wake for the strongholds of the Spanish cut-throats and brigands, who had slaughtered their countrymen and ravished fortresses from France in time of peace.

It was a rosy afternoon in the early spring-time when the three French ships made the land at the mouth of the River of May. The Spaniards, far from suspecting them to be French, fired a salute as the little fleet sheered off and stood northward, to find a congenial haven in the St. Mary's River. I use the word "congenial" advisedly. The Indians had, as usual, been treated with the treachery and brutality which everywhere characterized the Spanish conquest in America. The French and the Indians, on the other hand, had associated as harmoniously in Florida as in Canada. The head chief, Satouriona, and his dusky subjects were overjoyed to see the banners of France again, and entered into the plans of De Gourgues with the utmost heartiness. Spies, sent to examine the number and works of the Spaniards on the River of May, reported that they numbered upwards of four hundred men and had two new forts besides Fort Caroline, which the Spaniards had renamed Fort San Mateo. The new forts were situated on either side of the mouth of the river, evidently to command the passage.

In three days Satouriona and his warriors completed their preparations to accompany De Gourgues against the Spaniards. François Bordelais was left with twenty men to guard the two largest of the ships. The third, which was doubtless the patache, we must conclude from the tenor of the narrative, accompanied the expedition; for a craft capable of transporting eighty men is mentioned in connection with the capture of the second fort. Where did the French find such a vessel, unless it was the patache?—while the boats of the squadron could not have been large enough

or sufficiently numerous to transport the two hundred and ten Frenchmen who went to Fort George Island with De Gourgues. Part went in boats, and part in the patache, expressly provided with sweeps,—a vessel having low masts, visible only at a short distance, and spars lowering to the deck. Evidently De Gourgues selected a patache, for exactly this sort of service in Floridian waters.

The Indians proceeding by land or in canoes, the French by boats and in the patache, De Gourgues finally succeeded, after much buffeting with angry waves and winds, in assembling his motley forces on what is now called Fort George Island. Still densely wooded in most parts with gigantic oaks and stately palms, at that time it presented a tangled jungle, excessively difficult to penetrate. All the afternoon they toiled with the closely matted underwood and swollen streams and pools. Had they been discovered by the enemy, their destruction would have been certain. Towards nightfall De Gourgues arrived on the banks of an arm of the sea,—undoubtedly what was once called Fort George Inlet, but now known as Talbot Inlet,—and continued the march along the sands, which are smooth and hard as a floor.

The following day, having been detained on the bank of another stream or inlet by the tide, the impatient French and Indians, burning with a thirst for revenge, and urgent to terminate the perilous suspense, took the Spaniards unawares after their noon meal, swept over the fort like a hurricane, and massacred the garrison of sixty to a man, those who escaped from the fort falling into an ambuscade of Indians.

The Spaniards at the fort on the opposite bank of the River of May, seeing and hearing the commotion, opened fire on the victors. De Gourgues caused four culverins, just captured, to be wheeled down to the shore, and under cover of this return fire embarked eighty

of his soldiers in the large craft we judge to have been the patache, and pushed across to the opposite fort; the Indians, holding their bows and arrows in one hand over their heads, and swimming with the other, accompanied the patache. Smitten with terror, and well aware they had nothing to hope from the furious multitude swarming across the river, the Spaniards flew pell-mell towards the forests, but were too late; for De Gourgues was already landing. A cloud of French and Indians, fierce as blood-hounds after fugitive slaves, threw themselves in the path of the flying wretches, and all but fifteen fell under the arquebuse and the tomahawk.

Fort San Mateo remained. Being but two miles and a half from the scene of these events, the garrison had the whole of Quasimodo Sunday to reflect on the fate that awaited them in turn, while French and Indians were engaged making ladders to storm the stronghold on the bluff. By the aid of boldness and strategy, Fort San Mateo was also captured, and the entire garrison was butchered, save the governor, Gonzalo de Villaroel, and two or three companions, who escaped, and a handful of prisoners, reserved for more deliberate vengeance.

The three conflicts being victoriously concluded, and the three forts captured, De Gourgues ordered the captives to be dragged into his presence. His judgment hall was under the spreading oaks, pointed out to him as those on which Menendez had hanged the Frenchmen, with the inscription over them, "Not as to Frenchmen, but as to Lutherans." As he surveyed the trembling wretches before him, we can imagine that if ever there is a rapture and a luxury in dealing out revenge, De Gourgues reveled in it then, as he looked down on them with terrible gaze. "Think you," he cried, "that a treachery so vile, a cruelty so abominable, could escape retribution! I, one of the humblest squires of my sovereign, have taken on myself to avenge

this crime against a king so puissant and a nation so chivalrous. . . . Although it is not possible to deal to you the full measure of suffering you have so richly earned, it is needful you undergo what a foe may inflict with honor, to the end that by your example others may learn to respect the peace and amity which you have so wickedly and unhappily violated!" Then, with a wave of his hand, the avenger of France bade the executioners do their work. On the branches where the Spaniards were hanged De Gourgues caused the inscription to be fixed, "Not as to Spaniards or Moorish whelps, but as to traitors, thieves, and assassins." Thus did the heroic Dominique de Gourgues literally exterminate the Spaniards from the River of May, and replace their banner of blood and gold with the lilies of France.

With his subsequent career we are not here concerned. My purpose in giving this rapid sketch of these thrilling events has been in order to enable the reader to follow me more readily in the consideration of certain points to which my interest in the subject has led me to give critical attention.

It is not difficult to trace the position of Fort San Mateo, for relics of that fortification, mounds and the like, yet remain there, although Parkman, on the authority of De Gourgues, states that by the command of De Gourgues "not one stone was left on another." Of the two other forts, unfortunately, no traces are now to be seen; but the one on the southern bank in all likelihood stood on the dunes near the building until recently occupied in summer as a nunnery.

The position of the first fort attacked, the one on the northern side of the river, is not so easy to ascertain, having, indeed, been long a matter of curious speculation. This may be in part because those who have written upon this subject have not visited the scene of these events, while those who have been

there, and are familiar with the region, have failed to study the records with sufficient care. By some it has been assumed that this fort stood a few rods northeast of the hotel, on a bank overgrown with palmettos that overhangs the beach skirting Talbot Inlet, at the entrance to what is called Lover's Lane. It has been claimed that here would have been the most eligible spot to command the passage through the inlet. But to accept this solution of the question would be to ignore not only the direct statements of De Gourgues, an eye-witness, of Charlevoix, and other chroniclers, but also the physical aspects of the situation.

A small fort, garrisoned by only sixty men, would have been in a most exposed position, if isolated from and unsupported by the other two forts; whereas by being further south and west it could at once command the inlet, and with the aid of the Mayport battery control the main ship-channel into the River of May. The narrative states that the French, after landing on the island, pushed through the forest until, at five in the afternoon, they came to a wide inlet, presumably Talbot Inlet. The account of De Gourgues leaves one to understand that they were then still considerably north of the Spanish fort, for they marched along the sands, which run as nearly as possible north and south on the east side of the island as far as the southern entrance of Talbot Inlet. As the French are stated to have marched down the beach, and as there is no beach on the other side of the island, clearly the road followed was along Talbot Inlet. This route was suggested by one of the Indian chiefs, who perceived the great difficulty the French found in traversing the dense undergrowth of the primeval forests.

We are now brought face to face with the chief point of interest in this investigation: where stood the Spanish fort on Fort George Island? In consider-

ing the unvarnished statements of eye-witnesses or credible historians on this subject, we may justly conclude that the spot which enables us most clearly to harmonize the facts as recorded must evidently be, in all likelihood, the position where the fort stood, without regard to any supposed expediency in favor of some other site: first, the attacking party marched, as we have seen, along the beach until in sight of the fort, and was then arrested in its progress by a stream or inlet until, the tide falling, the depth was reduced to a degree that allowed them to ford it; second, the fort was partially concealed by trees in the rear, which enabled the Indians, approaching from the interior of the island, to form an ambush; third, it faced the beach, to the edge of which the victors wheeled the captured cannon, and were thence able to annoy the enemy on the opposite side of the river, at short range, suited to the small guns of the period; fourth, we are distinctly told that the enemy were able to see the commotion from the opposite fort; and fifth, from this point, or not far from it, the Indians swam across to Mayport, which many of them could not have done except at a narrow part of the river.

Such are the points to harmonize in searching for the site of the Spanish fort on Fort George Island. That it was on that island is indicated, in addition to the above points to be hereinafter considered, by the fact that the French followed the channels from the north, and proceeded by water until they were stopped by an island on which stood the fort. Naturally, therefore, they landed at the northern extremity of Fort George Island, about where the present "Homestead" mansion stands, amid its stately groves of oak festooned with Spanish moss. The fine roads, unsurpassed for attractiveness, which now make it so easy and agreeable to ramble or ride over the island, did not then exist; it was a dense, stubborn wilderness, excessively difficult for

heavily armed troops to penetrate, impeded as they were with baggage and weighty arquebuses, breastplates and helmets, while the circumstances rendered rapidity of the last importance. Therefore, after toiling awhile in the forest, the French turned to the left and took to the beach, which is hard and for the most part was scarcely discernible from Mayport, in days before the spy-glass had been invented. Still, in the last portion of the march, the movement of dark masses might have been perceived from the high dunes of Mayport, and therefore De Gourgues very likely marched his men single file, crouching close under the bank, tufted with palmetto. This necessitated more deliberate movement, and partly accounts for the length of time occupied in arriving within sight of the fort.

Along the southeastern extremity of Fort George Island there stretches a long, wide sand-spit, flanked upon the land side by knolls, rising both above the beach and the salt meadows, which are covered with long grasses and clumps of verdure. On one of these knolls was, in my opinion, the spot where the fort stood. A broad, winding creek separates the beach from these wooded hillocks. This is in all probability the water which delayed the attack of the French. The tide rises there from four to six feet, and to swim the creek would have been highly inexpedient, under the circumstances. But at low tide the creek is barely fordable, and it was then crossed by the daring adventurers' wading up to their necks, holding their pikes and arquebuses over their heads, and the powder-flasks bound to their helmets.

From the beach, at the point where we consider the fort to have been, the distance to the opposite shore is precisely five eighths of a mile. This distance is quite within range of the culverins, which at any rate would have been able to prevent any reinforcements coming to the aid of the Spaniards or

to attack the patache, which, following the channel along Talbot Inlet, evidently arrived at the scene of action about this time. Again, by running a few rods southwest of that point, the Indians would have had actually less than half a mile to swim from bank to bank, — a distance easy of accomplishment for athletes like those naked, copper-colored savages, especially if the tide was coming in, which we are led to infer was the case, as the creek was crossed at extreme low tide, when it was on the turn.

The facts that the short-range guns of the time were available from Mayport to annoy the French across the river, and that the Indians swam to the southern bank, are to me conclusive that the fort stood either on one of the hummocks already mentioned, west of the beach and the creek, or at the spot where Pilot Town now stands, as indicated on the charts. But that it was not at the latter place seems, on the other hand, to be proved by the proximity of the fort to the creek. All the essentials to connect the site of the fort with the narrative are, in my opinion, found combined at the place I have indicated above. Shea somewhat skeptically says, "Is it creditable that De Gourgues' cannon and the artillery of the second Spanish fort kept up a duel across the mouth of the St. John's, and the Indians swam it?" To this I respectfully reply that if we locate the site of the first fort in accordance with the foregoing observations and conclusions, these statements are not only credible, but certain. Indeed, I cannot see for a moment how a careful examination of the scene of these events could result otherwise than in confirming the narrative of the old chroniclers.

Another argument, more hypothetical than those already adduced, but still worthy of attention as adding cumulative force to our objections to the location of the fort at Pilot Town, is found in the name of Fort George Island.

Pilot Town is just beyond it; not on the island at all, but separated from it by a narrow creek, — so narrow, in fact, that it could not have been the creek mentioned by the historians. Now, what is the source from which Fort George Island derived its name? The descendants of Mr. Mackintosh, who came to the island from Scotland about a century ago, claim that he gave it the name as a reminder of his home in the mother country. But in an old map illustrating General Oglethorpe's expedition against St. Augustine, we find the island already called Fort George many years earlier. This seems to indicate either that the Spaniards gave that name to their fort, whence it was applied to the island, or that the present name is a corruption of the word *Gourgues*. Such changes in the pronunciation of proper names we all know to be excessively common. The inference is obvious as to the position of the fort.

The daring and romantic exploit of Dominique de Gourgues is of such heroic character, and so imperishable in

the annals of our colonial period, that we offer no apology for attempting to add fresh clues towards the settlement of vexed points in the narrative of the vengeance he wreaked on the Spaniards in Florida.

Before closing, however, it may be worth while to call attention in this connection to another point relating to Fort George Island. The Indians, according to Charlevoix, asserted that silver abounded in the mountains along the St. John's River. Shea, who apparently had never been to the St. John's River when he prepared his notes on this subject, states in a footnote that these mountains were what is now known as St. John's Bluff, which is forty feet high, and the site of Fort San Mateo. Is it not far more likely that these mountains are represented by Mount Cornelia, on Fort George Island, the highest land between the Navesink Highlands and Key West, and more than twice the altitude of St. John's Bluff? What if silver should indeed be discovered in Fort George Island?

S. G. W. Benjamin.

GIRL NOVELISTS OF THE TIME.

WE cannot say that we have ever felt concerning the Rev. John Knox as Mrs. Blimber did with regard to Cicero, — that the one thing needful to complete the happiness of life would have been to know him in the flesh. We fancy, indeed, that the great Scotch divine can never have been what is technically called *nice* to know; but there is no denying that he was a man of great sagacity, and, in spite of himself, — for one can guess how indignantly he would have repelled the romantic imputation, — he was, we think, a bit of a seer. For is it not evident that, when he wrote his famous First Blast, he was influenced

by something over and above a fierce personal distrust of the "monstrous regiment" of the ill-starred Mary? It was the preponderance of woman in the abstract against which the old Puritan rebelled in advance. It was an unconscious exercise of second sight, we make no doubt, which revealed to him, afar off, the coming of a feminine era, and caused him to blow that crashing trumpet of his, as one who sounds alarm, and summons a scattered host to the defense of sacred rights in jeopardy.

It is but a trifle of three hundred years or so since that note of warning sounded, and it must be owned that, up

to the present time, the forces of manly conservatism have made shift to hold the political fort right stoutly. They have been attacked, though not as yet invested, but who shall count the little places they have lost meanwhile in the outlying fields of literature?

To drop the military figure, we have been freshly and very deeply impressed of late by the strong writing of very young women. There is only one thing more remarkable than the variety and gravity of the tasks which the fair aspirants now undertake, and that is the signal success, at least up to a certain point, which attends so many of these precocious efforts. Let us consider a few of them, in the line of popular fiction.

What would John Knox have said to *Wuthering Heights*, or to *Love's Martyr*, or to *The Story of an African Farm*? Widely as these books differ in literary merit, they have in common an element of gloomy power, a strange, incalculable, unclassifiable energy. The motives which actuate their authors are stern, and seemingly quite impersonal. They deal resolutely, preferably, with broad vulgarities of scene, with painful situations, with harsh and sad combinations of influence and incident, with the darker and more sinister aspects, especially of masculine character. Easy lots, conventional virtues, natural pieties, and innocent delights,—these things appear immeasurably remote from the imaginations of the austere young dramatists, and rose-water, one feels, would threaten them with hydrophobia. Yet with every one of them the memories of the schoolroom must have been fresh when she began to write; nor had one passed, when she achieved 'her *chef d'œuvre*, the heyday of a girl's dancing years. Fancy John Knox ordering a squadron of these wide-eyed young Amazons of the pen to present distaffs!

There is more point than may at first sight appear in thus harping upon the

names of the great Scotch censor and theological athlete. For those overshadowing spiritual verities, or possibilities, the iron key to which John Knox assumed to hold, and brandished in so redoubtable a fashion, are precisely the subjects which forever importune, and frequently quite absorb, the attention of the fresh and inquisitive minds in question. They have no patience, any of them, with the truces and compromises, the concessions and oblivions, whereby the great bulk of adult mankind is bound to live. They are enamored of the bottom of things. In their studies of human nature, they make straight for the central mysteries of life and faith, and the warp of the fabric into which the grotesque and often terrible figures of their youthful fancy are woven is, in every instance, what may be broadly termed *religious*. Are there any Powers above, and, if so, who are they, and what are their intentions toward ourselves? It is by way of uttermost protest against a type of religious teaching almost identical in essentials with that of John Knox, that Lyndall and Waldo, on their God-forsaken African farm, rush to the extremes, the one of active and defiant, the other of patient and passive, Nihilism. The burning question at the core of poor Emily Brontë's volcanic essay is, whether or no a love like that of Catherine Earnshaw, fierce, organic, self-consuming, may be a fire of purification as well as of torment, and win the subject of it forgiveness, in the end, for her neglect of natural humanities and her scorn of written law. The question is in fact propounded, in so many piercing words, over the body of the dead Catherine; and the same is virtually repeated upon the tombstone which stands as frontispiece to the history of Catherine's younger, more tender, more polished, but hardly more tamed or disciplined sister, Rosamund Merry.

To begin at the beginning of this re-

markable, not to say startling, series of tales, let us refresh a little more in detail our memories of *Wuthering Heights*. Painful, nay repulsive, as the story is, upon the whole, and many times more tragic than the rest, in that it was indeed the first and last articulate word of its author, the reader of to-day who has partially forgotten will find a reperusal of it worth his while. The reader of to-day, indeed, appreciates it far more truly than any reader of its own epoch did, or could have done, excepting always the great creature whose terse yet piteous epitaph on her greater sister forms the preface to the second edition of *Wuthering Heights*. The book was curiously and, so far as its author was concerned, distressingly in advance of its time. Looking for the date of its first appearance, we are amazed to see that it is actually forty years old; that is to say, the book has already survived its author by a period nearly as long as her own life. The utmost which this grim tale found, for years, at the hands even of its most merciful critics was apology; then a generation arose for which it possessed a sort of fearful fascination; and now, at last, it commands a cult, and is acknowledged to have founded a school. Thy fame has come late, poor fiery spirit, who passed so long ago, uttering an unintelligible cry, but it is fame. One would so gladly know whether it is regarded by thee at all, and, if so, whether with complacency, or sorrow, or scorn.

There is no need to dwell on the extraordinary and very morbid conditions of life under which the work of the Brontës is now understood to have been produced. The world knows only too much about it, and an unnecessary amount of capital has assuredly been made out of the sad secrets of that moorland parsonage. Nor is it of much use to try and test a book like *Wuthering Heights* by received literary standards and canons. The latest classifica-

tion, which groups it with Rousseau's *Confessions* and the *Vita Nuova*, is one which I can neither accept nor understand. The work of Charlotte Brontë, over and above its fine imaginative qualities, had symmetry and coherence, and just enough of the alloy of conventionalism to make it pass with coin of the realm. But Emily's writing is absolutely original and absolutely lawless; a mixture of transcendent merits and glaring defects. She is at the same time slavishly realistic and outrageously romantic. Rapid, nay precipitate, in action though her story be, it is in no true sense of the word dramatic. There is a certain vagueness, after all, about the portentous individuality of her stormy people. They are dark and threatening always, but they tower, and sink, and shift their semblance, as though touched with the instability of mountain mist. They all, except, perhaps, the barely vitalized being whom the first Catherine so strangely married, obey the same wild impulses, and talk the same prehistoric dialect. What folk they are to have been born in the brain of an unsophisticated girl! — utterly alien to all sane experience, morally hideous for the most part, yet asserting their right to their own primitive conditions of being with a voice there is no gainsaying. Some flaxen-haired daughter of the cave-men, the belle of her aboriginal tribe, reclining at twilight by the door of her murky dwelling, and making a confidence concerning her approaching nuptials with a neighboring chief, may have spoken much as Catherine here speaks to Nelly Dean: —

“‘I don't want your permission to marry Edgar. I *shall* marry him; and yet you have not told me whether I am right.’

“‘Perfectly right, if people be right to marry only for the present. And now let us hear what you are unhappy about. Your brother will be pleased; the old lady and gentleman will not ob-

ject, I think; you will escape from a disorderly, comfortless home into a wealthy, respectable one; and you love Edgar, and Edgar loves you. All seems smooth and easy; where is the obstacle?’

“‘*Here!* and *HERE!*’ replied Catherine, striking one hand on her forehead, and the other on her breast. ‘In which-ever place the soul lives. In my soul and in my heart, I’m convinced I’m wrong.’

“‘That’s very strange. I cannot make it out.’”

Catherine offers to explain by relating a dream of hers, which the old servant rather gruffly refuses to hear, being, as she freely avows, superstitious about dreams, and fearing, from the dark expression of Catherine’s magnificent eyes, that she may hear something uncanny and *funeste*. But the girl is not to be so deterred.

“‘If I were in heaven, Nelly,’ she said, ‘I should be extremely miserable.’

“‘Because you are not fit to go there,’ I answered. ‘All sinners would be miserable in heaven.’

“‘But it is not for that. I dreamed once that I was there. . . . And I was only going to tell you that heaven did not seem to be my home; and I broke my heart with weeping to come back to earth; and the angels were so angry that they flung me out into the middle of the heath on the top of Wuthering Heights, where I woke sobbing with joy. That will do to explain my secret as well as the other. I’ve no more business to marry Edgar Linton than I have to be in heaven; and if the wicked man in there had not brought Heathcliffe so low, I should not have thought of it. It would degrade me to marry Heathcliffe now, so he shall never know how I love him; and that, not because he is handsome, Nelly, but because he is more myself than I am. Whatever our souls are made of, his and mine are the same, and Linton’s is as different as a moon-

beam from lightning, or as frost from fire.’”

These are winged words, if you will, but their flight is as blind as that of bats or birds, who dash their brains against the first transparent obstacle; while those which the monstrous object of Catherine’s passion employs to express his mode of returning it are barely quotable. It is not that the latter are indecent. They are too broad, and simple, and unashamed to convey any idea of the sort. But withdrawn from their connection they would seem intolerably brutal and blasphemous; and it is impossible not to agree with Charlotte Brontë as to the futility of any such weak device as that of dashes between the initial and final letters for mitigating the effect of their profanity. Possibly such language would have appeared only the amiable expression of a natural sentiment, beside the cave’s mouth, ten thousand years ago. At present, it must be explained, as the vast majority of the senseless oaths men utter have to be explained, as a safety-valve for the superfluous and unmanageable nervous energy of the author.

Yet a certain tenderness of instinct goes along with all this coarseness. There is beauty amid the brutality. Emily Brontë seems to have had but three ideas, but these three were universal and essential: life, the life of nature and of man, in their deep kinship and possible ultimate identity; love, the primeval instinct which draws man and woman together, to the end that life may be perpetuated; and death, the inexorable arrest and seeming end, both of life and love. No slighter or more transitory thoughts than these can detain her for a moment. A short cut across the bleak, spiritual wilderness into which she was born has led her to the very sources of being, and into these she peers, helplessly, of course, but with what imperious inquisition, what virginal audacity! With those final secular mysteries, which

have baffled the stoutest inquiries of all ages, she wrestles such a fall as reminds one of the mythical duels of the maiden Brynhild.

The culminating scene of *Wuthering Heights*, where Heathcliff forces his way into the presence of the dazed Catherine, and she dies under the shock communicated by his ruthless embraces, goes as far as human language can innocently go toward expressing the conventionally inexpressible. It is too long to be quoted entire, and I find I have neither the courage nor the heart to mutilate it. Moreover, it is already, doubtless, known by heart to all Emily Brontë's conscious and unconscious imitators; but it is one of those which make an era in a reader's life, and which, by their negligent superiority to what is commonly called *style*, incline one, for a moment, to set a slight value on the utmost achievements of premeditated literary art.

Yet that feeling also is corrected when we come to see what a direct disciple of Emily Brontë — for so we must consider Miss Alma-Tadema — can do by way of treating a theme after her teacher's own heart, with every appliance of earnest culture, and the most delicate and highly developed skill of the reverent and laborious writer. I am one of those who think it no discredit to a beginner in any art, but rather an honorable and hopeful symptom, to be willing to work frankly *after* somebody. It shows modesty, at least, and the priceless power of admiration; while such individuality as does assert itself under the self-imposed bonds of the imitative work is apt to be involuntary and irrepressible, and therefore rich in promise for the future. Of such "promise and potentiality" I think that *Love's Martyr* contains plenty. Meanwhile, the finest quality fully revealed by the book itself is more a moral than an artistic one; I mean the marvelous *thoroughness* of its workmanship. The scene is sup-

posed to be laid in the early part of the present century, while the memories of the Reign of Terror are still recent; for the heroine, Rosamund, has been orphaned by the guillotine. There is no parade of historical accuracy. The French Revolution is almost the only great political event which is expressly mentioned; nevertheless, the book is literally steeped in the spirit of its era. I can at this moment recall hardly a single detailed description, or deliberate array of properties; yet the very rooms in which the action passes are always furnished, to the imagination, with the stiff *meubles* of the first imperial period; the men wear its high-waisted *surtouts*, and the women its round hats and scant petticoats, and they make no lapses from its peculiar phraseology, simply, as it would seem, because they know no other. When one reflects on the amount of patient preparation for writing which all this implies, the untiring study of the time in all its aspects, the uncompromising ideal of truth, the singular self-restraint, one feels an immense and, in some sort, humble respect for a young author who can thus begin; but one is more than ever astonished at her choice of a theme, at the daring of one so pre-eminently docile, and at the intrinsic savagery of a tale which is related with all the refined art of ultra-civilization. Miss Alma-Tadema's execution is so curiously *even* that it is difficult to select from her book a single passage for quotation. The following will perhaps illustrate, as well as any other, the qualities which I have endeavored to emphasize: —

"I found her in Janet's little parlor, sitting on the floor by the window, pressing her face against the window-pane; she heard me, and, drawing her hand across her forehead, looked up next moment with a gentle smile. I knelt beside her. 'Sweet one,' said I, 'is anything amiss? — and she answered, 'No;' but I had surprised a look of

torment in her eyes that haunted me till evening.

"My hosts were dressed and ready to receive their guests before I came into the desolate ballroom; but they soon left me to the dreary companionship of chairs and candles. I was feeling much depressed, when my dear girl joined me, and at sight of her I stood dumb with admiration. She was dressed from head to foot in white: her gown was of some fine Indian stuff, embroidered half-way up the short, narrow skirt, as well as over the small bodice and shoulder sleeves. I remember the dress well, although she never wore it again.

"*'Rosamund!'* I cried, *'why are you so beautiful? You make me long to shut you in a room and keep you from stranger eyes. Oh, my girl, how beautiful you are!'*

"*'I did it,'* she replied softly, *'because of what you said. Uncle — he always liked me best in white.'*"

It seems to me that Love's *Martyr* is very much the sort of book which Charlotte Brontë had in mind when she described, sadly but with assumed stoicism, the work which Emily might have done, had she been otherwise placed in life, and not so untimely snatched away: "Doubtless, had her lot been cast in a town, her writings, if she had written at all, would have possessed a different character. . . . Had she but lived, her mind would, of itself, have grown like a strong tree, straighter, wider-spreading, and its matured fruit would have attained a mellow ripeness and a summer bloom." Perhaps; but, meanwhile, and setting their very dissimilar literary merits quite aside, the fierce, poetic rusticity of the one and the studiously modulated urbanity of the other, what can we make of the *motif*, either of the original tale or the variant, but a plea, wondering, pitying, and, so far as the pleader is concerned, quite guileless, for the animal instinct against the artificial decree? Were the voices less fresh and

candid that utter this revolutionary protest, we might turn away and decline to listen. As it is, they arrest and overcome us with a feeling that borders upon awe. "Lord, have mercy upon us!" is all that Rosamund's magnanimous husband dares order carved above her last sleeping-place. And what says the faithful old serving-woman of Catherine beside the beautiful corpse of her wayward mistress? "It asserted its own tranquillity, which seemed a pledge of equal quiet to its former inhabitant. 'Do you believe such people *are* happy in the other world? I would give a great deal to know! Retracing the course of Catherine Linton, I fear we have no right to think she is, but we'll leave her with her Maker.'"

The moral sense is assuredly not sleeping in those whom, from generation to generation, such questions assail. It is rather intensely, not to say feverishly, alive. They are no atheists, for they feel in every spiritual nerve the touch of the unknown divinity. But they dwell in intellectual chaos, and a great darkness broods over the face of the deep they have rashly essayed to sound.

Of these two marked specimens of maiden prowess, however, the rank of the one has been so many times adjudged of late that it would hardly have been needful to recur to it but for the powerful influence which it still continues to exert; and the proved and positive merit of the other is still the merit of an exquisite translation from a savage into a lettered tongue. The case is different with the remaining book upon our list. *Wuthering Heights* was indeed, as has been said, "moorish and wild and knotty as a root of heath." But Roman ways and walls have traversed the English moors, and generations of approximately civilized men lie buried beneath their elastic sod. The ostrich-farms of South Africa are virgin soil, if we may be allowed to say so, with a vengeance. There the soul, if it thinks at all, — and to some it

appears to think vigorously, agonizingly, — encounters no trammels of custom or barriers of authority; finds no veil of tradition between itself and the inscrutable Power above, whom it approaches and interrogates with so defiant a freedom. Circumspection, proportion, propriety, — no such trivialities as these have ever yet existed in the land of the Boers. All men and women are equal in the pith of their limitations, at least, and the terror of their doom, to that resolute student of the life she sees who signs herself by the rude masculine appellation of “Ralph Iron.” Curious, nevertheless, to observe the instinct which impelled her, as it had first impelled Emily Brontë, to take shelter under a manly alias, and equally curious the fact that in each case the ruse was for a long time completely successful with the public. Miss Schreyner, indeed (Ralph Iron), though so marvelously conversant with the motives, the language, and the activities of uncultured men, was perceived *après coup* — that is, after her identity was declared — to understand the untutored woman of genius even more profoundly. She is painfully preoccupied, though still in a strictly intellectual fashion, with the problem of the true relations of the sexes. She is by far the greatest dramatist of the three, though here Miss Alma-Tadema may some day rival her. She is a humorist also, albeit of a somewhat cynical type. The strange, elementary, often disgustingly vulgar beings who tread her dreary stage are drawn — one feels it — to the ugly life. They make no mistakes, and never by any possibility do they exchange rôles, like those of Emily Brontë. The hueless, treeless, monotonous landscape of the ostrich-farm is indicated by a few masterly lines. Two or three unhappy beings, of a finer physical and spiritual type than the rest, Lyndall, Waldo, Waldo’s father, and in a lesser degree Gregory and poor little Em, disinherited of civilization, and entangled

by divers cruel chances in the meshes of this dull, animal existence, flap their wings wildly under the net for a time, and then die, despairing, exhausted, or indomitably rebellious and scornful, as the case may be. When we read the brief, strong words, the untaught but most telling phrases in which their doom is related, we are led to reflect once more on the treasures of unworked force that yet lie in the old English vocables for those who can apply new methods to the inexhaustible ore. The Story of an African Farm has never been as well known, even in England, as it deserves to be. In America, we suspect, it is barely known at all. It is for this reason that we crave space for two or three quotations of unusual length. The reader who turns from these to the memorable novel in question will not find himself disappointed in the quality of any part of it, whatever he may think of its crudity. And first for the old Boer woman’s theory of her sex’s proper sphere: —

“A different life showed itself in the front of the house, where Tant’ Sannie’s cart stood ready inspanned, and the Boer woman herself sat in the front room drinking coffee. She had come to visit her step-daughter, probably for the last time, as she now weighed two hundred and sixty pounds, and was not easily able to move. In a chair sat her mild young husband, nursing the baby, — a pudding-faced, weak-eyed child.

“‘You take it, and get into the cart with it,’ said Tant’ Sannie. ‘What do you want here, listening to our woman’s talk?’

“The young man arose, and meekly went out with the baby.

“‘I’m very glad you are going to be married, my child,’ said Tant’ Sannie, as she drained the last drop from her coffee-cup. ‘I would n’t say so while that boy was here; it would make him too conceited; but marriage is the finest thing in the world. I’ve been at it

three times, and if it pleased God to take this husband from me I should have another. There's nothing like it, my child, — nothing.'

" 'Perhaps it might not suit all people, at all times, so well as it suits you, Tant' Sannie,' said Em. There was a little shade of weariness in the voice.

" 'Not suit every one !' said Tant' Sannie. 'If the beloved Redeemer didn't mean men to have wives, what did he make women for? That's what I say. If a woman's old enough to marry, and does n't, she's sinning against the Lord; it's wanting to know better than him. What, does she think the Lord took all that trouble in making her for nothing?'"

Let there be set over against this, which is assuredly unique in its way, the lucid last thoughts of the dying Lyndall, who, in her mad revolt from the sordid conditions of her life, has bartered her honor for a richer experience, and now, deserted and denuded of a woman's all, has turned her face toward home, and is fighting the last enemy, inch by inch, along the weary road. Note, in passing, the simple, sculptural beauty of the picture suggested by the opening lines. Ilaria Giunigi herself, as she lies upon her carven tomb, wreathed with the magic of a half-forgotten art, and embosomed in the immemorial sanctities of the dim old Lucca cathedral, is hardly a fairer figure in the memory of those who have seen her there than this of Lyndall's to the imagination; but oh, the difference between the guarded and saintly wife of olden time and this poor little outcast in the wilderness of a carnal world!

"The night was grown very old when from a long, peaceful sleep Lyndall awoke. The candle burnt at her head, the dog lay on her feet; but he shivered, as though his resting-place was growing cold. She lay with folded hands, looking upwards; and she heard the oxen chewing, and she saw the two mosquitoes

buzzing drearily round and round, and her thoughts — her thoughts ran far back into the past.

"In her mind, through those months of anguish, a mist had rested; it was rolled together now, and the old clear intellect rose from its long torpor. It looked back into the past; it saw the present; there was no future now. The old strong soul gathered itself together for the last time; it knew where it stood.

"Slowly raising herself on her elbow, she took from the sail a glass that hung pinned there. The fingers were already cold and stiff. She put the pillow on her breast, and stood the glass against it. Then the white face on its pillow looked into the white face in the glass. They had looked at each other so often before. It had been a child's face, once, looking out above its blue pinafore; it had been a woman's face, with a dim shadow in the eyes, and a deep assurance. 'We are not afraid, you and I; we will fight the world, and conquer.' Now to-night it had come to this. The dying eyes on the pillow looked into the dying eyes in the glass; they knew that their hour was come. She raised one hand, and pressed the stiff fingers against the glass. They were growing very stiff; she tried to speak to it, but she would never speak again. Only the wonderful yearning light was in the eyes still. The body was dead now, but the soul, clear and unclouded, looked forth.

"Then slowly, without a sound, the beautiful eyes closed. The dead face that the glass reflected was a thing of marvelous beauty and tranquillity. The Gray Dawn crept in over it, and saw it lying there.

"Had she found what she sought for, — something to worship? Had she ceased from being? Who shall tell us? There is a veil of terrible mist over the face of the Hereafter."

Again, the pages are as if stained

with heart's blood, which tell how Lyncall was mourned in the desert where she had dwelt before her fall, by the poor, fettered soul who had loved her honorably in her bright first youth, and who loved her without change until the hour of his own release. In vain he questions all the few books he has known, all the jejune creeds of which he has heard, for hope concerning her. The pitiless answer of the old-fashioned Bible Christian revolts him; the flowery and feeble answer of the craven latter-day Christian sickens him; and here is the transcendentalist's answer to his cry:—

“What have you to do with flesh, the gross and miserable garment in which the spirit hides itself? You shall see her again. But the hand, the foot, the forehead, you loved, you shall see no more. The loves, the fears, the frailties, that are born with the flesh, with the flesh they shall die. Let them die. There is that in man that cannot die,—a seed, a germ, an embryo, a spiritual essence. Higher than she was on earth, as the tree is higher than the seed, the man than the embryo, so shall you behold her,—changed, glorified!”

High words, ringing well; but they are the offering of the jewels to the hungry, of gold to the man who dies for bread. Bread is corruptible, gold is incorruptible; bread is light, gold is heavy; bread is common, gold is rare; but the hungry man will barter all your mines for one morsel of bread. Around God's throne there may be choirs and companions of angels, cherubim and seraphim, rising tier above tier, but not for one of them all does the soul cry aloud. Only perhaps for a little human woman, full of sin, that it once loved.

“‘Change is death, change is death!’ he cried. ‘I want no angel, only she, no holier and no better, with all her sins upon her; so give me her, or give me nothing!’”

“And, truly, does not the heart love

its own with the *strongest* passion for their very frailties? Heaven might keep its angels, if men were but left to men.”

Only at the very last did a certain drowsy calm creep over the tired spirit of this hopeless mourner. “When the day comes that you sit down broken, without one human creature to whom you cling, with your loves, the dead and the living-dead; when the very thirst for knowledge, through long-continued thwarting, has grown dull; when in the present there is no craving, and in the future no hope,—then, oh, with a beneficent tenderness, Nature enfolds you! Then the large white snowflakes, as they flutter down softly, one by one, whisper soothingly, ‘Rest, poor heart, rest!’ It is as though our mother smoothed our hair, and we are comforted. And the yellow-haired bee, as he hums, makes a dreamy lyric, and the light on the brown stone wall is a work of art, and the light through the leaves makes the pulses beat.”

Such is the sweet narcotic which Nature, the great healer, is supposed to administer, before quenching forever the conscious identity of her patients, and resolving and reappropriating to other uses the elements which have made them men. Such, at least, is the conclusion of one unshrinking inquirer, or so she would have us believe.

The main question concerning all great precocities is ever the same,—What can their future be? There are those in all departments of effort who seem, from the very outset of their swift careers, to dispense with instruction, to discard approved methods, to forestall experience, to distance all competition except with one another, and to overleap at a bound the ordinary grades of progress. For such, and for those whom we have been considering, what remains? Beginning so far in advance of the rest of us, will these rarely endowed writers go on to unimagined accomplishment, or will the plant ex-

haust itself in its first superabundant blossoming? Or yet again, does the case of these daughters of the new day, who know what they have never learned, and so artlessly assume to declare the unutterable, resemble that of the Pythoness of old; and do they merely deliver the message of a god, when they receive it, without option or premeditation of their own? Death has intervened to suppress, if not to satisfy, our doubts concerning Emily Brontë; and in the case of Miss Schreyner, the marked inferiority to the African Farm of what she has since produced would seem to favor the theory of premature exhaustion. But the other is yet on her promotion; and her future career will be watched by one observer, at least, with sympathetic interest.

One of the very silliest novels of the year has been written by a man who is not in the least silly, and who has usually, upon former occasions, contrived to be amusing. We refer to James Payn's *Heir of the Ages*. The *Heir* is a young woman, a prize-scholar and a crack governess, who, after misplacing her affections on the slightest possible provocation, applies herself to literary composition as the obvious balm of a wounded heart. By the first light flourishes of her maiden pen she wins not merely a *succès d'estime*, — that we have seen to be abundantly natural and probable, — but a very considerable sum of money; enough, in fact, not merely to place the writer at once in affluent circumstances, but to relieve the necessities of all her poor relations. But her overworked brain plays her false in the very first twelvemonth of her victorious career, and the fiat of medical science is that for a very long time, at least, she must write no more. Luckily, however, the *Heir*

has early invested some of her superfluous earnings in the purchase, on purely sentimental grounds, of a British barrow, which barrow, being opened, proves to contain such a noble supply of barbaric gems and gold as to place the clever lady herself beyond all necessity for sordid toil, besides permanently providing for the needy family aforesaid. It is at this point that Mr. Payn's little joke becomes apparent. He never meant, as we fondly imagined at first, to represent his Elizabeth as heir to the developed intellectual acumen and hoarded wisdom of the ancients, but merely to their buried gold. In the former character, she was intended, from the first, ignominiously to break down. In the latter, she shines with a steady and peaceful lustre, as Boadicea's residuary legatee. In short, the tale of Elizabeth's fortuitous inheritance is nothing more nor less than the mellifluously disguised First Blast of merry and kindly Mr. Payn.

His conclusions appear discouraging, but we do not think that any young woman who aspires to literary honor, and feels or suspects within herself the stirrings of a new and strong inspiration, need be deterred from a trial of her powers by the parable of the *Heir's* factitious triumph and her premature decline. I judge by the extracts which Mr. Payn somewhat rashly makes out of those marvelously lucrative magazine articles of his heroine, which electrified all the reading-world of London while her name was yet unknown. They appear to have been so inferior in every respect to those which the "girl graduates" of the period do actually produce and publish that truth in their case may well be found both stranger and more satisfactory than fiction.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Conversa-
tion.

How little real conversation there is to be had! The chat of ordinary acquaintances, the intimate talk of near friends, discussion and argument on special subjects, — none of these, of course, are, properly speaking, conversation. If the art has apparently declined among us at the present day, is it because we are too frivolous and lazy to furnish our minds with the ideas and sentiments out of the abundance of which the mouth speaketh, or are we too strenuously preoccupied with practical affairs to allow our minds their lighter moods? No doubt life is not now what it was a century or two ago, in the days of Pope and Bolingbroke, or the days of the Hôtel Rambouillet. A great deal that was said in London coffee-houses or French salons is nowadays addressed to the great public in magazine articles and novels. Art and literature are discussed in certain clubs, but in gatherings where the sexes meet no one expects to go beyond the *on dit* of society, small talk broken up into minutest fragments. A modern dinner-table, where the guests are not too numerous, seems to afford the best opportunity for that conversation, free, wide-ranging, light, yet not *banal*, which is assuredly one of the most agreeable of pastimes. It is an enjoyment not dependent to any great degree upon the mutual liking of the interlocutors, provided there is a general harmony of the elements, and each person brings his due share to the entertainment. It is always of far less moment what is said than that it be said agreeably. An unfortunate manner may deprive a person's words of the consideration they really deserve; as of Fenimore Cooper it is said that his earnestness was often mistaken for violence, since he belonged to that class of persons who appear to be

excited when they are only interested. Having most positive convictions of his own, he had not sufficient patience with those who "embrace their views loosely, hold them half-heartedly, or defend them ignorantly." He was a man better calculated to be loved by the friends who knew the worth of his true heart than appreciated in general society; and though this was rather his misfortune than his fault, he had not the right to complain, since it is only by our outside that we can expect the world of our indifferent acquaintance to judge of us.

Though originality in idea and individuality in expression lend piquancy to a man's talk, yet no one person should predominate. Conversation is not dissertation. When Johnson was setting forth his weighty *ex cathedra* judgments, some among his circle of deferential auditors may have ventured to think the session a tedious one. It was something more than his learning that charmed into willing silence those who used to gather about the "old man eloquent;" for Coleridge was, after all, more poet than philosopher, and the full flood of his speech was colored with the rainbow hues of imagination.

While the man of real wit or the genuine humorist is to the company as the champagne to the heavier wines at a feast, there is no greater bore than the punster or retailer of inopportune stories, who, for the sake of his sorry joke, will without conscience wreck a whole train of conversation.

The French, with their conversational gift, their quick intelligence, readiness of apprehension, and felicity of expression, amuse themselves over the inaptitude in this respect of their neighbor John Bull. "Les Anglais," they say, "ont une infinité de petits usages de convention pour se dispenser de parler."

Burke, whom Johnson described as the only man whose common conversation corresponded to his general fame, was an Irishman. Burns, who was "justly proud of his own powers of conversation," was Scotch. "To no other man's have we the same conclusive testimony from different sources,"—from such persons as Robertson the historian, a lady of rank like the Duchess of Gordon, and the servants at the inns, who, if Burns came in late, would "get out of bed to hear him talk." Lamb, however, English as he was, must have been even more delightful in his conversation than his writings, the charm of his talk lying, one fancies, in its complete naturalness and ease, and the unexpectedness of his sallies. He referred to himself, no doubt, when he described certain persons as being without system and logic. "Their conversation is accordingly. They will throw out a random word, in and out of season, and be content to let it pass for what it is worth. They cannot always speak as if they were upon their oath, but must be understood, speaking or writing, with some abatement. They seldom wait to mature a proposition, but e'en bring it to market in the green ear." This slightly apologetic strain is itself only half serious, for Lamb knew as well as another how to ripen his thought to the full harvest when occasion required. He was aware, however, that in the finer and lighter products of literature, and above all in conversation, a great deal depends upon how much can be taken for granted. "Vulgar chess-players," it has been said, "have to play their game out; nothing short of an actual checkmate satisfies their dull apprehension."

Novelists often fail to make their characters talk in a way that is at once natural and interesting, because in conversation so much is added to the mere words by the tone, the glance, all that belongs to the speaker's personality, his temper of mind, present mood and intent. Mr.

Mallock has somewhere said, to the same effect, that the magic of conversation depends upon that viewless world of association that is born and dies with each special day and company. The value of what any individual contributes to the conversational feast depends, as we all know, upon manner as well as matter; and so also depends the individual's reputation for intelligence or wit. If a certain self-confidence be wanting to a man, he will pass for dull where lesser men are shining lights. If one cares for the opinion of the average world, it is never safe to appear as modest as one may really be; for "a confession of partial ignorance is likely to be taken for one of total incapacity by the ordinary man who possesses a partial knowledge, or is capable of assuming what he does not possess."

—I wonder if most people
A Phenomenon of Dreams. get as much pleasure and profit from their dreams as I do. I always watch mine very carefully, and recall them as far as possible upon waking; and if I perceive anything remarkable in them, I write it down in a note-book, for future reference and comparison. I am conscious of having profited greatly by the opportunities that I have found in dreams of studying my own character as if under a microscope. For I have never yet dreamed of doing an action which, upon careful subsequent reflection, I have decided to be out of character. I have at times made unpleasant discoveries as to my natural proclivities, when untrammelled by the fear of the opinions of others. There is a kind of pleasure in all this, which is not materially lessened by the accident of an occasional nightmare.

But what I set out to say was that there is one phenomenon that sometimes occurs in my dreams of which I can find no adequate explanation. This is the phenomenon of actions and ideas which seem to come from so entirely different an individuality from my own, and to be

the result of an experience of life so wholly foreign to me, as to cause in me, even during the dream, a feeling of keen surprise. I find it difficult to express my meaning clearly on paper, although it is very clear in my own mind. I must first make a broad general distinction between incoherent and coherent dreams. The first class includes dreams that are merely wild jumbles of grotesque and impossible things, which are of little use to the metaphysician, and with which I have at present nothing to do. These dreams lack both the elements which go to make up the phenomenon to which I wish to call attention, namely, the elements of personality and surprise. The doings of the actors in these incoherent dreams seem to us, even in the dreams, to proceed from phantoms whose individuality, if they have any, wavers from form to form, — sometimes disappearing entirely, and sometimes blending inextricably with our own; and their wildest and least expected doings cause us no surprise. They are mere projections of our own fancy, and nothing in them is different from what our waking imaginations might portray, if once we gave them free rein. The second class of dreams, which I call coherent dreams, present clear and orderly tableaux and dialogues, very much like those of real life. It is in this latter class of dreams that an actor sometimes appears who startles me by his distinct personality.

Perhaps half a dozen times during the last year I have noticed this phenomenon, and from consultation of books and discussions with friends I am convinced that it is sufficiently curious to merit notice. I do not mean merely that we meet antagonists in dreams, or that people in dreams do not do things disagreeable to us. It is a very common experience to engage in argument in a dream, or to play games of chance or skill against a shadowy opponent. But in none of these cases is there that clash of distinct individualities that we constant-

ly find in the waking world. I have played hundreds of games of chess in my sleep, and have discovered various new and charming moves; but I have never yet lost a game, although my waking experience has been far less happy. Did any man ever dream of being worsted in argument; and if so, was he able, upon waking, to recall the argument that floored him? In all such cases as I have spoken of, we regard other people in the dream only in their relation to ourselves, and their personality is never for a moment brought to our notice.

I now wish to give some illustrations of the phenomenon that has aroused my interest. Two cases must suffice: one of them a dream that I had several years ago, the other of quite recent date. In the earlier instance I dreamed that I was on the seashore, where, the ocean floor being nearly level, the tide receded a great way, and left a mile or more of uncovered sand. The tide was out, and I stood with a crowd, looking out over the wet sands and shallow pools, trying to catch the sound of a distant fog-bell, when an old sailor remarked, "You'll hear it plainer when the tide is in." This sailor was a distinct individuality, and spoke from an experience wholly unknown to me, causing in me a feeling of surprise. So wholly unprepared was I for his remark that it was a minute before I understood what he meant. Then it occurred to me that sound travels better in the water than in the air. Whether it is a fact that a fog-bell in such a place could be heard more clearly when the tide was high, I do not know. It makes no difference whether the old sailor was right or wrong in his observation; the point is that he spoke of a thing that was not in my mind at all, and that no past experience of mine touched upon in any way. In the second case I dreamed that I was buying a ticket to the theatre, and in change for a bill the ticket-seller gave me an old English crown-piece of George IV. I

do not think that I ever saw the coin before. It was about the size of a silver dollar, for which he intended that I should take it. I pushed it back through the ticket-window, with the remark, "I cannot accept that." The ticket-seller, instead of giving me a silver dollar, as I fully expected him to do, put a ten-cent piece on top of the crown, and returned it to me. Here, as in the first case, the surprise was complete. It was a thing that I was not at all expecting, and a thing that it would never have occurred to me to do. As in the first case, also, it took an appreciable moment of time for me to see what was meant. I saw the coin pushed back, with the ten-cent piece on top of it, but I stood gazing at it in wonder, and did not at first realize that the ticket-seller meant me to take the extra ten cents to recompense me for the loss incident to discounting the old coin. Now I can hardly persuade myself that the thought in the mind of the ticket-seller proceeded from me, since I had to reason backward from his actions in order to ascertain what that thought was. He acted from an experience wholly unfamiliar to me. He had taken the coin through inadvertence, and of course he could not use it in making up his accounts. It contained as much silver as a dollar, and his thought was that ten cents would probably be a sufficient inducement to me to step into some money-changer's office and exchange the money. I never had any one give me change in this fashion before. I never read of it, nor heard it spoken of. I can think of nothing in any experience of mine which could have put the idea into my head. A writer of fiction once assured me that when he has conceived a character it acts of its own accord, leaving him but the simple task of chronicling its doings; and I have read that one or two authors of repute have made similar statements. This seems to me the most palpable kind of conceited humbuggery.

But my relations with the old sailor and the ticket-seller have roused in me a curiosity to know whether the sleeping brain can create distinct personalities, and set them afloat on their own responsibilities. I am familiar with the current theories about dreams; but no "unconscious cerebration" can account for my experiences, unless one half of my brain can invent new theories and new circumstances, and surprise the other half by unexpected references to them. I know that if I had been writing a story about a group of people listening to a fog-bell, I should never have put the sailor's remark into the mouth of any of them, because, after the remark was made, I failed for a moment to catch its import.

*The Fate
Element in
Great Men.*

— One might roughly indicate the difference between ordinary men and men of eminent mark by referring to their relative possession of a consciousness of destiny. So often has a sense of being set apart and devoted to something accompanied great capacity that it would seem to be a natural and legitimate help to the carrying out of any arduous undertaking. Schopenhauer declares that no one can be blind to his own merit, any more than the man who is six feet high can remain ignorant of the fact that he towers above his fellows. He notes the pride with which Horace, Lucretius, Ovid, Dante, Shakespeare, and Bacon have spoken of themselves, and quotes the Englishman who wittily observed that merit and modesty have nothing in common except the initial letter. "I have always a suspicion about modest celebrities," he adds, "that they may be right. Goethe has frankly said, 'Only good-for-nothings are modest.'"

Certainly, the great German himself came well within the limits of his own estimate of worth, for no one would ever think of accusing him of being without personal poise and absolute confidence in the powers which influence human

success. "I *begin* with this," he told his mother as a small boy; "later on in life I shall distinguish myself in far other ways." The fact is that as long as he lived Goethe believed in oracles, and was as willing as Rousseau to trust his fortunes to the merest processes of chance. Rousseau was to be saved in the other world if the stone he threw hit the tree at which it was aimed, and had Goethe caught the plunge of the valuable pocket-knife which he tossed into the river Lahn from behind the bushes where he stood, he might have become a painter instead of a poet. There may be a "divinity" that shapes the ends of all men, but only the exceptional individual seems at all conscious of the fact, or in the way of turning it to practical account by actually relying upon it in daily life.

Thus it comes about that demonic men, men of a definite bent and direction which they cannot resist, are given to trusting more than those whose standpoint is merely personal and commonplace. Greene, the historian, tells us that "Elizabeth had, as all strong natures have, an unbounded confidence in her luck." "Her Majesty counts much on

Fortune," Walsingham wrote bitterly; "I wish she would trust more in Almighty God." Lincoln never for an instant doubted that he was formed for some "great or miserable end," and freely talked about the impression to this effect which had been with him all his life, and which, after the year 1840, assumed the character of a positive conviction. His biographer asserts that this presentiment was as clear and certain as any image conveyed by the senses. "The star under which he was born was at once brilliant and malignant. The horoscope was cast, fixed, irreversible; and he had no more power to divert it in the minutest particular than he had to reverse the law of gravitation." Substitute the word Providence for Fate, and many other instances of this higher sort of confidence might be adduced, showing how large an influence trust has had in human success. It went into exile with Luther, and sustained Carlyle in sickness and neglect. In a general way it is to be doubted if any one has ever reached a very eminent station in life without something of this feeling in the attitude which he has assumed toward his work.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Biography. *Yesterdays with Actors*, by Catherine Mary Reynolds-Winslow (Cupples & Hurd), is a charming addition to stage literature, rich as it already is in biography. The author treats of Charlotte Cushman, Forrest, John Brougham, Sothorn, Warren, and a score or two of scarcely less famous players, who are kindly remembered though they "are heard no more." The two chapters on the Boston Museum and the notable actors who have been associated with that establishment are especially entertaining. We find nothing in the book, however, that is pleasanter than the preliminary sketch, in which the writer touches lightly on her own biography, as a prelude to what she has to say of others. Mrs. Winslow writes with directness and freshness,

and her reminiscences, full of lightsome anecdote and generous spirit, are deserving of the attractive form in which the publishers have presented them. The volume is tastefully printed, and illustrated with full-page photogravure portraits of Warren, Charlotte Cushman, Forrest, Brougham, Laura Keane, Sothorn, and Matilda Heron. The seventeen or eighteen small vignette heads given in the text, though not so excellent, are in several instances wonderful likenesses, — that of John Wilkes Booth, for example. — The articles in the eleventh volume of Leslie Stephen's *Dictionary of National Biography* (Macmillan & Co.) are more condensed than those of the previous issues. The editor contributes two of the longest and most important papers, — the arti-

cles on Arthur Hugh Clough and Samuel Taylor Coleridge. John Morley furnishes a masterly sketch of Cobden. Among the other contributors to this section, which brings the work down to Condell, are Sir Theodore Martin, Professor Blaikie, Austin Dobson, and Wilkie Collins. — *Famous American Authors*, by Sarah K. Bolton. (Crowell.) Mrs. Bolton's list is a catholic one; so much so that one or two of the gentlemen included in it may feel that their biographer has been discounting their notes on the bank of fame. All of them must feel that they have given pleasure to Mrs. Bolton, for he must be a churlish famous author who would ask for more optimistic treatment than these have received. They must take the bitter with the sweet, however, like more ordinary mortals, and certainly the most honeyed morsel would be necessary to take the edge off the gritty pictures which frighten the reader of this book. — *Patrick Henry*, by Moses Coit Tyler, is the latest number in the *American Statesmen Series*. (Houghton.) It has special importance as giving in definite form the figure of a man who has been at once very nebulous and luminous at one or two points. — *Martin Luther, his Life and Work*, is a two-volume octavo work, by Peter Bayne. (Cassell.) It is some time since Mr. Bayne has appeared with biographic work, but in this solid book he has not changed his earlier methods. He is still the champion of religious ideas, and his steed prances in the arena. Why do we look with coolness on so warm, so perfervid a writer? We suspect that it is because, as the world grows older, it demands, not rhetoric, but clear, translucent images of its great men. — *The Harpers* have published in one volume a new translation of the entertaining *Memoirs of Wilhelmine, Margravine of Baireuth*. The translation is by the Princess Christian, and is excellently done. — *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, edited by George Birkbeck Hill (Macmillan & Co.), is presented in six handsomely printed volumes. For the ordinary reader there is little to explain which is worth explaining, in *Boswell's Johnson*; it is best for him to read the work without notes, and so to enjoy it uninterruptedly, as the editor himself advises. But for the student of literary history a fully annotated *Boswell* is an encyclopædia of multitudinous details, and only he can appreciate the long labor, the carefulness, the incessant and unwearied research, which have gone to the

illumination of the dark passages, the obscure references, the people and things long ago forgotten, which must be treated by a commentator on this varied and voluminous biography. Of new material of value there is little, but much of what is new is interesting, most of all to Johnsonians: there are some unpublished letters, some verification of disputed passages, some "finds" in the way of investigation. The best of all this is put into a number of appendices: one of these latter traces Johnson's hatred of the American cause to his greater hatred for slavery, and his indignation that "drivers of negroes" should howl the loudest for liberty; another treats of the popular conception of him, enforced by Macaulay, that he was a Londoner, shows how large a portion of his days were spent in the country or in traveling, and proves that he held travel in high regard, both for pleasure and for education; a third gathers up all that is known of the Gascon impostor, George Salmanazar, who gave himself out as a Formosa convert, and wrote a lying book on the country, but afterwards repented and became venerable for his excellent life, and descended to history as the man whom Johnson declared he should never think of contradicting. An index of portentous length fills nearly one entire volume, and it is supplemented by an alphabetical list of Johnson's sayings, where one can find all of his famous *mots* and those of others of the club. The editor promises, if this work is well received, to edit in a similar way the *Letters*, never yet collected, and the *Lives of the Poets*; should he complete these further tasks, the whole series would be a rich repository of literary facts.

Poetry. *The Apotheosis of Antinous, and other Poems*, by Ella Sharpe Youngs. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., London.) The author aptly describes her poetry as a "little pebble flung by a weak hand at Vice;" her whole imagination seems to move about subjects which she abhors, and the book is without much relief. Vice has a hideous mien, no doubt, and no one will fall in love with it by any familiarity with this irritating little book. — *Two Harvests*, a poem read before the Alumni Association of Vanderbilt University, at the annual meeting of the association, by W. R. Sims. (Cumberland Presbyterian Publishing House, Nashville.) Good sentiment, and verse which, if not good, at least is energetic, and drives ahead at a mark, which is more than can be said of all occasional verse.